THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL OF HIS TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES;

BY

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

NEW EDITION,

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND NOTES,

BY

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, M.P.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TWO SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUMES OF JOHNSONIANA,

BY HAWKINS, PIOZZI, MURPHY, TYERS, REYNOLDS,
MALONE, NICHOLS, STEEVENS, CUMBERLAND,
AND OTHERS.

AND NOTES BY VARIOUS HANDS.

ALSO, UPWARDS OF

FIFTY ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TEN VOLUMES.
VOL. V.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

MDCCCLIII.

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THE

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OF

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CHAPTER I.

1773.

Johnson leaves the Isle of Sky. — A Storm. — Driven into Col. — His Appearance on a Sheltie. — Sea Sickness. — "Burnet's Own Times." — Rev. Hector M'Lean. — Bayle, Leibnitz, and Clarke. — Survey of Col. — Grissipol. — Cucumbers. — Insular Life. — Song, "Hatyin foam' eri." — Breachacha. — Johnson's power of ridicule. — Happiness in a Cottage. — Advice to Landlords. — Pretended Brother of Johnson. — Carte's Life of Ormond. — Family of Col. — Letters by Montrose.

Sunday, Oct. 3. — JOSEPH reported that the wind was still against us. Dr. Johnson said, "A wind, or not a wind? that is the question;" for he can amuse himself at times with a little play of words, or rather sentences. I remember when he turned his cup at Aberbrothick, where we drank tea, he muttered, *Claudite jam rivos, pueri*. I must again and again apologize to fastidious readers, for recording such minute particulars. They prove the

[illegible]elity of my Journal. Dr. Johnson said [illegible]y exact picture of a portion of his life. [illegible] we were chatting in the indolent style of [illegible] who were to stay here all this day at least, we were suddenly roused at being told that the wind was fair, that a little fleet of herring-busses was passing by for Mull, and that Mr. Simpson's vessel was about to sail. Hugh M'Donald, the skipper, came to us, and was impatient that we should get ready, which we soon did. Dr. Johnson, with composure and solemnity, repeated the observation of Epictetus, that, "as man has the voyage of death before him, — whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the master's call; and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready." He rode, and I and the other gentlemen walked, about an English mile to the shore, where the vessel lay. Dr. Johnson said he should never forget Sky, and returned thanks for all civilities. We were carried to the vessel in a small boat which she had, and we set sail very briskly about one o'clock. I was much pleased with the motion for many hours. Dr. Johnson grew sick, and retired under cover, as it rained a good deal. I kept above, that I might have fresh air, and finding myself not affected by the motion of the vessel, I exulted in being a stout seaman, while Dr. Johnson was quite in a state of annihilation. But I was soon humbled; for after imagining that I could go with ease to America or the East Indies, I became very sick, but kept above board though it rained hard.

As we had been detained so long in Sky by bad weather, we gave up the scheme that *Col* had planned for us of visiting several islands, and contented ourselves with the prospect of seeing Mull, and Icolmkill and Inchkenneth, which lie near to it.

Mr. Simpson was sanguine in his hopes for awhile, the wind being fair for us. He said he would land us at Icolmkill that night. But when the wind failed, it was resolved we should make for the Sound of Mull, and land in the harbour of Tobermorie. We kept near the five herring vessels for some time; but afterwards four of them got before us, and one little wherry fell behind us. When we got in full view of the point of Ardnamurchan, the wind changed, and was directly against our getting into the Sound. We were then obliged to tack, and get forward in that tedious manner. As we advanced, the storm grew greater, and the sea very rough. *Col* then began to talk of making for Egg, or Canna, or his own island. Our skipper said, he would get us into the Sound. Having struggled for this a good while in vain, he said, he would push forward till we were near the land of Mull, where we might cast anchor, and lie till the morning; for although, before this, there had been a good moon, and I had pretty distinctly seen not only the land of Mull, but up the Sound, and the country of Morven as at one end of it, the night was now grown very dark. Our crew consisted of one M'Donald, our skipper, and two sailors, one of whom had but one eye; Mr. Simpson himself, *Col*, and Hugh M'Donald his servant, all helped. Simpson said, he would willingly go for

Col, if young *Col* or his servant would undertake to pilot us to a harbour; but, as the island is low land, it was dangerous to run upon it in the dark. *Col* and his servant appeared a little dubious. The scheme of running for Canna seemed then to be embraced; but Canna was ten leagues off, all out of our way; and they were afraid to attempt the harbour of Egg. All these different plans were successively in agitation. The old skipper still tried to make for the land of Mull; but then it was considered that there was no place there where we could anchor in safety. Much time was lost in striving against the storm. At last it became so rough, and threatened to be so much worse, that *Col* and his servant took more courage, and said they would undertake to hit one of the harbours in Col. "Then let us run for it in God's name," said the skipper; and instantly we turned towards it. The little wherry which had fallen behind us had hard work. The master begged that, if we made for Col, we should put out a light to him. Accordingly, one of the sailors waved a glowing peat for some time. The various difficulties that were started gave me a good deal of apprehension, from which I was relieved, when I found we were to run for a harbour before the wind. But my relief was but of short duration; for I soon heard that our sails were very bad, and were in danger of being torn in pieces, in which case we should be driven upon the rocky shore of Col. It was very dark, and there was a heavy and incessant rain. The sparks of the burning peat flew so much about, that I dreaded the vessel might take

fire. Then, as *Col* was a sportsman, and had powder on board, I figured that we might be blown up. Simpson and he appeared a little frightened, which made me more so; and the perpetual talking, or rather shouting, which was carried on in Erse, alarmed me still more. A man is always suspicious of what is saying in an unknown tongue; and, if fear be his passion at the time, he grows more afraid. Our vessel often lay so much on one side, that I trembled lest she should be overset, and indeed they told me afterwards, that they had run her sometimes to within an inch of the water, so anxious were they to make what haste they could before the night should be worse. I now saw what I never saw before, a prodigious sea, with immense billows coming upon a vessel, so as that it seemed hardly possible to escape. There was something grandly horrible in the sight. I am glad I have seen it once. Amidst all these terrifying circumstances, I endeavoured to compose my mind. It was not easy to do it; for all the stories that I had heard of the dangerous sailing among the Hebrides, which is proverbial, came full upon my recollection. When I thought of those who were dearest to me, and would suffer severely, should I be lost, I upbraided myself, as not having a sufficient cause for putting myself in such danger. Piety afforded me comfort; yet I was disturbed by the objections that have been made against a particular providence, and by the arguments of those who maintain that it is in vain to hope that the petitions of an individual, or even of congregations, can have any influence with the Deity; objections which

have been often made, and which Dr. Hawkesworth (1) has lately revived, in his Preface to the Voyages to the South Seas; but Dr. Ogden's excellent doctrine on the efficacy of intercession prevailed.

It was half an hour after eleven before we set ourselves in the course for Col. As I saw them all busy doing something, I asked *Col*, with much earnestness, what I could do. He, with a happy readiness, put into my hand a rope, which was fixed to the top of one of the masts, and told me to hold it till he bade me pull. If I had considered the matter, I might have seen that this could not be of the least service; but his object was to keep me out of the way of those who were busy working the vessel, and at the same time to divert my fear, by employing me, and making me think that I was of

(1) "The general disapprobation with which the doctrines unhappily advanced by Hawkesworth in this preface were received, deprived him," says the Biographical Dictionary, "of peace of mind and of *life itself*," and Mrs. Piozzi says, (*Anecdotes*, p. 143.) "Hawkesworth, the pious, the virtuous, and the wise, fell a lamented sacrifice to newspaper abuse;" and Mr. Malone, in a MS. note on that passage, in his copy of Piozzi's Anecdotes, (which Mr. Markland has been so good as to communicate to me), states, that, "after Hawkesworth had published Cooke's first voyage, he was attacked severely in the newspapers, by a writer who signed himself *A Christian*, for some tenets in that work, which so preyed on his spirits that he put an end to his life by a large dose of opium." There is reason, however, to hope that these accounts — both of the public indignation, and of Dr. Hawkesworth's consequent distress of mind — were exaggerated; for he was, between the publication of his preface in Spring, 1773, and his death in the November of the same year, elected a *Director of the East India Company*, — a distinction which, if the accounts before-mentioned were true, it is not likely that he should have either solicited or obtained. One is anxious to believe that a life like Hawkesworth's, spent in advocating the interests of morality and religion, was not so miserably clouded at its very close. — C.

use. Thus did I stand firm to my post, while the wind and rain beat upon me, always expecting a call to pull my rope.

The man with one eye steered; old M'Donald, and *Col* and his servant, lay upon the forecastle, looking sharp out for the harbour. It was necessary to carry much *cloth*, as they termed it, that is to say, much sail, in order to keep the vessel off the shore of Col. This made violent plunging in a rough sea. At last they spied the harbour of Lochiern, and *Col* cried, "Thank God, we are safe!" We ran up till we were opposite to it, and soon afterwards we got into it, and cast anchor.

Dr. Johnson had all this time been quiet and unconcerned. He had lain down on one of the beds, and having got free from sickness, was satisfied. The truth is, he knew nothing of the danger we were in (1); but, fearless and unconcerned, might have said, in the words which he has chosen for the motto to his "Rambler,"

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes." (2)

Once, during the doubtful consultations, he asked

(1) He at least made light of it, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. "After having been detained by storms many days at Skie, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent gust, which Boswell had a great mind to call a tempest, forced us into *Col*, an obscure island; on which—'nulla campis arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ.'"—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 167.—C.—Their risque, in a sea full of islands, was very considerable. Indeed, the whole expedition was highly perilous, considering the season of the year, the precarious chance of getting sea-worthy boats, and the ignorance of the Hebrideans, who, notwithstanding the opportunities, I may say the *necessities* of their situation, are very careless and unskilful sailors.—WALTER SCOTT.

(2) "For as the tempest drives, I shape my way."—FRANCIS.

whither we were going; and upon being told that it was not certain whether to Mull or Col, he cried, "Col for my money!" I now went down, with *Col* and Mr. Simpson, to visit him. He was lying in philosophic tranquillity with a greyhound of *Col's* at his back, keeping him warm. *Col* is quite the *Juvenis qui gaudet canibus.* He had, when we left Talisker, two greyhounds, two terriers, a pointer, and a large Newfoundland water-dog. He lost one of his terriers by the road, but had still five dogs with him. I was very ill, and very desirous to get to shore. When I was told that we could not land that night, as the storm had now increased, I looked so miserably, as *Col* afterwards informed me, that what Shakspeare has made the Frenchman say of the English soldiers, when scantily dieted, "Piteous they will look, like drowned mice!" might, I believe, have been well applied to me. There was in the harbour, before us, a Campbell-town vessel, the *Betty*, Kenneth Morison master, taking in kelp, and bound for Ireland. We sent our boat to beg beds for two gentlemen, and that the master would send his boat, which was larger than ours. He accordingly did so, and *Col* and I were accommodated in his vessel till the morning.

Monday, Oct. 4. — About eight o'clock we went in the boat to Mr. Simpson's vessel, and took in Dr. Johnson. He was quite well, though he had tasted nothing but a dish of tea since Saturday night. On our expressing some surprise at this, he said, that "when he lodged in the Temple, and had no regular system of life, he had fasted for two days at

a time, during which he had gone about visiting, though not at the hours of dinner or supper; that he had drunk tea, but eaten no bread; that this was no intentional fasting (1), but happened just in the course of a literary life."

There was a little miserable public-house close upon the shore, to which we should have gone, had we landed last night: but this morning *Col* resolved to take us directly to the house of Captain Lauchlan M'Lean, a descendant of his family, who had acquired a fortune in the East Indies, and taken a farm in Col. We had about an English mile to go to it. *Col* and Joseph, and some others, ran to some little horses, called here *shelties*, that were running wild on a heath, and catched one of them. We had a saddle with us, which was clapped upon it, and a straw halter was put on its head. Dr. Johnson was then mounted, and Joseph very slowly and gravely led the horse. I said to Dr. Johnson, "I wish, Sir, *the Club* saw you in this attitude." (2)

(1) This was probably the same kind of *unintentional fasting*, as that which suggested to him, at an earlier period, the affecting epithet *impransus* (*antè*, Vol. I. p. 151.).—Walter Scott.

(2) This curious exhibition may, perhaps, remind some of my readers of the ludicrous lines made, during Sir Robert Walpole's administration (1741), on Mr. George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, though the figures of the two personages must be allowed to be very different:—

"But who is this astride the pony,
So long, so lean, so lank, so bony?
Dat be de great orátor, Littletony."—B.

These lines are part of a song printed under a political caricature print, levelled against Sir Robert Walpole, called *The Motion*, which represents a chariot drawn by six spirited horses, in and about which are the chiefs of the opposition of the day,

It was a very heavy rain, and I was wet to the skin. Captain M'Lean had but a poor temporary house, or rather hut; however, it was a very good haven to us. There was a blazing peat fire, and Mrs. M'Lean, daughter of the minister of the parish, got us tea. I felt still the motion of the sea. Dr. Johnson said, it was not in the imagination, but a continuation of motion on the fluids, like that of the sea itself after the storm is over.

There were some books on the board which served as a chimney-piece. Dr. Johnson took up "Burnet's History of his own Times." He said, "The first part of it is one of the most entertaining books in the English language; it is quite dramatic: while he went about every where, saw every where, and heard every where. By the first part, I mean so far as it appears that Burnet himself was actually engaged in what he was told; and this may be easily distinguished." Captain M'Lean censured Burnet, for his high praise of Lauderdale in a dedication, when he shows him in his history to have been so bad a man. JOHNSON. "I do not think myself that a man should say in a dedication what he could not say in a history. However, allowance should be made; for there is a great difference. The known style of a dedication is flattery: it professes to flatter. There is the same difference between what a man says in a dedication, and what he says in a

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Lords Chesterfield and Carteret, Duke of Argyll, Mr. Sandys, &c. — *Nich. Anec.* vol. iv. p. 465. — See the tall lank figure of Lord Lyttelton in the sketch of the walk at Tonbridge, *antè*, Vol. I. p. 218. — C.

history, as between a lawyer's pleading a cause, and reporting it."

The day passed away pleasantly enough. The wind became fair for Mull in the evening, and Mr. Simpson resolved to sail next morning; but having been thrown into the island of Col, we were unwilling to leave it unexamined, especially as we considered that the Campbell-town vessel would sail for Mull in a day or two, and therefore we determined to stay.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—I rose, and wrote my Journal till about nine, and then went to Dr. Johnson, who sat up in bed and talked and laughed. I said, it was curious to look back ten years, to the time when we first thought of visiting the Hebrides. How distant and improbable the scheme then appeared! Yet here we were actually among them. "Sir," said he, "people may come to do any thing almost, by talking of it. I really believe I could talk myself into building a house upon Island Isa, though I should probably never come back again to see it. I could easily persuade Reynolds to do it; and there would be no great sin in persuading him to do it. Sir, he would reason thus: 'What will it cost me to be there once in two or three summers? Why, perhaps, five hundred pounds; and what is that, in comparison of having a fine retreat, to which a man can go, or to which he can send a friend?' He would never find out that he may have this within twenty miles of London. Then I would tell him, that he may marry one of the Miss Macleods, a lady of great family. Sir, it is surprising, how people will go to a distance, for what they may have

at home. I knew a lady [1] who came up from Lincolnshire to Knightsbridge with one of her daughters, and gave five guineas a week for a lodging and a warm bath; that is, mere warm water. *That*, you know, could not be had in *Lincolnshire!* She said, it was made either too hot or too cold there."

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I, and Joseph, mounted horses, and *Col* and the captain walked with us about a short mile across the island. We paid a visit to the Rev. Mr. Hector M'Lean. His parish consists of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi. He was about seventy-seven years of age, a decent ecclesiastic, dressed in a full suit of black clothes, and a black wig. He appeared like a Dutch pastor, or one of the "*Assembly of Divines*" at Westminster. Dr. Johnson observed to me afterwards, "that he was a fine old man, and was as well dressed, and had as much dignity in his appearance, as the dean of a cathedral." We were told that he had a valuable library, though but poor accommodation for it, being obliged to keep his books in large chests. It was curious to see him and Dr. Johnson together. Neither of them heard very distinctly; so each of them talked in his own way, and at the same time. Mr. M'Lean said, he had a confutation of Bayle, by Leibnitz. JOHNSON. "A confutation of Bayle, Sir! What part of Bayle do you mean? The greatest part of his writings is not confutable: it is historical and critical." Mr. M'Lean said, "the irreligious part;" and proceeded to talk of Leibnitz's contro-

(1) Mrs. Langton, the mother of his friend.—C.

versy with Clarke, calling Leibnitz a great man. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Leibnitz persisted in affirming that Newton called space *sensorium numinis*, notwithstanding he was corrected, and desired to observe that Newton's words were QUASI *sensorium numinis*. No, Sir; Leibnitz was as paltry a fellow as I know. Out of respect to Queen Caroline, who patronised him, Clarke treated him too well."

During the time that Dr. Johnson was thus going on, the old minister was standing with his back to the fire, cresting up erect, pulling down the front of his periwig, and talking what a great man Leibnitz was. To give an idea of the scene would require a page with two columns; but it ought rather to be represented by two good players. The old gentleman said, Clarke was very wicked, for going so much into the Arian system. "I will not say he was wicked," said Dr. Johnson; "he might be mistaken." M'LEAN. "He was wicked, to shut his eyes against the Scriptures; and worthy men in England have since confuted him to all intents and purposes." JOHNSON. "I know not *who* has confuted him to *all intents and purposes*." Here again there was a double talking, each continuing to maintain his own argument, without hearing exactly what the other said.

I regretted that Dr. Johnson did not practise the art of accommodating himself to different sorts of people. Had he been softer with this venerable old man, we might have had more conversation; but his forcible spirit, and impetuosity of manner, may be

said to spare neither sex nor age. (1) I have seen even Mrs. Thrale stunned; but I have often maintained, that it is better he should retain his own manner. Pliability of address I conceive to be inconsistent with that majestic power of mind which he possesses, and which produces such noble effects. A lofty oak will not bend like a supple willow.

He told me afterwards, he liked firmness in an old man, and was pleased to see Mr. M'Lean so orthodox. "At his age, it is too late for a man to be asking himself questions as to his belief."

We rode to the northern part of the island, where we saw the ruins of a church or chapel. We then proceeded to a place called Grissipol, or the rough pool.

At Grissipol we found a good farm-house, belonging to the Laird of Col. and possessed by Mr. M'Sweyn. On the beach here there is a singular variety of curious stones. I picked up one very like a small cucumber. By the by, Dr. Johnson told me, that Gay's line in the "Beggar's Opera," "As men should serve a cucumber," &c. (2), has no waggish meaning, with reference to men flinging away cucumbers as too *cooling*, which some have thought; for it has been a common saying of physicians in England, that a cucumber should be well

(1) If Dr. Johnson had not been in the habit of reading the Journal, we should, instead of this remonstrance aimed indirectly at him, have here had the details of the harshness which Boswell regrets, and which must have been pretty severe to remind Boswell that his violence "spared neither agé nor sex."—C.

(2) ["I wonder any man alive should ever rear a daughter;
For when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting, fine, and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away."]

sliced, and dressed with pepper and vinegar, and then thrown out, as good for nothing. Mr. M'Sweyn's predecessors had been in Sky from a very remote period, upon the estate belonging to Macleod; probably before Macleod had it. The name is certainly Norwegian [1], from *Sueno*, King of Norway. The present Mr. M'Sweyn left Sky upon the late Macleod's raising his rents. He then got this farm from *Col.*

He appeared to be near fourscore; but looked as fresh, and was as strong as a man of fifty. His son Hugh looked older; and, as Dr. Johnson observed, had more the manners of an old man than he. I had often heard of such instances, but never saw one before. Mrs. M'Sweyn was a decent old gentlewoman. She was dressed in tartan, and could speak nothing but Erse. She said, she taught Sir James M'Donald Erse, and would teach me soon. I could now sing a verse of the song *Hatyin foam'eri* [2], made in honour of Allan, the famous

(1) M'Swyne has an awkward sound, but the name is held to be of high antiquity, both in the Hebrides and the north of Ireland.—WALTER SCOTT.

(2) *Hatyin foam* (see *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 175.). A very popular air in the Hebrides, written to the praise and glory of Allan Muidartach, or Allan of Muidart, a chief of the Clanranald family. The following is a translation of it by a fair friend of mine [the late Margaret Maclean Clephane, Marchioness of Northampton]: —

" Come, here 's a pledge to young and old,
We quaff the blood-red wine;
A health to Allan Muidart bold,
The dearest love of mine.

CHORUS. " Along, along, then haste along,
For here no more I 'll stay;
I 'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.

captain of Clanranald, who fell at Sherrif-muir; whose servant, who lay on the field watching his master's dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, "He was a man yesterday."

We were entertained here with a primitive heartiness. Whisky was served round in a shell, according to the ancient Highland custom. Dr. Johnson would not partake of it; but, being desirous to do honour to the modes "of other times," drank some water out of the shell.

In the forenoon Dr. Johnson said, "it would require great resignation to live in one of these islands." BOSWELL. "I don't know, Sir; I have felt myself at times in a state of almost mere physical existence, satisfied to eat, drink, and sleep, and walk about, and enjoy my own thoughts; and I can figure a continuation of this." JOHNSON. "Ay, Sir; but if you were shut up here, your own thoughts would

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"When waves blow gurly off the strand,
And none the bark may steer,
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand
Compels her home to veer.
Along, along, &c.

"And when to old Kilphedar* came
Such troops of damsels gay;
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,
Or came they there to pray?
Along, along, &c.

"And when these dames of beauty rare
Were dancing in the hall,
On some were gems and jewels rare,
And cambric coifs on all.

"Along, along, then haste away,
For here no more we'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away."—WALTER SCOTT.

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* St. Peter's church in Sky.—C.

torment you: you would think of Edinburgh or of London, and that you could not be there."

We set out after dinner for Breacacha, the family seat of the Laird of Col, accompanied by the young laird, who had now got a horse, and by the younger Mr. M'Sweyn, whose wife had gone thither before us, to prepare every thing for our reception, the Laird and his family being absent at Aberdeen. It is called Breacacha, or the Spotted Field, because in summer it is enamelled with clover and daisies, as young *Col* told me. We passed by a place where there is a very large stone, I may call it a *rock*; "a vast weight for Ajax." (1) The tradition is, that a giant threw such another stone at his mistress, up to the top of a hill, at a small distance; and that she, in return, threw this mass down to him. It was all in sport.

"Malo me petit lasciva puella."

As we advanced, we came to a large extent of plain ground. I had not seen such a place for a long time. *Col* and I took a gallop upon it by way of race. It was very refreshing to me, after having been so long taking short steps in hilly countries. It was like stretching a man's legs after being cramped in a short bed. We also passed close by a large extent of sand-hills, near two miles square. Dr. Johnson said, "he never had the image before. It was horrible, if barrenness and danger could be so." I heard him, after we were in

(1) "When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow." — POPE.

the house of Breacacha, repeating to himself, as he walked about the room,

"And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

Probably he had been thinking of the whole of the simile in Cato, of which that is the concluding line; the sandy desert had struck him so strongly. The sand has of late been blown over a good deal of meadow; and the people of the island say, that their fathers remembered much of the space which is now covered with sand to have been under tillage. *Col's* house is situated on a bay called Breacacha Bay. We found here a neat new-built gentleman's house, better than any we had been in since we were at Lord Errol's. Dr. Johnson relished it much at first, but soon remarked to me, that "there was nothing becoming a chief (1) about it: it was a mere tradesman's box." He seemed quite at home, and no longer found any difficulty in using the Highland address; for as soon as we arrived, he said, with a spirited familiarity, "Now, *Col*, if you could get us a dish of tea." Dr. Johnson and I had each an excellent bedchamber. We had a dispute which of us had the best curtains. His were rather the best, being of linen; but I insisted that my bed had the best posts, which was undeniable. "Well," said he, "if you *have* the best *posts*, we will have you tied to them and whipped." I mention this slight circumstance, only to show how

(1) *Col*, though a gentleman of landed estate, could hardly be called a *chief*; and it was assuredly a mark of good sense to suit the character of his house to the state and times in which he lived.—C.

ready he is, even in mere trifles, to get the better of his antagonist, by placing him in a ludicrous view. I have known him sometimes use the same art, when hard pressed in serious disputation. Goldsmith, I remember, to retaliate for many a severe defeat which he has suffered from him, applied to him a lively saying in one of Cibber's comedies, which puts this part of his character in a strong light — "There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it."

Wednesday, Oct. 6. — After a sufficiency of sleep, we assembled at breakfast. We were just as if in barracks. Every body was master. We went and viewed the old castle of Col, which is not far from the present house, near the shore, and founded on a rock. It has never been a large feudal residence, and has nothing about it that requires a particular description. Like other old inconvenient buildings of the same agé, it exemplified Gray's picturesque lines,

> "Huge (1) windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing."

It may, however, be worth mentioning, that on the second story we saw a vault which was, and still is, the family prison. There was a woman put into it by the Laird, for theft, within these ten years; and any offender would be confined there yet; for. from the necessity of the thing, as the island is remote from any power established by law, the Laird must exercise his jurisdiction to a certain degree.

(1) *Rich.*—C.

We were shown, in a corner of this vault, a hole, into which *Col* said greater criminals used to be put. It was now filled up with rubbish of different kinds. He said, it was of a great depth. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, smiling, "all such places that *are filled up* were of a great depth." He is very quick in showing that he does not give credit to careless or exaggerated accounts of things. After seeing the castle, we looked at a small hut near it. It is called *Teigh Franchich*, *i.e.* the Frenchman's House. *Col* could not tell us the history of it. A poor man with a wife and children now lived in it. We went into it, and Dr. Johnson gave them some charity. There was but one bed for all the family, and the hut was very smoky. When he came out, he said to me, "*Et hoc secundum sententiam philosophorum est esse beatus.*" BOSWELL. "The philosophers, when they placed happiness in a cottage, supposed cleanliness and no smoke." JOHNSON. "Sir, they did not think about either."

We walked a little in the Laird's garden, in which endeavours have been used to rear some trees; but, as soon as they got above the surrounding wall, they died. Dr. Johnson recommended sowing the seeds of hardy trees, instead of planting.

Col and I rode out this morning, and viewed a part of the island. In the course of our ride, we saw a turnip-field, which he had hoed with his own hands. He first introduced this kind of husbandry into the Western Islands. We also looked at an appearance of lead, which seemed very promising. It has been long known; for I found letters to the

late laird, from Sir John Areskine and Sir Alexander Murray, respecting it.

After dinner came Mr. M'Lean, of Corneck, brother to *Isle-of-Muck*, who is a cadet of the family of *Col*. He possesses the two ends of Col, which belong to the Duke of Argyll. *Corneck* had lately taken a lease of them at a very advanced rent, rather than let the Campbells get a footing in the island, one of whom had offered nearly as much as he. Dr. Johnson well observed, that "landlords err much when they calculate merely what their land *may* yield. The rent must be in a proportionate ratio of what the land may yield, and of the power of the tenant to make it yield. A tenant cannot make by his land, but according to the corn and cattle which he has. Suppose you should give him twice as much land as he has, it does him no good, unless he gets also more stock. It is clear then, that the Highland landlords, who let their substantial tenants leave them, are infatuated; for the poor small tenants cannot give them good rents, from the very nature of things. They have not the means of raising more from their farms." *Corneck*, Dr. Johnson said, was the most distinct man that he had met with in these isles; he did not shut his eyes, or put his finger in his ears, which he seemed to think was a good deal the mode with most of the people whom we have seen of late.

Thursday, Oct. 7.—Captain M'Lean joined us this morning at breakfast. There came on a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which continued all day, and rather increased at night. The wind was di

rectly against our getting to Mull. We were in a strange state of abstraction from the world: we could neither hear from our friends, nor write to them. *Col* had brought Daille "on the Fathers," Lucas "on Happiness," and More's "Dialogues," from the Rev. Mr. M'Lean's, and Burnet's "History of his Own Times" from Captain M'Lean's; and he had of his own some books of farming, and Gregory's "Geometry." Dr. Johnson read a good deal of Burnet, and of Gregory, and I observed he made some geometrical notes in the end of his pocket-book. I read a little of Young's "Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties," and Ovid's "Epistles," which I had bought at Inverness, and which helped to solace many a weary hour.

We were to have gone with Dr. Johnson this morning to see the mine, but were prevented by the storm. While it was raging, he said, "We may be glad we are not *damnati ad metalla*." (1)

Friday, Oct. 8. — Dr. Johnson appeared to-day very weary of our present confined situation. He said, "I want to be on the main land, and go on with existence. This is a waste of life."

I shall here insert, without regard to chronology, some of his conversation at different times.

"There was a man some time ago, who was well received for two years, among the gentlemen of Northamptonshire, by calling himself my brother. At last he grew so impudent, as by his influence to get tenants turned out of their farms. Allen the printer, who is of that county, came to me, asking,

(1) *Condemned to the mines.*—C.

with much appearance of doubtfulness, if I had a brother; and upon being assured I had none alive, he told me of the imposition, and immediately wrote to the country, and the fellow was dismissed. It pleased me to hear that so much was got by using my name. It is not every name that can carry double; do both for a man's self and his brother (laughing). I should be glad to see the fellow. However, I could have done nothing against him. A man can have no redress for his name being used, or ridiculous stories being told of him in the newspapers, except he can show that he has suffered damage. Some years ago a foolish piece was published, said to be written 'by S. Johnson.' Some of my friends wanted me to be very angry about this. I said, it would be in vain; for the answer would be, 'S. Johnson may be Simon Johnson, or Simeon Johnson, or Solomon Johnson;' and even if the full name, Samuel Johnson, had been used, it might be said, 'it is not you; it is a much cleverer fellow.' (1)

"Beauclerk, and I, and Langton, and Lady Sydney Beauclerk, mother to our friend, were one day driving in a coach by Cuper's Gardens (2), which were then unoccupied. I, in sport, proposed that Beauclerk, and Langton, and myself should take

(1) The eccentric author of "Hurlo Thrumbo" was named *Samuel Johnson.* He was originally a dancing master, but went on the stage, where his acting was as extravagant as his pieces. He died in this very year, 1773, and was probably one of the persons whose death is alluded to, *post,* 17th April, 1778.—C.

(2) An inferior place of popular amusement, over the site of which the southern approach to Waterloo-bridge now passes —C.

them; and we amused ourselves with scheming how we should all do our parts. Lady Sydney grew angry, and said, 'an old man should not put such things in young people's heads.' She had no notion of a joke, Sir; had come late into life, and had a mighty unpliable understanding. (1)

"Carte's 'Life of the Duke of Ormond' is considered as a book of authority; but it is ill-written. The matter is diffused in too many words; there is no animation, no compression, no vigour. Two good volumes in duodecimo might be made out of the two in folio."

Talking of our confinement here, I observed, that our discontent and impatience could not be considered as very unreasonable; for that we were just in the state of which Seneca complains so grievously, while in exile in Corsica. "Yes," said Dr. Johnson; and he was not farther from home than we are." The truth is, he was much nearer.(2)

There was a good deal of rain to-day, and the wind was still contrary. *Corneck* attended me, while I amused myself in examining a collection of papers belonging to the family of *Col*. The first laird was a younger son of the chieftain M'Lean, and got the middle part of Col for his patrimony. Dr. Johnson having given a very particular account (3)

(1) Mary, daughter of Thomas Norris, Esq. of Speke, in Lancashire, married Lord Sydney in 1736.—C.

(2) Corsica is about one hundred and fifty miles from Rome. Col is from London upwards of four hundred.—C.

(3) Johnson's account is as follows: —

"Very near the house of Maclean stands the castle of Col, which was the mansion of the Laird till the house was built. On the wall was, not long

of the connection between this family and a branch of the family of Camerons, called M'Lonich, I shall only insert the following document (which I found in *Col's* cabinet), as a proof of its continuance, even to a late period:—

To the Laird of Col.

"Strone, 11th March, 1737.

"DEAR SIR,—The long-standing tract of firm affectionate friendship 'twixt your worthy predecessors and ours affords us such assurance, as that we may have full relyance on your favour and undoubted friendship, in recommending the bearer, Ewen Cameron, our cousin, son to the deceast Dugall M'Connill of Innermaillie, sometime in Glenpean, to your favour and conduct, who is a man of undoubted honesty and discretion, only that he has the misfortune of being alledged to have been accessory to the killing of one of M'Martin's family about fourteen years ago, upon which alledgeance the M'Martins are now so sanguine on re-

ago, a stone with an inscription, importing, that 'if any man of the clan of Maclonich shall appear before this castle, though he come at midnight, with a man's head in his hand, he shall there find safety and protection against all but the king.' This is an old Highland treaty made upon a very memorable occasion. Maclean, the son of John *Gerves* [one of the ancient lairds], who recovered Col, and conquered Barra, had obtained, it is said, from James II., a grant of the lands of Lochiel, forfeited, I suppose, by some offence against the state.—Forfeited estates were not in those days quietly resigned; Maclean, therefore, went with an armed force to seize his new possessions, and, I know not for what reason took his wife with him. The Camerons rose in defence of their chief, and a battle was fought at the head of Loch Ness, near the place where Fort Augustus now stands, in which Lochiel obtained the victory, and Maclean, with his followers, was defeated and destroyed. The lady fell into the hands of the conquerors, and being found pregnant was placed in the custody of Maclonich, one of a tribe or family branched from Cameron, with orders, if she brought a boy, to destroy him, if a girl, to spare her. Maclonich's wife, who was with child likewise, had a girl about the same time at which Lady Maclean brought a boy, and Maclonich, with more generosity to his captive than fidelity to his trust, contrived that the children should be changed. Maclean being thus preserved from death, in time recovered his original patrimony; and, in gratitude to his friend, made his castle a place of refuge to any of the clan that should think himself in danger; and, as a proof of reciprocal confidence, Maclean took upon himself and his posterity the care of educating the heir of Maclonich."—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 376.—C.

venging, that they are fully resolved for the deprivation of his life; to the preventing of which you are relyed on by us, as the only fit instrument, and a most capable person. Therefore your favour and protection is expected and intreated, during his good behaviour; and failing of which behaviour, you'll please to use him as a most insignificant person deserves.—Sir, he had, upon the alledgeance foresaid, been transported, at Lochiel's desire, to France, to gratify the M'Martins, and, upon his return home, about five years ago, married. But now he is so much threatened by the M'Martins, that he is not secure enough to stay where he is, being Ardmurchan, which occasions this trouble to you. Wishing prosperity and happiness to attend still yourself, worthy lady, and good family, we are, in the most affectionate manner, dear Sir, your most obliged, affectionate, and most humble servants,

Dugall Cameron, of Strone,
Dugall Cameron, of Barr.
Dugall Cameron, of Inveriskvouilline.
Dugall Cameron, of Invinvalie."

Ewen Cameron *was* protected, and his son has now a farm from the Laird of Col, in Mull.

The family of *Col* was very loyal in the time of the great Montrose (1), from whom I found two letters in his own handwriting. The first is as follows:—

"*For my very loving Friend, the Laird of Coall.*

"Strethearne, 20th Jan. 1646.

"SIR,—I must heartily thank you for all your willingness and good affection to his Majesty's service, and particularly the sending alongs of your son, to who I will heave ane particular respect, hopeing also that you

(1) The third Earl and first Marquis, born in 1612, hanged and beheaded at Edinburgh, the 21st of May, 1650.—C.

will still continue ane goode instrument for the advanceing ther of the king's service, for which, and all your former loyal carriages, be confident you shall find the effects of his ma's favour, as they can be witnessed you by your very faithful friende, MONTROSE."

The other is,

"*For the Laird of Col.*

"Petty, 17th April, 1646.

"SIR,—Having occasion to write to your fields, I cannot be forgetful of your willingness and good affection to his Majesty's service. I acknowledge to you, and thank you heartily for it, assuring, that in what lies in my power, you shall find the good. Meanwhile, I shall expect that you will continue your loyal endeavours, in wishing those slack people that are about you, to appear more obedient than they do, and loyal in their prince's service; whereby I assure you, you shall find me ever your faithful friend, MONTROSE."(1)

I found some uncouth lines on the death of the present laird's father, entitled "Nature's Elegy upon the Death of Donald Maclean of Col." They are not worth insertion. I shall only give what is called his Epitaph, which Dr. Johnson said "was not so very bad."

"Nature's minion, Virtue's wonder,
Art's corrective here lyes under."

I asked, what "Art's corrective" meant. "Why, Sir," said he, "that the laird was so exquisite, that he set Art right, when she was wrong."

I found several letters to the late *Col*, from my

(1) It is observable, that men of the first rank spelt very ill in the last century. In the first of these letters I have preserved the original spelling.

father's old companion at Paris, Sir Hector M'Lean, one of which was written at the time of settling the colony in Georgia. It dissuades *Col* from letting people go there, and assures him there will soon be an opportunity of employing them better at home.(1) Hence it appears that emigration from the Highlands, though not in such numbers at a time as of late, has always been practised. Dr. Johnson observed, that "The lairds, instead of improving their country, diminished their people."

There are several districts of sandy desert in Col. There are forty-eight lochs of fresh water; but many of them are very small—mere pools. About one half of them, however, have trout and eel. There is a great number of horses in the island, mostly of a small size. Being overstocked, they sell some in Tir-yi, and on the main land. Their black cattle, which are chiefly rough-haired, are reckoned remarkably good. The climate being very mild in winter, they never put their beasts in any house. The lakes are never frozen so as to bear a man; and snow never lies above a few hours. They have a good many sheep, which they eat mostly themselves, and sell but a few. They have goats in several places. There are no foxes; no serpents, toads, or frogs, nor any venomous creature. They have otters and mice here; but had no rats till lately that an American vessel brought them. There is a rabbit-warren on the north-east of the island, belonging to the Duke of Argyle. Young

(1) This was obviously written in expectation of the rebellion of 1745.—C.

Col intends to get some hares, of which there are none at present. There are no black-cock, muir-fowl, nor partridges; but there are snipe, wild-duck, wild-geese, and swans, in winter; wild-pigeons, plover, and great numbers of starlings; of which I shot some, and found them pretty good eating. Woodcocks come hither, though there is not a tree upon the island. There are no rivers in Col; but only some brooks, in which there is a great variety of fish. In the whole island there are but three hills, and none of them considerable, for a Highland country. The people are very industrious. Every man can tan. They get oak, and birch-bark, and lime, from the main land. Some have pits; but they commonly use tubs. I saw brogues very well tanned; and every man can make them. They all make candles of the tallow of their beasts, both moulded and dipped; and they all make oil of the livers of fish. The little fish called cuddies produce a great deal. They sell some oil out of the island, and they use it much for light in their houses, in little iron lamps, most of which they have from England; but of late their own blacksmith makes them. He is a good workman; but he has no employment in shoeing horses, for they all go unshod here, except some of a better kind belonging to young *Col*, which were now in Mull. There are two carpenters in Col; but most of the inhabitants can do something as boat-carpenters. They can all dye. Heath is used for yellow; and for red, a moss which grows on stones. They make broad-cloth, and tartan, and linen, of their own wool and flax,

sufficient for their own use; as also stockings. Their bonnets come from the main land. Hardware and several small articles are brought annually from Greenock, and sold in the only shop in the island, which is kept near the house, or rather hut, used for public worship, there being no church in the island. The inhabitants of Col have increased considerably within these thirty years, as appears from the parish registers. There are but three considerable tacksmen on *Col's* part of the island: the rest is let to small tenants, some of whom pay so low a rent as four, three, or even two guineas. The highest is seven pounds, paid by a farmer, whose son goes yearly on foot to Aberdeen for education, and in summer returns, and acts as a schoolmaster in Col. Dr. Johnson said, "There is something noble in a young man's walking two hundred miles and back again every year for the sake of learning."

This day a number of people came to *Col*, with complaints of each other's trespasses. *Corneck*, to prevent their being troublesome, told them that the lawyer from Edinburgh was here, and if they did not agree, he would take them to task. They were alarmed at this; said, they had never been used to go to law, and hoped *Col* would settle matters himself. In the evening *Corneck* left us.

CHAPTER II.

Col. — Blenheim. — Tenants and Landlords. — London and Pekin. — Superstitions. — Coarse Manners. — Bustle not necessary to Despatch. — Oats. — Mull. — Addison. — French Ana. — Racine. — Corneille. — Molière. — Fenelon. — Voltaire. — Bossuet. — Massillon. — Bourdaloue. — A Printing House. — Erse Poetry. — Music. — Reception of Travellers. — Spence. — Miss Maclean. — Account of Mull. — Ulva. — Second Sight. — Mercheta Mulierum. — Inch-Kenneth. — Sir Allan Maclean. — Sunday Reading. — Dr. Campbell. — Drinking. — Verses on Inch-Kenneth. — Young Col's good Qualities. — Solander. — Burke. — Johnson's Intrepidity. — Singular Customs. — French Credulity.

Saturday, Oct. 9. — As, in our present confinement, any thing that had even the name of curious was an object of attention, I proposed that *Col* should show me the great stone, mentioned in a former page, as having been thrown by a giant to the top of a mountain. Dr. Johnson, who did not like to be left alone, said he would accompany us as far as riding was practicable. We ascended a part of the hill on horseback, and *Col* and I scrambled up the rest. A servant held our horses, and Dr. Johnson placed himself on the ground, with his back against a large fragment of rock. The wind being high, he let down the cocks of his hat, and tied it with his handkerchief under his chin.

While we were employed in examining the stone, which did not repay our trouble in getting to it, he amused himself with reading "Gataker on Lots and on the Christian Watch," a very learned book, of the last age, which had been found in the garret of *Col*'s house, and which he said was a treasure here. When we descried him from above, he had a most eremitical appearance; and on our return told us, he had been so much engaged by Gataker (1), that he had never missed us. His avidity for variety of books, while we were in Col, was frequently expressed; and he often complained that so few were within his reach. Upon which I observed to him, it was strange he should complain of want of books, when he could at any time make such good ones.

We next proceeded to the lead mine. In our way we came to a strand of some extent, where we were glad to take a gallop, in which my learned friend joined with great alacrity. Dr. Johnson, mounted on a large bay mare without shoes, and followed by a foal, which had some difficulty in keeping up with him, was a singular spectacle.

After examining the mine, we returned through a very uncouth district, full of sand-hills; down which, though apparent precipices, our horses carried us with safety, the sand always gently sliding away from their feet. Vestiges of houses were pointed out to us, which *Col*, and two others who had joined us, asserted had been overwhelmed with sand

(1) [Thomas Gataker, a learned divine and critic, was born in Shropshire, 1574; died 1654.]

blown over them. But, on going close to one of them, Dr. Johnson showed the absurdity of the notion, by remarking, that "it was evidently only a house abandoned, the stones of which had been taken away for other purposes; for the large stones, which form the lower part of the walls, were still standing higher than the sand. If *they* were not blown over, it was clear nothing higher than they could be blown over." This was quite convincing to me; but it made not the least impression on *Col* and the others, who were not to be argued out of a Highland tradition.

We did not sit down to dinner till between six and seven. We lived plentifully here, and had a true welcome. In such a season, good firing was of no small importance. The peats were excellent, and burned cheerfully. Those at Dunvegan, which were damp, Dr. Johnson called "a sullen fuel." Here a Scottish phrase was singularly applied to him. One of the company having remarked that he had gone out on a stormy evening, and brought in a supply of peats from the stack, old Mr. M'Sweyn said, "that was *main honest!*"

Blenheim being occasionally mentioned, he told me he had never seen it: he had not gone formerly; and he would not go now, just as a common spectator, for his money: he would not put it in the power of some man about the Duke of Marlborough to say, "Johnson was here; I knew him, but I took no notice of him." He said, he should be very glad to see it, if properly invited, which in all probability would never be the case, as it was not

worth his while to seek for it. I observed, that he might be easily introduced there by a common friend of ours (1), nearly related to the Duke. He answered, with an uncommon attention to delicacy of feeling, "I doubt whether our friend be on such a footing with the Duke as to carry any body there; and I would not give him the uneasiness of seeing that I knew he was not, or even of being himself reminded of it."

Sunday, Oct. 10.— There was this day the most terrible storm of wind and rain that I ever remember. It made such an awful impression on us all, as to produce, for some time, a kind of dismal quietness in the house. The day was passed without much conversation: only, upon my observing that there must be something bad in a man's mind, who does not like to give leases to his tenants, but wishes to keep them in a perpetual wretched dependence on his will, Dr. Johnson said, "You are right: it is a man's duty to extend comfort and security among as many people as he can. He should not wish to have his tenants mere *ephemeræ*, mere beings of an hour." Boswell. "But, Sir, if they have leases, is there not some danger that they may grow insolent? I remember you yourself once told me, an English tenant was so independent, that, if provoked, he would *throw* his rent at his landlord." Johnson. "Depend upon it, Sir, it is the landlord's own fault, if it is thrown at him. A man may

(1) Mr. Beauclerk, who had married the Duke's sister, but under circumstances which might well justify Johnson's suspicion that he might not be on the most satisfactory terms with his Grace.—See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 287.—C.

always keep his tenants in dependence enough, though they have leases. He must be a good tenant indeed, who will not fall behind in his rent, if his landlord will let him; and if he does fall behind, his landlord has him at his mercy. Indeed, the poor man is always much at the mercy of the rich; no matter whether landlord or tenant. If the tenant lets his landlord have a little rent beforehand, or has lent him money, then the landlord is in his power. There cannot be a greater man than a tenant who has lent money to his landlord; for he has under subjection the very man to whom he should be subjected."

Monday, Oct. 11. — We had some days ago engaged the Campbell-town vessel to carry us to Mull, from the harbour where she lay. The morning was fine, and the wind fair and moderate; so we hoped at length to get away.

Mrs. M'Sweyn, who officiated as our landlady here, had never been on the main land. On hearing this, Dr. Johnson said to me, before her, "That is rather being behind-hand with life. I would at least go and see Glenelg." BOSWELL. "You yourself, Sir, have never seen, till now, any thing but your native island." JOHNSON. "But, Sir, by seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can show." BOSWELL. "You have not seen Pekin." JOHNSON. "What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin: they would drive them like deer."

We set out about eleven for the harbour; but, before we reached it, so violent a storm came on,

that we were obliged again to take shelter in the house of Captain M'Lean, where we dined, and passed the night.

Tuesday, Oct. 12. — After breakfast, we made a second attempt to get to the harbour; but another storm soon convinced us that it would be in vain. Captain M'Lean's house being in some confusion, on account of Mrs. M'Lean being expected to lie-in, we resolved to go to Mr. M'Sweyn's, where we arrived very wet, fatigued, and hungry. In this situation, we were somewhat disconcerted by being told that we should have no dinner till late in the evening; but should have tea in the mean time. Dr. Johnson opposed this arrangement; but they persisted, and he took the tea very readily. He said to me afterwards, "You must consider, Sir, a dinner here is a matter of great consequence. It is a thing to be first planned, and then executed. I suppose the mutton was brought some miles off, from some place where they knew there was a sheep killed."

Talking of the good people with whom we were, he said, "Life has not got at all forward by a generation in M'Sweyn's family; for the son is exactly formed upon the father. What the father says, the son says; and what the father looks, the son looks."

There being little conversation to-night, I must endeavour to recollect what I may have omitted on former occasions. When I boasted, at Rasay, of my independency of spirit, and that I could not be bribed, he said, "Yes, you may be bribed by flattery." At the Rev. Mr. M'Lean's, Dr. Johnson asked him if the people of Col had any superstitions.

He said, "No." The cutting peats at the increase of the moon was mentioned as one; but he would not allow it, saying it was not a superstition, but a whim. Dr. Johnson would not admit the distinction. There were many superstitions, he maintained, not connected with religion; and this was one of them. On Monday we had a dispute at the Captain's, whether sand-hills could be fixed down by art. Dr. Johnson said, "How *the devil* can you do it?" (1) but instantly corrected himself, "How can you do it?" I never before heard him use a phrase of that nature.

He has particularities which it is impossible to explain. He never wears a night-cap, as I have already mentioned; but he puts a handkerchief on his head in the night. The day that we left Talisker, he bade us ride on. He then turned the head of his horse back towards Talisker, stopped for some time; then wheeled round to the same direction with ours, and then came briskly after us. He sets open a window in the coldest day or night, and stands before it. It may do with his constitution; but most people, among whom I am one, would say, with the frogs in the fable, "This may be sport to you; but it is death to us." It is in vain to try to find a meaning in every one of his particularities, which, I suppose, are mere habits, contracted by chance; of which every man has some that are more or less remarkable. His speaking to himself, or

(1) The question which Johnson asked with such unusual warmth, might have been answered, "by sowing the bent, or couch-grass." — WALTER SCOTT.

rather repeating, is a common habit with studious men accustomed to deep thinking; and, in consequence of their being thus rapt, they will even laugh by themselves, if the subject which they are musing on is a merry one. Dr. Johnson is often uttering pious ejaculations, when he appears to be talking to himself; for sometimes his voice grows stronger, and parts of the Lord's Prayer are heard. I have sat beside him with more than ordinary reverence on such occasions. (1)

In our tour, I observed that he was disgusted whenever he met with coarse manners. He said to me, "I know not how it is, but I cannot bear low life; and I find others, who have as good a right as I to be fastidious, bear it better, by having mixed more with different sorts of men. You would think that I have mixed pretty well too."

He read this day a good deal of my Journal, written in a small book with which he had supplied me, and was pleased, for he said, "I wish thy books were twice as big." He helped me to fill up blanks which I had left in first writing it, when I was not quite sure of what he had said, and he corrected any mistakes that I had made. "They call me a scholar," said he, "and yet how very little literature is there in my conversation." BOSWELL. "That, Sir, must be according to your company. You would not give literature to those who cannot taste it. Stay till we meet Lord Elibank."

(1) It is remarkable, that Dr. Johnson should have read this account of some of his own peculiar habits, without saying any thing on the subject, which I hoped he would have done.

We had at last a good dinner, or rather supper, and were very well satisfied with our entertainment.

Wednesday, Oct. 13. — *Col* called me up, with intelligence that it was a good day for a passage to Mull; and just as we rose, a sailor from the vessel arrived for us. We got all ready with despatch. Dr. Johnson was displeased at my bustling and walking quickly up and down. He said, "It does not hasten us a bit. It is getting on horseback in a ship.(1) All boys do it; and you are longer a boy than others." He himself has no alertness, or whatever it may be called; so he may dislike it, as "*Oderunt hilarem tristes.*"

Before we reached the harbour, the wind grew high again. However, the small boat was waiting, and took us on board. We remained for some time in uncertainty what to do; at last it was determined, that, as a good part of the day was over, and it was dangerous to be at sea at night, in such a vessel, and such weather, we should not sail till the morning tide, when the wind would probably be more gentle. We resolved not to go ashore again, but lie here in readiness. Dr. Johnson and I had each a bed in the cabin. *Col* sat at the fire in the forecastle, with the captain, and Joseph, and the rest. I eat some dry oatmeal, of which I found a barrel in the cabin. I had not done this since I was a boy. Dr. Johnson owned that he too was fond of it when a boy; a circumstance which I was highly pleased to hear from him, as it gave me an opportunity of observing

(1) This is from the jests of Hierocles. — C.

that, notwithstanding his joke on the article of OATS, he was himself a proof that this kind of *food* was not peculiar to the people of Scotland.

Thursday, Oct. 14.—When Dr. Johnson awaked this morning, he called "*Lanky!*" having, I suppose, been thinking of Langton, but corrected himself instantly, and cried, "*Bozzy!*" He has a way of contracting the names of his friends. Goldsmith feels himself so important now, as to be displeased at it. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy*'s play,"Goldsmith cried, "I have often desired him not to call me Goldy."

Between six and seven we hauled our anchor, and set sail with a fair breeze; and, after a pleasant voyage, we got safely and agreeably into the harbour of Tobermorie, before the wind rose, which it always has done, for some days, about noon.

Tobermorie is an excellent harbour. An island lies before it, and it is surrounded by a hilly theatre. The island is too low, otherwise this would be quite a secure port; but, the island not being a sufficient protection, some storms blow very hard here. Not long ago, fifteen vessels were blown from their moorings. There are sometimes sixty or seventy sail here: to-day there were twelve or fourteen vessels. To see such a fleet was the next thing to seeing a town. The vessels were from different places; Clyde, Campbell-town, Newcastle, &c. One was returning to Lancaster from Hamburgh. After having been shut up so long in Col, the sight of

such an assemblage of moving habitations, containing such a variety of people, engaged in different pursuits, gave me much gaiety of spirit. When we had landed, Dr. Johnson said, "Boswell is now all alive. He is like Antæus; he gets new vigour whenever he touches the ground." I went to the top of a hill fronting the harbour, from whence I had a good view of it. We had here a tolerable inn. Dr. Johnson had owned to me this morning, that he was out of humour. Indeed, he showed it a good deal in the ship; for when I was expressing my joy on the prospect of our landing in Mull, he said, he had no joy, when he recollected that it would be five days before he should get to the main land. I was afraid he would now take a sudden resolution to give up seeing Icolmkill. A dish of tea, and some good bread and butter, did him service, and his bad humour went off. I told him, that I was diverted to hear all the people whom we had visited in our tour say, "*Honest man!* he's pleased with every thing; he's always content!" "Little do they know," said I. He laughed, and said, "You rogue!"

We sent to hire horses to carry us across the island of Mull to the shore opposite to Inchkenneth, the residence of Sir Allan M'Lean, uncle to young *Col*, and chief of the M'Leans, to whose house we intended to go the next day. Our friend *Col* went to visit his aunt, the wife of Dr. Alexander M'Lean, a physician, who lives about a mile from Tobermorie.

Dr. Johnson and I sat by ourselves at the inn, and talked a good deal. I told him, that I had

found, in Leandro Alberti's "Description of Italy," much of what Addison has given us in his "Remarks." (1) He said, "The collection of passages from the Classics has been made by another Italian: it is, however, impossible to detect a man as a plagiary in such a case, because all who set about making such a collection must find the same passages; but, if you find the same applications in another book, then Addison's learning in his 'Remarks' tumbles down. It is a tedious book; and, if it were not attached to Addison's previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing else, his name would not have lived. Addison does not seem to have gone deep in Italian literature: he shows nothing of it in his subsequent writings. He shows a great deal of French learning. There is, perhaps, more knowledge circulated in the French language than in any other. There is more original knowledge in English." "But the French," said I, "have the art of accommodating literature." (2) JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; we have no such book as Moreri's 'Dictionary.'" BOSWELL. "Their 'Ana' are good." JOHNSON. "A few of them are good; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them, Selden's 'Table-talk.' As to original literature, the French have a couple of tragic poets who go round the world, Racine and Corneille, and one comic poet,

(1) See *post*, 7th April, 1775.

(2) Mr. Boswell probably meant by "*accommodating* literature," making it more accessible and readier for ordinary use. — C.

Molière." BOSWELL. "They have Fenelon." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Telemachus is pretty well." BOSWELL. "And Voltaire, Sir." JOHNSON. "He has not stood his trial yet. And what makes Voltaire chiefly circulate is collection, such as his 'Universal History.'" BOSWELL. "What do you say to the Bishop of Meaux?" JOHNSON. "Sir, nobody reads him." (1) He would not allow Massillon and Bourdaloue to go round the world. In general, however, he gave the French much praise for their industry.

He asked me whether he had mentioned, in any of the papers of the "Rambler," the description in Virgil of the entrance into Hell, with an application to the press; "for," said he, "I do not much remember them." I told him, "No." Upon which he repeated it: —

> "Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci
> Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
> Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
> Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas,
> Terribiles visu formæ; Lethumque, Laborque.(2)

"Now," said he, "almost all these apply exactly to an author; all these are the concomitants of a printing-house." I proposed to him to dictate an essay on it, and offered to write it. He said he would not do it then, but perhaps would write one at some future period.

(1) I take leave to enter my strongest protest against this judgment. Bossuet I hold to be one of the first luminaries of religion and literature. If there are who do not read him, it is full time they should begin.

(2) Just in the gate, and in the jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age;
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep. — DRYDEN

The Sunday evening that we sat by ourselves at Aberdeen, I asked him several particulars of his life, from his early years, which he readily told me; and I wrote them down before him. This day I proceeded in my inquiries, also writing them in his presence. I have them on detached sheets. I shall collect authentic materials for The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and, if I survive him, I shall be one who will most faithfully do honour to his memory. I have now a vast treasure of his conversation, at different times, since the year 1762, when I first obtained his acquaintance; and by assiduous inquiry, I can make up for not knowing him sooner. (1)

A Newcastle ship-master, who happened to be in the house, intruded himself upon us. He was much in liquor, and talked nonsense about his being a man for *Wilkes and Liberty*, and against the ministry. Dr. Johnson was angry, that "a fellow should come into *our* company, who was fit for *no* company." He left us soon.

Col returned from his aunt, and told us, she insisted that we should come to her house that night. He introduced to us Mr. Campbell, the Duke of Argyle's factor in Tyr-yi. He was a genteel, agreeable man. He was going to Inverary, and promised to put letters into the post-office for us. I now found

(1) It is no small satisfaction to me to reflect, that Dr. Johnson read this, and after being apprised of my intention, communicated to me, at subsequent periods, many particulars of his life, which probably could not otherwise have been preserved. — B.—This is a conclusive answer to those who, in the character of friends of Johnson's memory, affected to blame Boswell's publication. — C.

that Dr. Johnson's desire to get on the main land arose from his anxiety to have an opportunity of conveying letters to his friends.

After dinner, we proceeded to Dr. M'Lean's, which was about a mile from our inn. He was not at home, but we were received by his lady and daughter, who entertained us so well, that Dr. Johnson seemed quite happy. When we had supped, he asked me to give him some paper to write letters. I begged he would write short ones, and not *expatiate*, as we ought to set off early. He was irritated by this, and said, "What must be done, must be done: the thing is past a joke." — "Nay, Sir," said I, "write as much as you please; but do not blame me, if we are kept six days before we get to the main land. You were very impatient in the morning: but no sooner do you find yourself in good quarters, than you forget that you are to move." I got him paper enough, and we parted in good humour.

Let me now recollect whatever particulars I have omitted. In the morning I said to him, before we landed at Tobermorie, "We shall see Dr. M'Lean, who has written the History of the M'Leans." JOHNSON. "I have no great patience to stay to hear the history of the M'Leans. I would rather hear the history of the Thrales." When on Mull, I said, "Well, Sir, this is the fourth of the Hebrides that we have been upon." JOHNSON. "Nay, we cannot boast of the number we have seen. We thought we should see many more. We thought of sailing about easily from island to island; and so

we should, had we come at a better season (1); but we, being wise men, thought it would be summer all the year where *we* were. However, Sir, we have seen enough to give us a pretty good notion of the system of insular life."

Let me not forget, that he sometimes amused himself with very slight reading; from which, how ever, his conversation showed that he contrived to extract some benefit. At Captain M'Lean's he read a good deal in "The Charmer," a collection of songs.

Friday, Oct. 15. — We this morning found that we could not proceed, there being a violent storm of wind and rain, and the rivers being impassable. When I expressed my discontent at our confinement, Dr. Johnson said, "Now that I have had an opportunity of writing to the main land, I am in no such haste." I was amused with his being so easily satisfied; for the truth was, that the gentleman who was to convey our letters, as I was now informed, was not to set out for Inverary for some time; so that it was probable we should be there as soon as he: however, I did not undeceive my friend, but suffered him to enjoy his fancy.

Dr. Johnson asked, in the evening, to see Dr. M'Lean's books. He took down "Willis de Anima Brutorum," and pored over it a good deal.

(1) This observation is very just. The time for the Hebrides was too late by a month or six weeks. I have heard those who remembered their tour express surprise they were not drowned. — WALTER SCOTT.

Miss M'Lean produced some Erse poems by John M'Lean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them; one a kind of elegy on Sir John M'Lean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another, a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Erse seemed charmed with the original. There may, perhaps, be some choice of expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translation.

After we had exhausted the Erse poems, of which Dr. Johnson said nothing, Miss M'Lean gave us several tunes on a spinnet, which, though made so long ago as in 1667, was still very well toned. She sung along with it. Dr. Johnson seemed pleased with the music, though he owns he neither likes it, nor has hardly any perception of it. At Mr. M'Pherson's, in Slate, he told us, that "he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar, which was about the extent of his knowledge of music." To-night he said, that, "if he had learnt music, he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play. It was a method of employing the mind, without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self."

We had the music of the bagpipe every day, at Armidale, Dunvegan, and Col. Dr. Johnson ap

peared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone.

The penurious gentleman of our acquaintance, formerly alluded to, afforded us a topic of conversation to-night. Dr. Johnson said, I ought to write down a collection of the instances of his narrowness, as they almost exceeded belief. *Col* told us, that O'Kane, the famous Irish harper, was once at that gentleman's house. He could not find in his heart to give him any money, but gave him a key for a harp, which was finely ornamented with gold and silver, and with a precious stone, and was worth eighty or a hundred guineas. He did not know the value of it; and when he came to know it, he would fain have had it back; but O'Kane took care that he should not. JOHNSON. "They exaggerate the value; every body is so desirous that he should be fleeced. I am very willing it should be worth eighty or a hundred guineas; but I do not believe it." BOSWELL. "I do not think O'Kane was obliged to give it back." JOHNSON. "No, Sir. If a man with his eyes open, and without any means used to deceive him, gives me a thing, I am not to let him have it again when he grows wiser. I like to see how avarice defeats itself: how, when avoiding to part with money, the miser gives something more valuable." *Col* said, the gentleman's relations were angry at his giving away the harp key, for it had been long in the family. JOHNSON. "Sir, he values a new guinea more than an old friend."

Col also told us, that the same person having

come up with a serjeant and twenty men, working on the high road, he entered into discourse with the serjeant, and then gave him sixpence for the men to drink. The serjeant asked, "Who is this fellow?" Upon being informed, he said, "If I had known who he was, I should have thrown it in his face." JOHNSON. "There is much want of sense in all this. He had no business to speak with the serjeant. He might have been in haste, and trotted on. He has not learnt to be a miser: I believe we must take him apprentice." BOSWELL. "He would grudge giving half a guinea to be taught." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, you must teach him *gratis*. You must give him an opportunity to practise your precepts."

Let me now go back, and glean *Johnsoniana*. The Saturday before we sailed from Slate, I sat awhile in the afternoon with Dr. Johnson in his room, in a quiet serious frame. I observed, that hardly any man was accurately prepared for dying; but almost every one left something undone, something in confusion; that my father, indeed, told me he knew one man (Carlisle of Limekilns), after whose death all his papers were found in exact order; and nothing was omitted in his will. JOHNSON. "Sir, I had an uncle (1) who died so; but such attention requires great leisure, and great firmness of mind. If one was to think constantly of death, the business of life would stand still. I am

(1) If Miss Seward's story of his having had an uncle hanged had been true, Johnson *could* not have made such an allusion as this. — C.

no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm, by giving severe notions of it. In the same way as to learning: I never frighten young people with difficulties; on the contrary, I tell them that they may very easily get as much as will do very well. I do not indeed tell them that they will be *Bentleys*."

The night we rode to *Col's* house, I said, "Lord Elibank is probably wondering what is become of us." JOHNSON. "No, no; he is not thinking of us." BOSWELL. "But recollect the warmth with which he wrote. Are we not to believe a man, when he says he has a great desire to see another? Don't you believe that I was very impatient for your coming to Scotland?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; I believe you were; and I was impatient to come to you. A young man feels so, but seldom an old man." I however convinced him that Lord Elibank, who has much of the spirit of a young man, might feel so. He asked me if our jaunt had answered expectation. I said it had much exceeded it. I expected much difficulty with him, and had not found it. "And," he added, "wherever we have come, we have been received like princes in their progress."

He said, he would not wish not to be disgusted in the Highlands; for that would be to lose the power of distinguishing, and a man might then lie down in the middle of them. He wished only to conceal his disgust.

At Captain M'Lean's, I mentioned Pope's friend, Spence. JOHNSON. "He was a weak conceited

man."(1) BOSWELL. "A good scholar, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, no, Sir." BOSWELL. "He was a pretty scholar." JOHNSON. "You have about reached him."

Last night at the inn, when the factor in Tyr-yi spoke of his having heard that a roof was put on some part of the buildings at Icolmkill, I unluckily said, "It will be fortunate if we find a cathedral with a roof on it." I said this from a foolish anxiety to engage Dr. Johnson's curiosity more. He took me short at once. "What, Sir? how can you talk so? If we shall *find* a cathedral roofed! as if we were going to a *terra incognita:* when every thing that is at Icolmkill is so well known. You are like some New England-men who came to the mouth of the Thames. 'Come,' said they, 'let us go up and see what sort of inhabitants there are here.' They talked, Sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehannah, or any other American river."

Saturday, Oct. 16. — This day there was a new moon, and the weather changed for the better. Dr. Johnson said of Miss M'Lean, "She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do every thing. She talks sensibly,

(1) Mr. Langton thinks this must have been the hasty expression of a splenetic moment, as he has heard Dr. Johnson speak of Mr. Spence's judgment in criticism with so high a degree of respect, as to show that this was not his settled opinion of him. Let me add that, in the preface to the *Preceptor*, he recommends Spence's Essay on Pope's Odyssey, and that his admirable Lives of the English Poets are much enriched by Spence's Anecdotes of Pope.

and is the first person whom I have found, that can translate Erse poetry literally." We set out, mounted on little Mull horses. Mull corresponded exactly with the idea which I had always had of it; a hilly country, diversified with heath and grass, and many rivulets. Dr. Johnson was not in very good humour. He said, it was a dreary country, much worse than Sky. I differed from him. "O, Sir," said he, "a most dolorous country!"

We had a very hard journey to-day. I had no bridle for my sheltie, but only a halter; and Joseph rode without a saddle. At one place, a loch having swelled over the road, we were obliged to plunge through pretty deep water. Dr. Johnson observed, how helpless a man would be, were he travelling here alone, and should meet with any accident; and said, "he longed to get to a *country of saddles and bridles*." He was more out of humour to-day than he has been in the course of our tour, being fretted to find that his little horse could scarcely support his weight; and having suffered a loss, which, though small in itself, was of some consequence to him, while travelling the rugged steeps of Mull, where he was at times obliged to walk. The loss that I allude to was that of the large oak-stick, which, as I formerly mentioned, he had brought with him from London. It was of great use to him in our wild peregrination; for, ever since his last illness in 1766, he has had a weakness in his knees, and has not been able to walk easily. It had too the properties of a measure; for one nail was driven into it at the length of a foot; another at that of a yard. In return for the services it had done him,

he said, this morning, he would make a present of it to some museum; but he little thought he was so soon to lose it. As he preferred riding with a switch, it was intrusted to a fellow to be delivered to our baggage-man, who followed us at some distance; but we never saw it more. I could not persuade him out of a suspicion that it had been stolen. "No, no, my friend," said he; "it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, Sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here!"

As we travelled this forenoon, we met Dr. M'Lean, who expressed much regret at his having been so unfortunate as to be absent while we were at his house.

We were in hopes to get to Sir Allan Maclean's, at Inchkenneth, to-night; but the eight miles, of which our road was *said* to consist, were so very long, that we did not reach the opposite coast of Mull till seven at night, though we had set out about eleven in the forenoon; and when we did arrive there, we found the wind strong against us. *Col* determined that we should pass the night at M'Quarrie's, in the island of Ulva, which lies between Mull and Inchkenneth; and a servant was sent forward to the ferry, to secure the boat for us: but the boat was gone to the Ulva side, and the wind was so high that the people could not hear him call; and the night so dark that they could not see a signal. We should have been in a very bad situation, had there not fortunately been lying in the little sound of Ulva an Irish vessel, the Bon-

netta, of Londonderry, Captain M'Lure, master. He himself was at M'Quarrie's; but his men obligingly came with their long-boat, and ferried us over.

M'Quarrie's house was mean; but we were agreeably surprised with the appearance of the master, whom we found to be intelligent, polite, and much a man of the world. (1) Though his clan is not numerous, he is a very ancient chief, and has a burial-place at Icolmkill. He told us, his family had possessed Ulva for nine hundred years; but I was distressed to hear that it was soon to be sold for payment of his debts.

Captain M'Lure, whom we found here, was of Scotch extraction, and properly a Macleod, being descended of some of the Macleods who went with Sir Norman of Bernera to the battle of Worcester (2); and after the defeat of the royalists, fled to Ireland, and, to conceal themselves, took a different name. He told me, there was a great number of them about Londonderry; some of good property. I said, they should now resume their real name. The Laird of Macleod should go over, and assemble them, and make them all drink the large horn full, and from that time they should be Macleods. The captain informed us, he had named his ship the Bonnetta, out of gratitude to Providence; for once, when he was sailing to America with a good number of passengers, the ship in which he then sailed was becalmed for five weeks,

(1) M'Quarrie was hospitable to an almost romantic degree. He lived to an extreme old age.—WALTER SCOTT.

(2) See Macleod's Memoirs, *antè*, Vol. IV. p. [illegible]. — C.

and during all that time, numbers of the fish Bonnetta swam close to her, and were caught for food; he resolved, therefore, that the ship he should next get should be called the Bonnetta.

M'Quarrie told us a strong instance of the *second sight.* (1) He had gone to Edinburgh, and taken a man-servant along with him. An old woman, who was in the house, said one day, "M'Quarrie will be at home to-morrow, and will bring two gentlemen with him;" and she said, she saw his servant return in red and green. He did come home next day. He had two gentleman with him, and his servant had a new red and green livery, which M'Quarrie had bought for him at Edinburgh, upon a sudden thought, not having the least intention when he left home to put his servant in livery; so that the old woman could not have heard any previous mention of it. This, he assured us, was a true story.

M'Quarrie insisted that the *Mercheta Mulierum*, mentioned in our old charters, did really mean the privilege which a lord of the manor or a baron had, to have the first night of all his vassals' wives. Dr. Johnson said, the belief of such a custom having existed was also held in England, where there is a tenure called Borough-English, by which the eldest child does not inherit from a doubt of his being the son of the tenant. (2) M'Quarrie told us, that still,

(1) [For some curious letters, relating to the *second sight*, between George, third Lord Reay, Henry Earl of Clarendon, &c., in 1699, see Pepys's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 260.]

(2) Sir William Blackstone says in his "Commentaries," that "he cannot find that ever this custom prevailed in England;" and, therefore, he is of opinion, that it could not have given rise

on the marriage of each of his tenants, a sheep is due to him; for which the composition is fixed at five shillings. I suppose, Ulva is the only place where this custom remains. (1)

Talking of the sale of an estate of an ancient family, which was said to have been purchased much under its value by the confidential lawyer of that family, and it being being mentioned that the sale would probably be set aside by a suit in equity, Dr. Johnson said, "I am very willing that this sale should be set aside, but I doubt much whether this suit will be successful; for the argument for avoiding the sale is founded on vague and indeterminate principles, — as that the price was too low, and that there was a great degree of confidence placed by the seller in the person who became the purchaser. Now, how low should a price be? or what degree of confidence should there be to make a bargain be set aside? a bargain, which is a wager of skill between man and man. If, indeed, any fraud can be proved, that will do."

When Dr. Johnson and I were by ourselves at night, I observed of our host, "*aspectum generosum*

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to Borough-English.—[Blackstone (vol. ii. p. 83.) merely observes, that he could not trace the existence of this custom in England; but the *contrary* might be inferred from the Rotuli Hundredorum, quoted by Spelman, from Barrington on the Statutes, &c. &c. After all that has been written on the subject, however, it is very doubtful whether the lord ever exercised any rights, but those which gave him a certain fine on his granting "leave to marry." The main part of the plot of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," turns upon the alleged existence of the right in its coarsest extent in Italy.— MARKLAND.]

(1) This custom still continues in Ulva.—WALTER SCOTT.

habet;" "*et generosum animum*," he added. For fear of being overheard in the small Highland houses, I often talked to him in such Latin as I could speak, and with as much of the English accent as I could assume, so as not to be understood, in case our conversation should be too loud for the space.

We had each an elegant bed in the same room; and here it was that a circumstance occurred, as to which he has been strangely misunderstood. From his description of his chamber, it has erroneously been supposed, that his bed being too short for him, his feet, during the night, were in the mire; whereas he has only said, that when he undressed, he felt his feet in the mire: that is, the clay floor of the room, which he stood upon before he went into bed, was wet, in consequence of the windows being broken, which let in the rain.

Sunday, Oct. 17. — Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat, and proceeded to Inchkenneth, where we were introduced by our friend *Col* to Sir Allan M'Lean, the chief of his clan, and to two young ladies, his daughters. Inchkenneth is a pretty little island, a mile long, and about half a mile broad, all good land.

As we walked up from the shore, Dr. Johnson's heart was cheered by the sight of a road marked with cart-wheels, as on the main land; a thing which we had not seen for a long time. It gave us a pleasure similar to that which a traveller feels,

when, whilst wandering on what he fears is a desert island, he perceives the print of human feet.

Military men acquire excellent habits of having all conveniencies about them. Sir Allan M'Lean, who had been long in the army, and had now a lease of the island, had formed a commodious habitation, though it consisted but of a few small buildings, only one story high. He had, in his little apartments, more things than I could enumerate in a page or two

Among other agreeable circumstances, it was not the least, to find here a parcel of the "Caledonian Mercury," published since we left Edinburgh; which I read with that pleasure which every man feels who has been for some time secluded from the animated scenes of the busy world.

Dr. Johnson found books here. He bade me buy Bishop Gastrell's "Christian Institutes (1)," which was lying in the room. He said, "I do not like to read any thing on a Sunday (2), but what is theological; not that I would scrupulously refuse to look at any thing which a friend should show me in a newspaper; but in general, I would read only what is theological. I read just now some of "Drummond's Travels," before I perceived what books were here. I then took up "Derham's Physico-Theology."

Every particular concerning this island having been so well described by Dr. Johnson, it would be

(1) [Dr. T. Gastrell, Bishop of Chester 1714; died 1725.]
(2) See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 72., and Vol. IV. p. 66.—C.

superfluous in me to present the public with the observations that I made upon it, in my Journal.

I was quite easy with Sir Allan almost instantaneously. He knew the great intimacy there had been between my father and his predecessor, Sir Hector, and was himself of a very frank disposition. After dinner, Sir Allan said he had got Dr. Campbell about a hundred subscribers to his "Britannia Elucidata" (a work since published under the title of "A Political Survey of Great Britain"), of whom he believed twenty were dead, the publication having been so long delayed. JOHNSON. "Sir, I imagine the delay of publication is owing to this;—that, after publication, there will be no more subscribers, and few will send the additional guinea to get their books: in which they will be wrong; for there will be a great deal of instruction in the work. I think highly of Campbell. In the first place, he has very good parts. In the second place, he has very extensive reading; not, perhaps, what is properly called learning, but history, politics, and, in short, that popular knowledge which makes a man very useful. In the third place, he has learned much by what is called the *vox viva*. He talks with a great many people."

Speaking of this gentleman, at Rasay, he told us, that he one day called on him, and they talked of "Tull's Husbandry." Dr. Campbell said something. Dr. Johnson began to dispute it. "Come," said Dr. Campbell, "we do not want to get the better of one another; we want to increase each other's ideas." Dr. Johnson took it in good part, and the

conversation then went on coolly and instructively. His candour in relating this anecdote does him much credit, and his conduct on that occasion proves how easily he could be persuaded to talk from a better motive than "for victory."

Dr. Johnson here showed so much of the spirit of a Highlander, that he won Sir Allan's heart: indeed, he has shown it during the whole of our tour. One night, in Col, he strutted about the room with a broad sword and target, and made a formidable appearance; and, another night, I took the liberty to put a large blue bonnet on his head. His age, his size, and his bushy gray wig, with this covering on it, presented the image of a venerable *Senachi*: and, however unfavourable to the Lowland Scots, he seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian. We only regretted that he could not be prevailed with to partake of the social glass. One of his arguments against drinking appears to me not convincing. He urged, that, "in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drunk, it is bad; because it has so far affected his reason." But may it not be answered, that a man may be altered by it *for the better*; that his spirits may be exhilarated, without his reason being affected? On the general subject of drinking, however, I do not mean positively to take the other side. I am *dubius non improbus*.

In the evening, Sir Allan informed us that it was the custom of the house to have prayers every Sunday; and Miss M'Lean read the evening service,

in which we all joined. I then read Ogden's second and ninth Sermons on Prayer, which, with their other distinguished excellence, have the merit of being short. Dr. Johnson said, that it was the most agreeable Sunday he had ever passed; and it made such an impression on his mind, that he afterwards wrote the following ode upon Inchkenneth: —

INSULA SANCTI KENNETHI.

Parva quidem regio, sed religione priorum
  Nota, Caledonias panditur intra aquas;
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
  Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cœrula cursu
  Scire locum volui quid daret ille novi.
Ille Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
  Leniades magnis nobilitatus avis;
Una duas habuit casa cum genitore puellas,
  Quas Amor undarum fingeret esse deas:
Non tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
  Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet;
Mollia non deerant vacuæ solatia vitæ,
  Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Luxerat illa dies, legis-gens docta supernæ
  Spes hominum ac curas cum procul esse jubet.
Ponti inter strepitus sacri non munera cultus
  Cessarunt; pietas hic quoque cura fuit:
Quid quod sacrifici versavit femina libros,
  Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est;
  Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.(1)

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(1) Inchkenneth is a most beautiful little islet of the most verdant green, while all the neighbouring shore of Greban, as well as the large islands of Colinsay and Ulva, are as black as heath and moss can make them. But Ulva has a good anchorage, and Inchkenneth is surrounded by shoals. It is now uninhabited. The ruins of the huts, in which Dr. Johnson

Monday, Oct. 18. — We agreed to pass the day with Sir Allan, and he engaged to have every thing in order for our voyage to-morrow.

Being now soon to be separated from our amiable friend young *Col*, his merits were all remembered. At Ulva he had appeared in a new character, having given us a good prescription for a cold. On my mentioning him with warmth, Dr Johnson said, "*Col* does every thing for us: we will erect a statue to *Col*." "Yes," said I, "and we will have him with his various attributes and characters, like Mercury, or any other of the heathen gods. We will have him as a pilot; we will have him as a fisherman, as a hunter, as a husbandman, as a physician."

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was received by Sir Allan M'Lean, were still to be seen, and some tatters of the paper hangings were to be seen on the walls. Sir George Onesiphorus Paul was at Inchkenneth with the same party of which I was a member. He seemed to me to suspect many of the Highland tales which he heard, but he showed most incredulity on the subject of Johnson's having been entertained in the wretched huts of which we saw the ruins. He took me aside, and conjured me to tell him the truth of the matter. "This Sir Allan," said he, "was he a *regular baronet*, or was his title such a traditional one as you find in Ireland?" I assured my excellent acquaintance that, "for my own part, I would have paid more respect to a knight of Kerry, or knight of Glynn; yet Sir Allan M'Lean was a *regular baronet* by patent;" and, having given him this information, I took the liberty of asking him, in return, whether he would not in conscience prefer the worst cell in the jail at Gloucester (which he had been very active in overlooking while the building was going on) to those exposed hovels where Johnson had been entertained by rank and beauty. He looked round the little islet, and allowed Sir Allan had some advantage in exercising ground; but in other respects he thought the compulsory tenants of Gloucester had greatly the advantage. Such was his opinion of a place, concerning which Johnson has recorded that "it wanted little which palaces could afford."— WALTER SCOTT.

I this morning took a spade, and dug a little grave in the floor of a ruined chapel (1), near Sir Allan M'Lean's house, in which I buried some human bones I found there. Dr. Johnson praised me for what I had done, though he owned he could not have done it. He showed in the chapel at Rasay his horror at dead men's bones. He showed it again at *Col's* house. In the charter-room there was a remarkably large shin-bone, which was said to have been a bone of John Garve, one of the lairds. Dr. Johnson would not look at it, but started away.

At breakfast, I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the reason is (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason) we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from a battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the Spectator describes Sir Andrew Freeport to have been?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, we may suppose any fic-

(1) Mr. Boswell does not tell us that he had visited this chapel the evening before; but Johnson says to Mrs. Thrale, "Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste, *for fear of spectres*." — Letters, vol. i. p. 173. — C.

titious character. We may suppose a philosophical day-labourer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labour, he contributes to the *fertility of the earth*, and to the support of his fellow-creatures; but we find no such philosophical day-labourer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind."

I mentioned that I had heard Dr. Solander say he was a Swedish Laplander. JOHNSON. "Sir, I don't believe he is a Laplander. The Laplanders are not much above four feet high. He is as tall as you; and he has not the copper colour of a Laplander." BOSWELL. "But what motive could he have to make himself a Laplander?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, he must either mean the word Laplander in a very extensive sense, or may mean a voluntary degradation of himself. 'For all my being the great man that you see me now, I was originally a barbarian;' as if Burke should say, 'I came over a wild Irishman' — which he might say in his present state of exaltation." (1)

Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in such a situation.

"Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here; for, if you have it not, what should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and

(1) Solander was born in Nordland, in Sweden, in 1736. In 1768 he accompanied Banks in his voyage with Cook. The Biog. Dict. says, that "he was a short fair man, rather fat, with small eyes, and good-humoured countenance." — C.

carry off every *thing you have in the house, which, in a remote country, would be more valuable than cows and sheep? add to all this the danger of having* your throat cut." BOSWELL. "I would have a large dog." JOHNSON. "So you may, Sir; but a large dog is of no use but to alarm." He, however, I apprehend, thinks too lightly of the power of that animal. I have heard him say, that he is afraid of no dog. "He would take him up by the hinder legs, which would render him quite helpless; and then knock his head against a stone, and beat out his brains." Topham Beauclerk told me, that at his house in the country, two large ferocious dogs were fighting. Dr. Johnson looked steadily at them for a little while; and then, as one would separate two little boys, who are foolishly hurting each other, he ran up to them, and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder. But few men have his intrepidity, Herculean strength, or presence of mind. Most thieves or robbers would be afraid to encounter a mastiff.

I observed, that when young *Col* talked of the lands belonging to his family, he always said "*my* lands." For this he had a plausible pretence; for he told me, there has been a custom in this family, that the Laird resigns the estate to the eldest son when he comes of age, reserving to himself only a certain life-rent. He said, it was a voluntary custom; but I think I found an instance in the charter-room, that there was such an obligation in a contract of marriage. If the custom was voluntary, it was only curious; but if founded on obligation, it

might be dangerous; for I have been told, that in Otaheite, whenever a child is born (a son, I think), the father loses his right to the estate and honours, and that this unnatural, or rather absurd custom, occasions the murder of many children.

Young *Col* told us he could run down a greyhound; "for," said he, "the dog runs himself out of breath, by going too quick, and then I get up with him."(1) I accounted for his advantage over the dog, by remarking that *Col* had the faculty of reason, and knew how to moderate his pace, which the dog had not sense enough to do. Dr. Johnson said, "He is a noble animal. He is as complete an islander as the mind can figure. He is a farmer, a sailor, a hunter, a fisher: he will run you down a dog: if any man has a *tail* (2), it is *Col*. He is hospitable; and he has an intrepidity of talk, whether he understands the subject or not. I regret that he is not more intellectual."

Dr. Johnson observed, that there was nothing of which he would not undertake to persuade a Frenchman in a foreign country. "I'll carry a Frenchman to St. Paul's Churchyard, and I'll tell him, 'by our law you may walk half round the church, but, if you walk round the whole, you will be punished capitally;' and he will believe me at once. Now, no Englishman would readily swallow such a thing:

(1) This is not spoken of hare-coursing, where the game is taken or lost before the dog gets out of wind; but in chasing deer with the great Highland greyhound, *Col's* exploit is feasible enough.— WALTER SCOTT.

(2) In allusion to Monboddo's theory, that a perfect man would have a tail. — C.

he would go and inquire of somebody else." The Frenchman's credulity, I observed, must be owing to his being accustomed to implicit submission; whereas every Englishman reasons upon the laws of his country, and instructs his representatives, who compose the legislature.

This day was passed in looking at a small island adjoining Inchkenneth, which afforded nothing worthy of observation; and in such social and gay entertainments as our little society could furnish.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Iona. — Death of young Col. — M'Kinnon's Cave. — "La Crédulité des Incrédules." — Coast of Mull. — Nuns' Island. — Icolmkill. — Quotation from Johnson's Tour. — Return to Mull. — Pulteney. — Pitt. — Walpole. — Wilkes. — English and Jewish History compared. — "Turkish Spy." — Moy. — Lochbuy's War-saddle. — Sheep's-heads. — Sail to Oban. — Goldsmith's Traveller. — Pope and Cowley compared. — Inverary. — Letter from Garrick. — Hervey's "Meditations." — "Meditation on a Pudding." — Country Neighbours. — Castle of Inverary. — Duke and Duchess of Argyle. — Influence of Peers.

Tuesday, Oct. 19.— After breakfast we took leave of the young ladies, and of our excellent companion *Col*, to whom we had been so much obliged. He had now put us under the care of his chief; and was to hasten back to Sky. We parted from him with very strong feelings of kindness and gratitude, and we hoped to have had some future opportunity of proving to him the sincerity of what we felt; but in the following year he was unfortunately lost in the Sound between Ulva and Mull (1); and this

(1) Just opposite to M'Quarrie's house the boat was swamped by the intoxication of the sailors, who had partaken too largely of M'Quarrie's wonted hospitality.—Walter Scott.—Johnson says in his *Journey*, "Here we had the last embrace of this amiable man, who, while these pages were preparing to attest

imperfect memorial, joined to the high honour of being tenderly and respectfully mentioned by Dr. Johnson, is the only return which the uncertainty of human events has permitted us to make to this deserving young man.

Sir Allan, who obligingly undertook to accompany us to Icolmkill, had a strong good boat, with four stout rowers. We coasted along Mull till we reached *Gribon*, where is what is called Mackinnon's cave, compared with which that at Ulinish is inconsiderable. It is in a rock of a great height, close to the sea. Upon the left of its entrance there is a cascade, almost perpendicular from the top to the bottom of the rock. There is a tradition that it was conducted thither artificially, to supply the inhabitants of the cave with water. Dr. Johnson gave no credit to this tradition. As, on the one hand, his faith in the Christian religion is firmly founded upon good grounds; so, on the other, he is incredulous when there is no sufficient reason for belief; being in this respect just the reverse of modern infidels, who, however nice and scrupulous in weighing the

his virtues, perished in the passage between Ulva and Inchkenneth." The account given in the *Journey* of young Donald Maclean, made him a popular character. The *Laird of Col* is a character in O'Keefe's "Highland Reel." Johnson writes from Lichfield, 13th June, 1775:—"There is great lamentation here for poor *Col*;" and a review of the *Journey*, *Gent. Mag.* 1775, thus concludes:—"But, whatever Dr. Johnson saw, whatever he described, will now be perpetuated; and though the buildings of Icolmkill are mouldering into dust, and the young Laird of Col is insensible of praise, readers yet unborn will feel their piety warmed by the ruins of Iona, and their sensibility touched by the untimely fate of the amiable Maclean." —C.

evidences of religion, are yet often so ready to believe the most absurd and improbable tales of another nature, that Lord Hailes well observed, a good essay might be written *Sur la Crédulité des Incrédules.*

The height of this cave I cannot tell with any tolerable exactness; but it seemed to be very lofty, and to be a pretty regular arch. We penetrated, by candlelight, a great way; by our measurement, no less than four hundred and eighty-five feet. Tradition says, that a piper and twelve men once advanced into this cave, nobody can tell how far [1], and never returned. At the distance to which we proceeded the air was quite pure; for the candle burned freely, without the least appearance of the flame growing globular; but as we had only one, we thought it dangerous to venture farther, lest, should it have been extinguished, we should have had no means of ascertaining whether we could remain without danger. Dr. Johnson said, this was the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen.

We saw the island of Staffa, at no very great distance, but could not land upon it, the surge was so high on its rocky coast.

Sir Allan, anxious for the honour of Mull, was

(1) There is little room for supposing that any person ever went farther into M'Kinnon's cave than any man may now go. Johnson's admiration of it seems exaggerated. A great number of the M'Kinnons, escaping from some powerful enemy, hid themselves in this cave till they could get over to the isle of Sky. It concealed themselves and their birlings, or boats; and they show M'Kinnon's *harbour*, M'Kinnon's *dining-table*, and other localities. M'Kinnon's *candlestick* was a fine piece of spar, destroyed by some traveller in the frantic rage for appropriation, with which tourists are sometimes animated.—WALTER SCOTT.

still talking of its *woods*, and pointing them out to Dr. Johnson, as appearing at a distance on the skirts of that island, as we sailed along. JOHNSON. "Sir, I saw at Tobermorie what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for *heath*. If you show me what I shall take for *furze*, it will be something."

In the afternoon we went ashore on the coast of Mull, and partook of a cold repast, which we carried with us. We hoped to have procured some rum or brandy for our boatmen and servants, from a public-house near where we landed; but unfortunately a funeral a few days before had exhausted all their store. Mr. Campbell, however, one of the Duke of Argyle's tacksmen, who lived in the neighbourhood, on receiving a message from Sir Allan, sent us a liberal supply.

We continued to coast along Mull, and passed by Nuns' Island, which, it is said, belonged to the nuns of Icolmkill, and from which, we were told, the stone for the buildings there was taken. As we sailed along by moonlight, in a sea somewhat rough, and often between black and gloomy rocks, Dr. Johnson said, "If this be not *roving among the Hebrides*, nothing is." The repetition of words which he had so often previously used made a strong impression on my imagination; and, by a natural course of thinking, led me to consider how our present adventures would appear to me at a future period.

I have often experienced, that scenes through which a man has passed improve by lying in the memory: they grow mellow. *Acti labores sunt jucundi.* This may be owing to comparing them

with present listless ease. Even harsh scenes acquire a softness by length of time (1); and some are like very loud sounds, which do not please, or at least do not please so much, till you are removed to a certain distance. They may be compared to strong coarse pictures, which will not bear to be viewed near. Even pleasing scenes improve by time, and seem more exquisite in recollection, than when they were present; if they have not faded to dimness in the memory. Perhaps, there is so much evil in every human enjoyment, when present, — so much dross mixed with it, that it requires to be refined by time; and yet I do not see why time should not melt away the good and the evil in equal proportions; — why the shade should decay, and the light remain in preservation.

After a tedious sail, which, by our following various turnings of the coast of Mull, was extended to about forty miles, it gave us no small pleasure to perceive a light in the village at Icolmkill, in which almost all the inhabitants of the island live, close to where the ancient building stood. As we approached the shore, the tower of the cathedral, just discernible in the air, was a picturesque object.

When we had landed upon the sacred place, which, as long as I can remember, I had thought on

(1) I have lately observed that this thought has been elegantly expressed by Cowley:—

> "Things which offend when present, and affright,
> In memory, well-painted, move delight." — B.

It is odd that Mr. Boswell, who had lately made so apt a quotation from the Æneid, should have forgotten the

> "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit." — C.

with veneration, Dr. Johnson and I cordially embraced. We had long talked of visiting Icolmkill; and, from the lateness of the season, were at times very doubtful whether we should be able to effect our purpose. To have seen it, even alone, would have given me great satisfaction; but the venerable scene was rendered much more pleasing by the company of my great and pious friend, who was no less affected by it than I was; and who has described the impressions it should make on the mind, with such strength of thought, and energy of language, that I shall quote his words, as conveying my own sensations much more forcibly than I am capable of doing: —

"We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*(1)!"

(1) Had our Tour produced nothing else but this sublime passage, the world must have acknowledged that it was not made in vain. The present respectable President of the Roya

Upon hearing that Sir Allan M'Lean was arrived, the inhabitants, who still consider themselves as the people of M'Lean, to whom the island formerly belonged, though the Duke of Argyle has at present possession of it, ran eagerly to him.

We were accommodated this night in a large barn, the island affording no lodging that we should have liked so well. Some good hay was strewed at one end of it, to form a bed for us, upon which we lay with our clothes on; and we were furnished with blankets from the village. Each of us had a portmanteau for a pillow. When I awaked in the morning, and looked round me, I could not help smiling at the idea of the chief of the M'Leans, the great English moralist, and myself, lying thus extended in such a situation.

Wednesday, Oct. 20.—Early in the morning we surveyed the remains of antiquity at this place, accompanied by an illiterate fellow, as *cicerone*, who called himself a descendant of a cousin of Saint Columba, the founder of the religious establishment here. As I knew that many persons had already examined them, and as I saw Dr. Johnson inspecting and measuring several of the ruins of which he has since given so full an account, my mind was quiescent; and I resolved to stroll among them at my ease, to take no trouble to investigate minutely, and only receive the general impression of solemn anti-

Society [Sir Joseph Banks] was so much struck on reading it, that he clasped his hands together, and remained for some time in an attitude of silent admiration.

quity, and the particular ideas of such objects as should of themselves strike my attention.

We walked from the monastery of nuns to the great church or cathedral, as they call it, along an old broken causeway. They told us that this had been a street, and that there were good houses built on each side Dr. Johnson doubted if it was any thing more than a paved road for the nuns. The convent of monks, the great church, Oran's chapel, and four other chapels, are still to be discerned. But I must own that Icolmkill did not answer my expectations; for they were high, from what I had read of it, and still more from what I had heard and thought of it, from my earliest years. Dr. Johnson said it came up to his expectations, because he had taken his impression from an account of it subjoined to Sacheverel's History of the Isle of Man, where it is said, there is not much to be seen here. We were both disappointed, when we were shown what are called the monuments of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, and of a king of France. There are only some grave-stones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscriptions. How far short was this of marble monuments, like those in Westminster Abbey, which I had imagined here! The grave-stones of Sir Allan M'Lean's family, and of that of M'Quarrie, had as good an appearance as the royal grave-stones, if they were royal; we doubted.

My easiness to give credit to what I heard in the course of our Tour was too great. Dr. Johnson's peculiar accuracy of investigation detected much traditional fiction, and many gross mistakes. It is

not to be wondered at that he was provoked by people carelessly telling him, with the utmost readiness and confidence, what he found, on questioning them a little more, was erroneous. Of this there were innumerable instances. (1)

I left him and Sir Allen at breakfast in our barn, and stole back again to the cathedral, to indulge in solitude and devout meditation. While contemplating the venerable ruins, I reflected with much satisfaction, that the solemn scenes of piety never lose their sanctity and influence, though the cares and follies of life may prevent us from visiting them, or may even make us fancy that their effects are only "as yesterday, when it is past," and never again to be perceived. I hoped that, ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct. One has a strange propensity to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may begin.'

Being desirous to visit the opposite shore of the island, where Saint Columba is said to have landed, I procured a horse from one M'Ginnis, who ran along as my guide. The M'Ginnises are said to be a branch of the clan of M'Lean. Sir Allan had been told that this man had refused to send him some rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. "You rascal!" said he, "don't you know that I can hang you, if I please?" Not adverting to the chieftain's power over his clan, I imagined that Sir Allan had known of some capital crime that

(1) See *post*, 7th Feb. 1775.—C.

the fellow had committed, which he could discover, and so get him condemned; and said, "How so?" —"Why," said Sir Allan, "are they not all my people?" Sensible of my inadvertency, and most willing to contribute what I could towards the continuation of feudal authority, "Very true," said I. Sir Allan went on; "Refuse to send rum to me, you rascal! Don't you know that if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?"— "Yes, an 't please your honour! and my own too, and hang myself too." The poor fellow denied that he had refused to send the rum. His making these professions was not merely a pretence in presence of his chief; for after he and I were out of Sir Allan's hearing, he told me, "Had he sent his dog for the rum, I would have given it: I would cut my bones for him." It was very remarkable to find such an attachment to a chief, though he had then no connection with the island, and had not been there for fourteen years. Sir Allan, by way of upbraiding the fellow, said, "I believe you are a *Campbell.*"

The place which I went to see is about two miles from the village. They call it Portawherry, from the wherry in which Columba came; though, when they show the length of his vessel, as marked on the beach by two heaps of stones, they say, "Here is the length of the *Currach,*" using the Erse word.

Icolmkill is a fertile island. The inhabitants export some cattle and grain; and I was told they import nothing but iron and salt. They are industrious, and make their own woollen and linen cloth;

and they brew a good deal of beer, which we did not find in any of the other islands.

We set sail again about mid-day, and in the evening landed on Mull, near the house of the Rev. Mr. Neil Macleod, who having been informed of our coming, by a message from Sir Allan, came out to meet us. We were this night very agreeably entertained at his house. Dr. Johnson observed to me that he was the cleanest-headed (1) man that he had met with in the Western Islands. He seemed to be well acquainted with Dr. Johnson's writings, and courteously said, "I have been often obliged to you, though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

He told us he had lived for some time in St. Kilda, under the tuition of the minister or catechist there, and had there first read Horace and Virgil. The scenes which they describe must have been a strong contrast to the dreary waste around him.

Thursday, Oct. 21. — This morning the subject of politics was introduced. JOHNSON. "Pulteney was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a Whig who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to pretend to be honest. He cannot hold it out." He called Mr. Pitt a meteor; Sir Robert Walpole a fixed star. He said, "It is wonderful to think that all the force of government was required to prevent Wilkes from being

(1) Quære *clearest?* but it is *cleanest* in all the editions.—C. —[One of the meanings of *clean* in Johnson's Dictionary is "not encumbered with any thing useless."]

chosen the chief magistrate of London, though the liverymen knew he would rob their shops, — knew he would debauch their daughters."(1)

BOSWELL. "The History of England is so strange that, if it were not so well vouched as it is, it would hardly be credible." JOHNSON. "Sir, if it were told as shortly, and with as little preparation for introducing the different events, as the History of the Jewish Kings, it would be equally liable to objections of improbability." Mr. Macleod was much pleased with the justice and novelty of the thought. Dr. Johnson illustrated what he had said as follows: "Take, as an instance, Charles the First's concessions to his parliament, which were greater and greater, in proportion as the parliament grew more insolent, and less deserving of trust. Had these concessions been related nakedly, without any detail of

(1) I think it incumbent on me to make some observation on this strong satirical sally on my classical companion, Mr. Wilkes. Reporting it lately from memory, in his presence, I expressed it thus: — "They knew he would rob their shops, *if he durst*; they knew he would debauch their daughters, *if he could*;" which, according to the French phrase, may be said *renchérir* on Dr. Johnson; but on looking into my Journal, I found it as above, and would by no means make any addition. Mr. Wilkes received both readings with a good humour that I cannot enough admire. Indeed both he and I (as, with respect to myself, the reader has more than once had occasion to observe in the course of this Journal) are too fond of a *bon mot*, not to relish it, though we should be ourselves the object of it. Let me add, in justice to the gentleman here mentioned, that, at a subsequent period, he *was* elected chief magistrate of London, and discharged the duties of that high office with great honour to himself, and advantage to the city. Some years before Dr. Johnson died, I was fortunate enough to bring him and Mr. Wilkes together; the consequence of which was, that they were ever afterwards on easy and not unfriendly terms. The particulars I shall have great pleasure in relating hereafter.

the circumstances which generally led to them, they would not have been believed."

Sir Allan M'Lean bragged, that Scotland had the advantage of England by its having more water. JOHNSON. " Sir, we would not have your water, to take the vile bogs which produce it. You have too much! A man who is drowned has more water than either of us;"—and then he laughed. (But this was surely robust sophistry; for the people of taste in England, who have seen Scotland, own that its variety of rivers and lakes makes it naturally more beautiful than England, in that respect.) Pursuing his victory over Sir Allan, he proceeded: " Your country consists of two things, stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little; and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags — the naked skin is still peeping out."

He took leave of Mr. Macleod, saying, " Sir, I thank you for your entertainment, and your conversation."

Mr. Campbell, who had been so polite yesterday, came this morning on purpose to breakfast with us, and very obligingly furnished us with horses to proceed on our journey to Mr. M'Lean's of Lochbuy, where we were to pass the night. We dined at the house of Dr. Alexander M'Lean, another physician in Mull, who was so much struck with the uncommon conversation of Dr. Johnson, that he observed to me, "This man is just a *hogshead* of sense." (1)

(1) A metaphor which might rather have been expected from M'Quarrie than the Doctor; but I believe that it is a common northern expression to signify great capacity of intellect. — C.

Dr. Johnson said of the "Turkish Spy," which lay in the room, that it told nothing but what every body might have known at that time; and that what was good in it did not pay you for the trouble of reading to find it.

After a very tedious ride, through what appeared to me the most gloomy and desolate country I had ever beheld, we arrived, between seven and eight o'clock, at Mŏy, the seat of the Laird of Lochbuy. *Buy*, in Erse, signifies yellow, and I at first imagined that the loch or branch of the sea here was thus denominated, in the same manner as the *Red Sea*; but I afterwards learned that it derived its name from a hill above it, which, being of a yellowish hue, has the epithet of *Buy*.

We had heard much of *Lochbuy*'s being a great roaring braggadocio, a kind of Sir John Falstaff, both in size and manners; but we found that they had swelled him up to a fictitious size, and clothed him with imaginary qualities. *Col*'s idea of him was equally extravagant, though very different: he told us he was quite a Don Quixote; and said, he would give a great deal to see him and Dr. Johnson together. The truth is, that *Lochbuy* proved to be only a bluff, comely, noisy old gentleman, proud of his hereditary consequence, and a very hearty and hospitable landlord. Lady *Lochbuy* was sister to Sir Allan M'Lean, but much older. He said to me, "They are quite *Antediluvians*." Being told that Dr. Johnson did not hear well, *Lochbuy* bawled out to him, "Are you of the Johnstons of Glencro, or of Ardnamurchan?" Dr. Johnson gave him a sig-

nificant look, but made no answer; and I told *Lochbuy* that he was not Johns*ton*, but John*son*, and that he was an Englishman. (1)

Lochbuy some years ago tried to prove himself a weak man, liable to imposition, or, as we term it in Scotland, a *facile* man, in order to set aside a lease which he had granted; but failed in the attempt. On my mentioning this circumstance to Dr. Johnson, he seemed much surprised that such a suit was admitted by the Scottish law, and observed, that "in England no man is allowed to *stultify* himself." (2)

Sir Allan, *Lochbuy*, and I, had the conversation chiefly to ourselves to-night. Dr. Johnson, being extremely weary, went to bed soon after supper.

Friday, Oct. 22. — Before Dr. Johnson came to breakfast, Lady *Lochbuy* said, "he was a *dungeon* of wit;" a very common phrase in Scotland to express a profoundness of intellect, though he afterwards told me that he never had heard it. (3) She

(1) Boswell totally misapprehended *Lochbuy's* meaning. There are two septs of the powerful clan of M'Donald, who are called Mac-Ian, that is, *John's-son*; and as Highlanders often translate their names when they go to the Lowlands, — as Gregor-son for Mac-Gregor, Farquhar-son for Farquhar, — *Lochbuy* supposed that Dr. Johnson might be one of the Mac-Ians of Ardnamurchan, or of Glencoe. Boswell's explanation was nothing to the purpose. The *Johnstons* are a clan distinguished in Scottish *border* history, and as brave as any *Highland* clan that ever wore brogues; but they lay entirely out of *Lochbuy's* knowledge — nor was he thinking of *them*. — WALTER SCOTT.

(2) This maxim, however, has been controverted. See "Blackstone's Commentaries," vol. ii. p. 292.; and the authorities there quoted.

(3) It is also common in the north of Ireland, and is somewhat more emphatic than the eulogy in a former page, of being a *hogshead* of sense. — C.

proposed that he should have some cold sheep's head for breakfast. Sir Allan seemed displeased at his sister's vulgarity, and wondered how such a thought should come into her head. From a mischievous love of sport, I took the lady's part; and very gravely said "I think it is but fair to give him an offer of it. If he does not choose it he may let it alone." "I think so," said the lady, looking at her brother with an air of victory. Sir Allan, finding the matter desperate, strutted about the room, and took snuff. When Dr. Johnson came in, she called to him, "Do you choose any cold sheep's head, Sir?" "No, Madam," said he, with a tone of surprise and anger. "It is here, sir," said she, supposing he had refused it to save the trouble of bringing it in. They thus went on at cross purposes, till he confirmed his refusal in a manner not to be misunderstood; while I sat quietly by and enjoyed my success.

After breakfast, we surveyed the old castle, in the pit or dungeon of which *Lochbuy* had some years before taken upon him to imprison several persons; and though he had been fined in a considerable sum by the Court of Justiciary, he was so little affected by it, that while we were examining

(1) Begging pardon of the Doctor and his conductor, I have often seen and partaken of cold sheep's head at as good breakfast-tables as ever they sat at. This protest is something in the manner of the late Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter. I have passed over all the Doctor's other reproaches upon Scotland, but the sheep's head I will defend *totis viribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, *dinner* be the thing of which a man thinks *oftenest during the day*, *breakfast* must be that of which he thinks *first in the morning*. — WALTER SCOTT.

the dungeon, he said to me, with a smile, "Your father knows something of this;" (alluding to my father's having sat as one of the judges on his trial.) Sir Allan whispered me, that the laird could not be persuaded that he had lost his heritable jurisdiction. (1)

We then set out for the ferry, by which we were to cross to the main land of Argyleshire. *Lochbuy* and Sir Allan accompanied us. We were told much of a war-saddle, on which this reputed Don Quixote used to be mounted; but we did not see it, for the young laird had applied it to a less noble purpose, having taken it to Falkirk fair *with a drove of black cattle.*

We bade adieu to *Lochbuy*, and to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan M'Lean, on the shore of Mull, and then got into the ferry-boat, the bottom of which was strewed with branches of trees or bushes,

(1) Sir Allan M'Lean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called, in Scotland, *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inchkenneth). Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend, whom that handsome seat belonged to. "M——, the writer to the signet," was the reply. "Umph!" said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, "I mean that other house." "Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie——, also a writer to the signet." "Umph!" said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. "And yon smaller house?" "That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too; for——." Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, "My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood." — WALTER SCOTT.

upon which we sat. We had a good day and a fine passage, and in the evening landed at Oban, where we found a tolerable inn. After having been so long confined at different times in islands, from which it was always uncertain when we could get away, it was comfortable to be now on the main land, and to know that, if in health, we might get to any place in Scotland or England in a certain number of days.

Here we discovered, from the conjectures which were formed, that the people of the main land were entirely ignorant of our motions; for in a Glasgow newspaper we found a paragraph, which, as it contains a just and well-turned compliment to my illustrious friend, I shall here insert: —

"We are well assured that Dr. Johnson is confined by tempestuous weather to the isle of Sky; it being unsafe to venture in a small boat upon such a stormy surge as is very common there at this time of the year. Such a philosopher, detained on an almost barren island, resembles a whale left upon the strand. The latter will be welcome to every body, on account of his oil, his bone, &c., and the other will charm his companions, and the rude inhabitants, with his superior knowledge and wisdom, calm resignation, and unbounded benevolence."

Saturday, Oct. 23. — After a good night's rest, we breakfasted at our leisure. We talked of Goldsmith's Traveller, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and while I was helping him on with his great coat, he repeated from it the character of the British nation, which he did with such energy, that the tear started into his eye: —

"Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man."

We could get but one bridle here, which, according to the maxim *detur digniori*, was appropriated to Dr. Johnson's sheltie. I and Joseph rode with halters. We crossed in a ferry-boat a pretty wide lake, and on the farther side of it, close by the shore, found a hut for our inn. We were much wet. I changed my clothes in part, and was at pains to get myself well dried. Dr. Johnson resolutely kept on all his clothes, wet as they were, letting them steam before the smoky turf fire. I thought him in the wrong; but his firmness was, perhaps, a species of heroism.

I remember but little of our conversation. I mentioned Shenstone's saying of Pope, that he had the art of condensing sense more than any body. Dr. Johnson said, "It is not true, Sir. There is more sense in a line of Cowley than in a page (or a sentence, or ten lines—I am not quite certain of the very phrase) of Pope." He maintained that Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was a narrow man. I wondered at this; and observed, that his building so great a house at Inverary was not like a nar man. "Sir," said he, "wher a narrow man has

resolved to build a house, he builds it like another man. But Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was narrow in his ordinary expenses, in his quotidian expenses."

The distinction is very just. It is in the ordinary expenses of life that a man's liberality or narrowness is to be discovered. I never heard the word *quotidian* in this sense, and I imagined it to be a word of Dr. Johnson's own fabrication; but I have since found it in Young's Night Thoughts (Night fifth),

"Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey,"

and in my friend's Dictionary, supported by the authorities of Charles I. and Dr. Donne.

It rained very hard as we journeyed on after dinner. The roar of torrents from the mountains, as we passed along in the dusk, and the other circumstances attending our ride this evening, have been mentioned with so much animation by Dr. Johnson, that I shall not attempt to say any thing on the subject.

We got at night to Inverary, where we found an excellent inn. Even here, Dr. Johnson would not change his wet clothes.

The prospect of good accommodation cheered us much. We supped well; and after supper, Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen taste any fermented liquor during all our travels, called for a gill of whisky. "Come," said he, "let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy!" He drank it all but a drop, which I begged leave to pour into my glass, that I might say we had drunk whisky

together. I proposed Mrs. Thrale should be our toast. He would not have *her* drunk in whisky, but rather "some insular lady;" so we drank one of the ladies whom we had lately left. He owned to-night, that he got as good a room and bed as at an English inn.

I had here the pleasure of finding a letter from home, which relieved me from the anxiety I had suffered, in consequence of not having received any account of my family for many weeks. I also found a letter from Mr. Garrick, which was a regale as agreeable as a pine-apple would be in a desert. He had favoured me with his correspondence for many years; and when Dr. Johnson and I were at Inverness, I had written to him as follows: —

LETTER 161. MR. BOSWELL TO MR. GARRICK.

"Inverness, Sunday, August 29th, 1773.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Here I am, and Mr. Samuel Johnson actually with me. We were a night at Fores, in coming to which, in the dusk of the evening, we passed over the bleak and blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. Your old preceptor repeated, with much solemnity, the speech

'How far is 't called to Fores? What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,' &c.

This day we visited the ruins of Macbeth's castle at Inverness. I have had great romantic satisfaction in seeing Johnson upon the classical scenes of Shakspeare in Scotland; which I really looked upon as almost as improbable as that 'Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane.' Indeed, as I have always been accustomed to view him as a permanent London object, it would not

be much more wonderful to me to see St. Paul's church moving along where we now are. As yet we have travelled in postchaises; but to-morrow we are to mount on horseback, and ascend into the mountains by Fort Augustus, and so on to the ferry, where we are to cross to Sky. We shall see that island fully, and then visit some more of the Hebrides; after which we are to land in Argyleshire, proceed by Glasgow to Auchinleck, repose there a competent time, and then return to Edinburgh, from whence the Rambler will depart for old England again, as soon as he finds it convenient. Hitherto we have had a very prosperous expedition. I flatter myself, *servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit.* He is in excellent spirits, and I have a rich journal of his conversation. Look back, *Davy* (1), to Lichfield; run up through the time that has elapsed since you first knew Mr. Johnson, and enjoy with me his present extraordinary tour. I could not resist the impulse of writing to you from this place. The situation of the old castle corresponds exactly to Shakspeare's description. While we were there to-day, it happened oddly, that a raven perched upon one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I in my turn repeated —

> 'The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements.'

"I wish you had been with us. Think what enthusiastic happiness I shall have to see Mr. Samuel Johnson walking among the romantic rocks and woods of my ancestors at Auchinleck! Write to me at Edinburgh. You owe me his verses on great George and tuneful Cibber, and the bad verses which led him to make his fine ones on Philips the musician. Keep your promise, and let me have them. I offer my very best

(1) I took the liberty of giving this familiar appellation to my celebrated friend, to bring in a more lively manner to his remembrance the period when he was Dr. Johnson's pupil.

compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and ever am your warm admirer and friend, "JAMES BOSWELL."

His answer was as follows: —

LETTER 162. MR. GARRICK TO MR. BOSWELL.

Hampton, 14th September, 1773.

"DEAR SIR, — You stole away from London, and left us all in the lurch; for we expected you one night at the club, and knew nothing of your departure. Had I paid you what I owed you for the book you bought for me, I should only have grieved for the loss of your company, and slept with a quiet conscience; but, wounded as it is, it must remain so till I see you again, though I am sure our good friend Mr. Johnson will discharge the debt for me, if you will let him. Your account of your journey to Fores, the *raven, old castle*, &c. &c. made me half mad. Are you not rather too late in the year for fine weather, which is the life and soul of seeing places? I hope your pleasure will continue *qualis ab incepto*, &c.

"Your friend, —— (1) threatens me much. I only wish that he would put his threats in execution, and, if he prints his play, I will forgive him. I remember he complained to you that his bookseller called for the money for some copies of his [Lusiad], which I subscribed for, and that I desired him to call again. The truth is, that my wife was not at home, and that for weeks together I have not ten shillings in my pocket. However, had it been otherwise, it was not so great

(1) I have suppressed my friend's name from an apprehension of wounding his sensibility; but I would not withhold from my readers a passage which shows Mr. Garrick's mode of writing as the manager of a theatre, and contains a pleasing trait of his domestic life. His judgment of dramatic pieces, so far as concerns their exhibition on the stage, must be allowed to have considerable weight. But from the effect which a perusal of the tragedy here condemned had upon myself, and from the opinions of some eminent critics, I venture to pronounce that it has much poetical merit; and its author has distinguished himself by several performances which show that the epithet *poetaster* was, in the present instance, much misapplied. — B. — The author was Mickle: see *antè*, Vol. III. p. 246. — C.

a crime to draw his poetical vengeance upon me. I despise all that he can do, and am glad that I can so easily get rid of him and his ingratitude. I am hardened both to abuse and ingratitude. You, I am sure, will no more recommend your poetasters to my civility and good offices.

"Shall I recommend to you a play of Eschylus (the Prometheus), published and translated by poor old Morell, who is a good scholar, and an acquaintance of mine? It will be but half-a-guinea, and your name shall be put in the list I am making for him. You will be in very good company. Now for the epitaphs!

[*This refers to the epitaph on Philips, and the verses on George the Second, and Colley Cibber, as his poet laureat, for which see antè,* Vol. I. p. 165.]

"I have no more paper, or I should have said more to you. My love to you and respects to Mr. Johnson. Yours ever, "D. GARRICK.

"I can't write. I have the gout in my hand."

Sunday, Oct. 24. — We passed the forenoon calmly and placidly. I prevailed on Dr. Johnson to read aloud Ogden's sixth Sermon on Prayer, which he did with a distinct expression, and pleasing solemnity. He praised my favourite preacher, his elegant language, and remarkable acuteness; and said, he fought infidels with their own weapons.

As a specimen of Ogden's manner, I insert the following passage from the sermon which Dr. Johnson now read. The preacher, after arguing against that vain philosophy which maintains, in conformity with the hard principle of eternal necessity, or unchangeable predetermination, that the only effect of prayer for others, although we are exhorted to pray for them, is to produce good dispositions in ourselves towards them, thus expresses himself: —

"A plain man may be apt to ask, But if this then, though enjoined in the Holy Scriptures, is to be my real aim and intention, when I am taught to pray for other persons, why is it that I do not plainly so express it? Why is not the form of the petition brought nearer to the meaning? Give them, say I to our heavenly Father, what is good. But this, I am to understand, will be as it will be, and is not for me to alter. What is it then that I am doing? I am desiring to become charitable myself; and why may I not plainly say so? Is there shame in it, or impiety? The wish is laudable: why should I form designs to hide it? — Or is it, perhaps, better to be brought about by indirect means, and in this artful manner? Alas! who is it that I would impose on? From whom can it be, in this commerce, that I desire to hide any thing? When, as my Saviour commands me, I have 'entered into my closet, and shut my door,' there are but two parties privy to my devotions, God and my own heart: which of the two am I deceiving?"

He wished to have more books, and, upon inquiring if there were any in the house, was told that a waiter had some, which were brought to him; but I recollect none of them, except Hervey's Meditations. He thought slightingly of this admired book. He treated it with ridicule, and would not allow even the scene of the dying husband and father to be pathetic. I am not an impartial judge; for Hervey's Meditations engaged my affections in my early years. He read a passage concerning the moon, ludicrously, and showed how easily he could, in the same style, make reflections on that planet, the very reverse of Hervey's, representing her as treacherous to mankind. He did this with much

humour; but I have not preserved the particulars. He then indulged a playful fancy, in making a Meditation on a Pudding, of which I hastily wrote down, in his presence, the following note; which, though imperfect, may serve to give my readers some idea of it.

"MEDITATION ON A PUDDING.

"Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning; of milk pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milkmaid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught; who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow-creatures: milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; and an unformed mass, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider: can there be more wanting to complete the meditation on a pudding? If more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction: salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding."

In a Magazine I found a saying of Dr. Johnson's, something to this purpose; that the happiest part of a man's life is what he passes lying awake in bed

in the morning. I read it to him. He said, "I may, perhaps, have said this; for nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do." I ventured to suggest to him, that this was dangerous from one of his authority.

I spoke of living in the country, and upon what footing one should be with neighbours. I observed that some people were afraid of being on too easy a footing with them, from an apprehension that their time would not be their own. He made the obvious remark, that it depended much on what kind of neighbours one has, whether it was desirable to be on an easy footing with them or not. I mentioned a certain baronet, who told me he never was happy in the country, till he was not on speaking terms with his neighbours, which he contrived in different ways to bring about. "Lord ——," said he, "stuck long; but at last the fellow pounded my pigs, and then I got rid of him." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, my lord got rid of Sir John, and showed how little he valued him, by putting his pigs in the pound."

I told Dr. Johnson I was in some difficulty how to act at Inverary. I had reason to think that the Duchess of Argyle disliked me, on account of my zeal in the Douglas cause (1); but the Duke of

(1) Elizabeth Gunning, celebrated (like her sister, Lady Coventry) for her personal charms, had been previously Duchess of Hamilton, and was mother of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, the competitor for the Douglas property with the late Lord Douglas: she was, of course, prejudiced against Boswell, who had shown all the bustling importance of his character in the Douglas cause, and it was said, I know not on what authority, that he headed the mob which broke the windows of some of the judges, and of Lord Auchinleck, his father, in particular.— WALTER SCOTT.

Argyle (1) had always been pleased to treat me with great civility. They were now at the castle, which is a very short walk from our inn; and the question was, whether I should go and pay my respects there. Dr. Johnson, to whom I had stated the case, was clear that I ought; but, in his usual way, he was very shy of discovering a desire to be invited there himself. Though, from a conviction of the benefit of subordination to society, he has always shown great respect to persons of high rank, when he happened to be in their company, yet his pride of character has ever made him guard against any appearance of courting the great. Besides, he was impatient to go to Glasgow, where he expected letters. At the same time he was, I believe, secretly not unwilling to have attention paid him by so great a chieftain, and so exalted a nobleman. He insisted that I should not go to the castle this day before dinner, as it would look like seeking an invitation. "But," said I, "if the duke invites us to dine with him to-morrow, shall we accept?" "Yes, Sir," I think he said, "to be sure." But he added, "He won't ask us!" I mentioned, that I was afraid my company might be disagreeable to the duchess. He treated this objection with a manly disdain: "*That*, Sir, he must settle with his wife." We dined well. I went to the castle just about the time when I supposed the ladies would be retired from dinner. I sent in my name; and, being shown in, found the amiable duke sitting at the head of his table with

(1) John, 5th Duke of Argyll, who died in 1806, ætat. 83.—C.

several gentlemen. I was most politely received, and gave his grace some particulars of the curious journey which I had been making with Dr. Johnson. When we rose from table, the duke said to me, "I hope you and Dr. Johnson will dine with us to-morrow." I thanked his grace; but told him, my friend was in a great hurry to get back to London. The duke, with a kind complacency, said, "He will stay one day; and I will take care he shall see this place to advantage." I said, I should be sure to let him know his grace's invitation. As I was going away, the duke said, "Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?" I thought it best to get over the meeting with the duchess this night; so respectfully agreed. I was conducted to the drawing-room by the duke, who announced my name; but the duchess, who was sitting with her daughter, Lady Betty Hamilton [1], and some other ladies, took not the least notice of me. I should have been mortified at being thus coldly received by a lady of whom I, with the rest of the world, have always entertained a very high admiration, had I not been consoled by the obliging attention of the duke.

When I returned to the inn, I informed Dr. Johnson of the Duke of Argyle's invitation, with which he was much pleased, and readily accepted of it. We talked of a violent contest which was then carrying on, with a view to the next general election for Ayrshire; where one of the candidates, in order to undermine the old and established interest, had

(1) Afterwards Countess of Derby.—C.

artfully held himself out as a champion for the independency of the county against aristocratic influence, and had persuaded several gentlemen into a resolution to oppose every candidate who was supported by peers. "Foolish fellows!" said Dr. Johnson, "don't they see that they are as much dependent upon the peers one way as the other. The peers have but to oppose a candidate, to ensure him success. It is said, the only way to make a pig go forward is to pull him back by the tail. These people must be treated like pigs."

CHAPTER IV.

Inverary Castle. — Bishop Archibald Campbell. — Douglas. — Juvenal. — Religious Buildings. — Rosedow House. — Lochlomond. — Cameron House. — Smollet's Monument. — Glasgow. — The Foulises, &c. — Loudoun Castle. — Treesbank. — Dundonald Castle. — Eglintoune Castle. — Auchinleck. — Boswell's Father. — Anecdotes. — Hamilton. — Edinburgh.

Monday, Oct. 25. — My acquaintance, the Rev. Mr. John M'Aulay, one of the ministers of Inverary, and brother to our good friend at Calder, came to us this morning, and accompanied us to the castle, where I presented Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle. We were shown through the house; and I never shall forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner, and gay inviting appearance, pleased me so much, that I thought for the moment, I could have been a knight-errant for them. (1)

We then got into a low one-horse chair, ordered for us by the duke, in which we drove about the

(1) On reflection, at the distance of several years, I wonder that my venerable fellow-traveller should have read this passage without censuring my levity.

place. Dr. Johnson was much struck by the grandeur and elegance of this princely seat. He thought, however, the castle too low, and wished it had been a story higher. He said, "What I admire here, is the total defiance of expense." I had a particular pride in showing him a great number of fine old trees, to compensate for the nakedness which had made such an impression on him on the eastern coast of Scotland.

When we came in, before dinner, we found the duke and some gentlemen in the hall. Dr. Johnson took much notice of the large collection of arms, which are excellently disposed there. I told what he had said to Sir Alexander M'Donald, of his ancestors not suffering their arms to rust. "Well," said the doctor, "but let us be glad we live in times when arms *may* rust. We can sit to-day at his grace's table, without any risk of being attacked, and perhaps sitting down again wounded or maimed." The duke placed Dr. Johnson next himself at table. I was in fine spirits; and though sensible that I had the misfortune of not being in favour with the duchess, I was not in the least disconcerted, and offered her grace some of the dish that was before me. It must be owned that I was in the right to be quite unconcerned, if I could. I was the Duke of Argyle's guest; and I had no reason to suppose that he adopted the prejudices and resentments of the Duchess of Hamilton.*

I knew it was the rule of modern high life not to drink to any body; but, that I might have the satis-

faction for once to look the duchess in the face, with a glass in my hand, I with a respectful air addressed her, "My Lady Duchess, I have the honour to drink your grace's good health." I repeated the words audibly, and with a steady countenance. This was, perhaps, rather too much; but some allowance must be made for human feelings.

The duchess was very attentive to Dr. Johnson. I know not how a *middle state* came to be mentioned. Her grace wished to hear him on that point. "Madam," said he, "your own relation, Mr. Archibald Campbell, can tell you better about it than I can. He was a bishop of the nonjuring communion, and wrote a book upon the subject." (1) He engaged to get it for her grace. He afterwards gave a full history of Mr. Archibald Campbell which I am sorry I do not recollect particularly. He said, Mr. Campbell had been bred a violent Whig, but afterwards "kept *better company*, and became a Tory." He said this with a smile, in pleasant allusion, as I thought, to the opposition between his own political principles and those of

(1) As this book is now become very scarce, I shall subjoin the title, which is curious:—

"The Doctrines of a Middle State between Death and the Resurrection: Of Prayers for the Dead: And the Necessity of Purification; plainly proved from the holy Scriptures, and the Writings of the Fathers of the Primitive Church: And acknowledged by several learned Fathers and great Divines of the Church of England and others since the Reformation. To which is added, an Appendix concerning the Descent of the Soul of Christ into Hell, while his Body lay in the Grave. Together with the Judgment of the Reverend Dr. Hicks concerning this Book, so far as relates to a Middle State, particular Judgment, and Prayers for the Dead, as it appeared in the first Edition. And a Manuscript of the Right Reverend Bishop Overall upon the subject of a Middle State, and never before printed. Also, a Preservative against several of the Errors of the Roman Church, in six small Treatises. By the Honourable Archibald Campbell." Folio, 1721.

the duke's clan. He added that Mr. Campbell, after the revolution (1), was thrown into gaol on account of his tenets; but, on application by letter to the old Lord Townshend, was released: that he always spoke of his lordship with great gratitude, saying, "though a *Whig*, he had humanity."

Dr. Johnson and I passed some time together, in June, 1784, at Pembroke college, Oxford, with the Rev. Dr. Adams, the master; and I having expressed a regret that my note relative to Mr. Archibald Campbell was imperfect, he was then so good as to write with his own hand, on the blank page of my journal, opposite to that which contains what I have now mentioned, the following paragraph; which, however, is not quite so full as the narrative he gave at Inverary: —

"The Honourable Archibald Campbell was, I believe, the nephew (2) of the Marquis of Argyle. He began life by engaging in Monmouth's rebellion, and, to escape the law, lived some time in Surinam. When he returned, he became zealous for episcopacy and monarchy; and at the revolution adhered not only to the nonjurors, but to those who refused to communicate with the church of England, or to be present at any worship where the usurper was mentioned as king. He was, I believe, more than once apprehended in the reign of King William, and once at the accession of George.

(1) It was not after the *revolution*, but after the *accession of* the Hanover family, that *this* transaction occurred. Lord Townshend was not secretary of state till 1714; when he was so for a short time, and became so again in 1720. — C.

(2) He was the marquis's grandson, son of his second son, Lord Neil Campbell. He was a bishop of the episcopal church in Scotland, and died in London in 1744. — C.

He was the familiar friend of Hicks and Nelson; a man of letters, but injudicious; and very curious and inquisitive, but credulous. He lived in 1743, or 44, about seventy-five years old."

The subject of luxury having been introduced, Dr. Johnson defended it. "We have now," said he, "a splendid dinner before us; which of all these dishes is unwholesome?" The duke asserted, that he had observed the grandees of Spain diminished in their size by luxury. Dr. Johnson politely refrained from opposing directly an observation which the duke himself had made; but said, "Man must be very different from other animals, if he is diminished by good living; for the size of all other animals is increased by it." I made some remark that seemed to imply a belief in *second-sight.* The duchess said, "I fancy you will be a *methodist.*" This was the only sentence her grace deigned to utter to me; and I take it for granted, she thought it a good hit on my *credulity* in the Douglas cause.

A gentleman in company, after dinner, was desired by the duke to go to another room, for a specimen of curious marble, which his grace wished to show us. He brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He could not refuse: but, to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he walked out of the room, to show his independency. On my mentioning this afterwards to Dr. Johnson, he said, it was a nice trait of character.

Dr. Johnson talked a great deal, and was so entertaining, that Lady Betty Hamilton, after dinner,

went and placed her chair close to his, leaned upon the back of it, and listened eagerly. It would have made a fine picture to have drawn the sage and her at this time in their several attitudes. He did not know, all the while, how much he was honoured. I told him afterwards, I never saw him so gentle and complaisant as this day. (1)

We went to tea. The duke and I walked up and down the drawing-room, conversing. The duchess still continued to show the same marked coldness for me; for which, though I suffered from it, I made every allowance, considering the very warm part that I had taken for Douglas, in the cause in which she thought her son deeply interested. Had not her grace discovered some displeasure towards me, I should have suspected her of insensibility or dissimulation.

Her grace made Dr. Johnson come and sit by her, and asked him why he made his journey so late in the year. "Why, Madam," said he, "you know Mr. Boswell must attend the court of session, and it does not rise till the twelfth of August." She said, with some sharpness, "I *know nothing* of Mr. Boswell." Poor Lady Lucy Douglas (2), to whom I mentioned this, observed, "She knew *too much* of Mr. Boswell." I shall make no remark on her grace's speech. I indeed felt it as rather too severe; but when I recollected that my punishment was in-

(1) Because, perhaps, he had never before seen him in such high company.—C.

(2) Lady Lucy Graham, daughter of the second Duke of Montrose, and wife of Mr. Douglas, the successful claimant: she died in 1780.—C.

flicted by so dignified a beauty, I had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a *silken cord*. Dr. Johnson was all attention to her grace. He used afterwards a droll expression, upon her enjoying the three titles of Hamilton, Brandon, and Argyle. Borrowing an image from the Turkish empire, he called her a *duchess* with *three tails*.

He was much pleased with our visit at the castle of Inverary. The Duke of Argyle was exceedingly polite to him, and, upon his complaining of the shelties which he had hitherto ridden being too small for him, his grace told him he should be provided with a good horse to carry him next day.

Mr. John M'Aulay passed the evening with us at our inn. When Dr. Johnson spoke of people whose principles were good, but whose practice was faulty, Mr. M'Aulay said, he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable to them. The doctor grew warm, and said, "Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?"

Dr. Johnson was unquestionably in the right; and whoever examines himself candidly will be satisfied of it, though the inconsistency between principles and practice is greater in some men than in others.

I recollect very little of this night's conversation. I am sorry that indolence came upon me towards the conclusion of our journey, so that I did not write

down what passed with the same assiduity as during the greatest part of it.

Tuesday, Oct. 26. — Mr. M'Aulay breakfasted with us, nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction. Being a man of good sense, he had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson.

Either yesterday morning, or this, I communicated to Dr. Johnson, from Mr. M'Aulay's information, the news that Dr. Beattie had got a pension of two hundred pounds a year. He sat up in his bed, clapped his hands, and cried, "O brave we!" — a peculiar exclamation of his when he rejoices. (1)

As we sat over our tea, Mr. Home's tragedy of Douglas was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee-house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, "How came you, Sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?" and defied Mr. Sheridan to show ten good lines in it. He did not insist they should be together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now persisted in this. I endeavoured to defend that pathetic and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage: —

> ———————————" Sincerity,
> Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
> Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
> And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
> To take dissimulation's winding way."

JOHNSON. "That will not do, Sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability,

(1) Having mentioned, more than once, that my Journal was perused by Dr. Johnson, I think it proper to inform my readers that this is the last paragraph which he read.

which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives us a noble picture of inflexible virtue: —

> "Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
> Integer: ambiguæ si quando citabere testis,
> Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
> Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
> Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
> Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas." (1)

He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, "And, after this, comes Johnny Home, with his *earth gaping*, and his *destruction crying!* — pooh!" (2)

While we were lamenting the number of ruined religious buildings which we had lately seen, I spoke with peculiar feeling of the miserable neglect of the chapel belonging to the palace of Holyrood-house, in which are deposited the remains of many of the kings of Scotland, and of many of our nobility. I said it was a disgrace to the country that it was not repaired; and particularly complained that my

(1) "An honest guardian, arbitrator just,
Be thou; thy station deem a sacred trust.
With thy good sword maintain thy country's cause,
In every action venerate its laws:
The lie suborn'd if falsely urged to swear,
Though torture wait thee, torture firmly bear;
To forfeit honour, think the highest shame,
And life too dearly bought by loss of fame;
Nor, to preserve it, with thy virtue give
That for which only man should wish to live."

For this and the other translations to which no signature is affixed, I am indebted to the friend whose observations are mentioned in the notes, *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 77., and *post*, 152.— B. — Probably Dr. Hugh Blair.— C.

(2) I am sorry that I was unlucky in my quotation. But notwithstanding the acuteness of Dr. Johnson's criticism, and the power of his ridicule, the tragedy of Douglas still continues to be generally and deservedly admired.

friend Douglas, the representative of a great house, and proprietor of a vast estate, should suffer the sacred spot where his mother lies interred to be unroofed, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Dr. Johnson, who, I knew not how, had formed an opinion on the Hamilton side, in the Douglas cause, slily answered, " Sir, Sir, don't be too severe upon the gentleman; don't accuse him of want of filial piety! Lady Jane Douglas was not *his* mother." He roused my zeal so much that I took the liberty to tell him he knew nothing of the cause; which I do most seriously believe was the case.

We were now " in a country of bridles and saddles," and set out fully equipped. The Duke of Argyle was obliging enough to mount Dr. Johnson on a stately steed from his grace's stable. My friend was highly pleased, and Joseph said, " He now looks like a bishop."

We dined at the inn at Tarbat, and at night came to Rosedow, the beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun, on the banks of Lochlomond, where I, and any friends whom I have introduced, have ever been received with kind and elegant hospitality.

Wednesday, Oct. 27.—When I went into Dr. Johnson's room this morning, I observed to him how wonderfully courteous he had been at Inverary, and said, " You were quite a fine gentleman when with the duchess." He answered, in good humour, " Sir, I look upon myself as a very polite man:" and he was right, in a proper manly sense of the

word. As an immediate proof of it, let me observe that he would not send back the Duke of Argyle's horse without a letter of thanks, which I copied.

LETTER 163. TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

"Rosedow, 29th Oct. 1773.

"MY LORD,—That kindness which disposed your grace to supply me with the horse, which I have now returned, will make you pleased to hear that he has carried me well.

"By my diligence in the little commission with which I was honoured by the duchess, I will endeavour to show how highly I value the favours which I have received, and how much I desire to be thought, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON."

The duke was so attentive to his respectable guest that, on the same day, he wrote him an answer, which was received at Auchinleck:—

LETTER 164. FROM THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

"Inverary, 29th Oct. 1773

"SIR,—I am glad to hear your journey from this place was not unpleasant, in regard to your horse. I wish I could have supplied you with good weather, which I am afraid you felt the want of.

"The Duchess of Argyle desires her compliments to you, and is much obliged to you for remembering her commission. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
ARGYLE."

I am happy to insert every memorial of the honour done to my great friend. Indeed, I was at all times desirous to preserve the letters which he re-

ceived from eminent persons, of which, as of all other papers, he was very negligent; and I once proposed to him that they should be committed to my care, as his *custos rotulorum*. I wish he had complied with my request, as by that means many valuable writings might have been preserved that are now lost. (1)

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I were furnished with a boat, and sailed about upon Lochlomond, and landed on some of the islands which are interspersed. He was much pleased with the scene, which is so well known by the accounts of various travellers that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it.

I recollect none of his conversation, except that, when talking of dress, he said, "Sir, were I to have any thing fine, it should be very fine. Were I to wear a ring, it should not be a bauble, but a stone of great value. Were I to wear a laced or embroidered waistcoat, it should be very rich. I had once a very rich laced waistcoat, which I wore the first night of my tragedy."

Lady Helen Colquhoun (2) being a very pious

(1) As a remarkable instance of his negligence, I remember some years ago to have found lying loose in his study, and without the cover which contained the address, a letter to him from Lord Thurlow, to whom he had made an application as chancellor, in behalf of a poor literary friend. It was expressed in such terms of respect for Dr. Johnson, that, in my zeal for his reputation, I remonstrated warmly with him on his strange inattention, and obtained his permission to take a copy of it; by which probably it has been preserved, as the original I have reason to suppose is lost.— B.—See *post*, 24th Oct. 1780.—C.

(2) The Hon. Helen Sutherland, eldest daughter of Lord Strathnaver, who died before his father, the fifteenth Earl of Sutherland. She died in 1791.—C.

woman, the conversation, after dinner, took a religious turn. Her ladyship defended the presbyterian mode of public worship; upon which Dr. Johnson delivered those excellent arguments for a form of prayer which he has introduced into his "Journey." I am myself fully convinced that a form of prayer for public worship is in general most decent and edifying. *Solennia verba* have a kind of prescriptive sanctity, and make a deeper impression on the mind than extemporaneous effusions, in which, as we know not what they are to be, we cannot readily acquiesce. Yet I would allow also of a certain portion of extempore address, as occasion may require. This is the practice of the French protestant churches. And although the office of forming supplications to the throne of Heaven is, in my mind, too great a trust to be indiscriminately committed to the discretion of every minister, I do not mean to deny that sincere devotion may be experienced when joining in prayer with those who use no Liturgy.

We were favoured with Sir James Colquhoun's coach to convey us in the evening to Cameron, the seat of Commissary Smollet. (1) Our satisfaction of finding ourselves again in a comfortable carriage was very great. We had a pleasing conviction of the commodiousness of civilisation, and heartily laughed at the ravings of those absurd visionaries who have attempted to persuade us of the superior advantages of a state of nature.

(1) Commissary Smollet was the cousin-german of Dr Smollet: he died without issue; and the family estate would have descended to the Doctor had he been alive, but his sister succeeded to it.—C.

Mr. Smollet was a man of considerable learning, with abundance of animal spirits; so that he was a very good companion for Dr. Johnson, who said to me, "We have had more solid talk here than at any place where we have been."

I remember Dr. Johnson gave us this evening an able and eloquent discourse on the Origin of Evil, and on the consistency of moral evil with the power and goodness of God. He showed us how it arose from our free agency, an extinction of which would be a still greater evil than any we experience. I know not that he said any thing absolutely new, but he said a great deal wonderfully well: and perceiving us to be delighted and satisfied, he concluded his harangue with an air of benevolent triumph over an objection which has distressed many worthy minds; "This then is the answer to the question, Ποθεν το Κακον?" (1) Mrs. Smollet whispered me, that it was the best sermon she had ever heard. Much do I upbraid myself for having neglected to preserve it. (2)

Thursday, Oct. 28. — Mr. Smollet pleased Dr. Johnson, by producing a collection of newspapers in the time of the usurpation, from which it appeared that all sorts of crimes were very frequent during that horrible anarchy. By the side of the high road to Glasgow, at some distance from his house, he had erected a pillar to the memory of his ingenious kinsman, Dr. Smollet; and he consulted Dr. Johnson as to an inscription for it. Lord Kames, who, though he had a great store of knowledge, with

(1) *Whence is evil?*—C.

(2) [This was a subject which had engaged much of Johnson's attention. See his review of Jenyns's Nature and Origin of Evil, and Idler, No. 89. — MARKLAND.]

much ingenuity, and uncommon activity of mind, was no profound scholar, had it seems recommended an English inscription. Dr. Johnson treated this with great contempt, saying, "An English inscription would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollet (1);" and, in answer to what Lord Kames had urged, as to the advantage of its being in English, because it would be generally understood, I observed, that all to whom Dr. Smollet's merit could be an object of respect and imitation would understand it as well in Latin; and that surely it was not meant for the Highland drovers, or other such people, who pass and repass that way.

We were then shown a Latin inscription, proposed for this monument. Dr. Johnson sat down with an ardent and liberal earnestness to revise it, and greatly improved it by several additions and variations. I unfortunately did not take a copy of it, as it originally stood; but I have happily preserved every fragment of what Dr. Johnson wrote: —

Quisquis ades, viator,
Vel mente felix, vel studiis cultus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLET, M.D.
Viri iis virtutibus
Quas in homini et cive
Et laudes, et imiteris,
* * * * * *
Postquam mira * * *
Se * * * * * *
* * * * * *
Tali tantoque viro, suo patrueli,
* * * * *
Hanc columnam,
Amoris eheu! inane monumentum,

(1) See antè, Vol. IV. p. 164.—C.

In ipsis Leviniæ ripis
Quas primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Versiculisque jam fere moriturus illustravit,
Ponendam curavit
* * * * * * * *.(1)

We had this morning a singular proof of Dr. Johnson's quick and retentive memory. Hay's translation of "Martial" was lying in a window; I said, I thought it was pretty well done, and showed him a particular epigram, I think, of ten, but am certain, of eight lines. He read it, and tossed away the book, saying, "No, it is *not* pretty well." As I persisted in my opinion, he said, "Why, Sir, the original is thus," and he repeated it, "and this man's translation is thus," and then he repeated that also, exactly, though he had never seen it before, and read it over only once, and that, too, without any intention of getting it by heart.

Here a post-chaise, which I had ordered from Glasgow, came for us, and we drove on in high spirits. We stopped at Dumbarton, and though the approach to the castle there is very steep, Dr. John-

(1) The epitaph which has been inscribed on the pillar erected on the banks of the Leven, in honour of Dr. Smollet, is as follows: — The part which was written by Dr. Johnson, it appears, has been altered; whether for the better, the reader will judge. The alterations are distinguished by italics.

"Siste viator! Si lepores ingeniique venam benignam, si morum callidissimum pictorem, unquam es miratus, immorare paululum memoriæ TOBIÆ SMOLLET, M. D. Viri virtutibus *hisce* quas in homine et cive, et laudes et imiteris, haud mediocriter ornati: qui in literis variis versatus, postquam felicitate *sibi propria* sese posteris commendaverat, morte acerba raptus anno ætatis 51. Eheu! quam procul a patria! Prope Liburni portum in Italia, jacet sepultus Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo, cui in decursu lampada se potius tradidisse decuit, hanc Columnam, amoris, eheu! inane monumentum, in ipsis Leviniæ ripis, quas *versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratus* primis infans vagitibus personuit, ponendam curavit JACOBUS SMOLLET de Bonhill. Abi et reminiscere, hoc quidem honore, non modo defuncti memoriæ, verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse; aliis enim, si modo digni sint, idem erit virtutis præmium!"

son ascended it with alacrity, and surveyed all that was to be seen. During the whole of our Tour he showed uncommon spirit, could not bear to be treated like an old or infirm man, and was very unwilling to accept of any assistance, insomuch that, at our landing at Icolmkill, when Sir Allan M'Lean and I submitted to be carried on men's shoulders from the boat to the shore, as it could not be brought quite close to land, he sprang into the sea, and waded vigorously out.

On our arrival at the Saracen's-head inn, at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single letter since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could not now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember, he put a leg upon each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, "Here am I, an *English*man, sitting by a *coal* fire."

Friday, Oct. 29. — The professors of the university being informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while Dr. Johnson viewed this beautiful city. He had told me, that one day in London, when Dr. Adam Smith (1) was

(1) Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where

boasting of it, he turned to him and said, "Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" This was surely a strong instance of his impatience, and spirit of contradiction. I put him in mind of it to-day, while he expressed his admiration of the elegant buildings, and whispered him, "Don't you feel some remorse?"

We were received in the college by a number of the professors, who showed all due respect to Dr. Johnson; and then we paid a visit to the principal, Dr. Leechman (1), at his own house, where Dr. Johnson had the satisfaction of being told that his

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Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, "He's a brute—he's a brute;" but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume (*antè*, Vol. III. p. 20. n.). Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. "What did Johnson say?" was the universal inquiry. "Why, he said," replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, "he said, *you lie!*" "And what did you reply?" "I said, you are a son of a ——!" On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.—WALTER SCOTT.

[This story is *certainly* erroneous in the important particulars of the *time*, *place*, and *subject* of the alleged quarrel; for Hume did not die for three years after Dr. Johnson's only visit to Glasgow. Johnson had, previous to his visit to Scotland, indeed, previous to 1763 (see *antè*, Vol. II. p. 212., and *post*, April, 29. 1778), had an altercation with Adam Smith at Mr. Strahan's table. This, of which, however, we know neither the subject nor the degree of warmth, may have been the foundation of Professor Miller's strange misrepresentation. If such a scene as the professor described had passed, Dr. Smith could certainly not have afterwards solicited admission to the Club of which Johnson was the leader. I, therefore, disbelieve the whole story; and it is here repeated for the sake of the contradiction. —C. 1835.]

(1) See *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 66.—C

name had been gratefully celebrated in one of the parochial congregations in the Highlands, as the person to whose influence it was chiefly owing, that the New Testament was allowed to be translated into the Erse language. It seems some political members of the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge had opposed this pious undertaking, as tending to preserve the distinction between the Highlanders and Lowlanders. Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter upon the subject to a friend [Mr. Drummond], which being shown to them, made them ashamed, and afraid of being publicly exposed; so they were forced to a compliance. It is now in my possession, and is, perhaps, one of the best productions of his masterly pen. (1)

Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messieurs Foulis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away; and I, having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messieurs Foulis. Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university. I found that, instead of listening to the dictates of the sage, they had teased him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me, and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear these men. "O ho! Sir," said I, "you are flying to me for refuge!" He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready

(1) Printed *antè*, Vol. III. p. 11.—C.

repartee. He answered, with quick vivacity, "It is of two evils choosing the least." I was delighted with this flash bursting from the cloud which hung upon his mind, closed my letter directly, and joined the company.

We supped at Professor Anderson's. The general impression upon my memory is, that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their brethren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon which they knew might play upon them. (1) Dr. Johnson, who was fully conscious of his own superior powers, afterwards praised Principal Robertson for his caution in this respect. He said to me, "Robertson, Sir, was in the right. Robertson is a man of eminence, and the head of a college at Edinburgh. He had a character to maintain, and did well not to risk its being lessened."

Saturday, Oct. 30. — We set out towards Ayrshire. I sent Joseph on to Loudoun, with a message, that, if the earl was at home, Dr. Johnson and I would have the honour to dine with him. Joseph met us on the road, and reported that the earl "*jumped for joy,*" and said, "I shall be very happy to see them." We were received with a most pleas-

(1) Boswell himself was callous to the *contacts* of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminds one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, "pretty rogue — no vice — all fun." To him Johnson's rudeness was only "*pretty Fanny's way.*" Dr. Robertson had a sense of good breeding which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness. —WALTER SCOTT.

ing courtesy by his lordship, and by the countess his mother (1), who, in her ninety-fifth year, had all her faculties quite unimpaired. This was a very cheering sight to Dr. Johnson, who had an extraordinary desire for long life. Her ladyship was sensible and well-informed, and had seen a great deal of the world. Her lord had held several high offices, and she was sister to the great Earl of Stair.

I cannot here refrain from paying a just tribute to the character of John Earl of Loudoun (2), who did more service to the county of Ayr in general, as well as to individuals in it, than any man we have ever had. It is painful to think that he met with much ingratitude from persons both in high and low rank: but such was his temper, such his knowledge of "base mankind (3)," that, as if he had expected no other return, his mind was never soured, and he retained his good humour and benevolence to the

(1) Lady Margaret Dalrymple, only daughter of John Earl of Stair, married, in 1700, to Hugh, third Earl of Loudoun. She died in 1777, aged *one hundred*. Of this venerable lady, and of the Countess of Eglintoune, whom Johnson visited next day, he thus speaks in his *Journey*: — "Length of life is distributed impartially to very different modes of life in very different climates; and the mountains have no greater examples of age and health than the Lowlands, where I was introduced to two ladies of high quality, one of whom (Lady Loudoun), in her ninety-fourth year, presided at her table with the full exercise of all her powers; and the other (Lady Eglintoune) had attained her eighty-fourth year, without any diminution of her vivacity, and little reason to accuse time of depredations on her beauty." Works, vol. viii. p. 313. — C.

(2) Fourth Earl, born in 1705, died in 1782. He had considerable military commands, and was the person who brought Johnson's friend, Lord Charles Hay, to a court martial, as we shall see hereafter.—C.

(3) "The unwilling gratitude of base mankind."—Pope.

last. The tenderness of his heart was proved in 1745-6, when he had an important command in the Highlands, and behaved with a generous humanity to the unfortunate. I cannot figure a more honest politician; for though his interest in our county was great, and generally successful, he not only did not deceive by fallacious promises, but was anxious that people should not deceive themselves by too sanguine expectations. His kind and dutiful attention to his mother was unremitted. At his house was true hospitality; a plain but a plentiful table; and every guest being left at perfect freedom, felt himself quite easy and happy. While I live, I shall honour the memory of this amiable man.

At night, we advanced a few miles farther, to the house of Mr. Campbell, of Treesbank, who was married to one of my wife's sisters, and were entertained very agreeably by a worthy couple.

Sunday, Oct. 31. — We reposed here in tranquillity. Dr. Johnson was pleased to find a numerous and excellent collection of books, which had mostly belonged to the Rev. Mr. John Campbell, brother of our host. I was desirous to have procured for my fellow-traveller, to-day, the company of Sir John Cuninghame, of Caprington, whose castle was but two miles from us. He was a very distinguished scholar, was long abroad, and during part of the time lived much with the learned Cuninghame, the opponent of Bentley as a critic upon Horace. He wrote Latin with great elegance, and, what is very remarkable, read Homer and Ariosto through every year. I wrote to him to request he

would come to us; but unfortunately he was prevented by indisposition.

Monday, Nov. 1. — Though Dr. Johnson was lazy, and averse to move, I insisted that he should go with me, and pay a visit to the Countess of Eglintoune ([1]), mother of the late and present earl. I assured him he would find himself amply recompensed for the trouble; and he yielded to my solicitations, though with some unwillingness. We were well mounted, and had not many miles to ride. He talked of the attention that is necessary in order to distribute our charity judiciously. "If thoughtlessly done, we may neglect the most deserving objects; and, as every man has but a certain portion to give, if it is lavished upon those who first present themselves, there may be nothing left for such as have a better claim. A man should first relieve those who are nearly connected with him, by whatever tie; and then, if he has any thing to spare, may extend his bounty to a wider circle."

As we passed very near the castle of Dundonald, which was one of the many residences of the kings of Scotland, and in which Robert the Second lived and died, Dr. Johnson wished to survey it particularly. It stands on a beautiful rising ground, which is seen at a great distance on several quarters, and from whence there is an extensive prospect of the rich district of Cuninghame, the western sea,

(1) Susanna, daughter of Sir Alex. Kennedy, of Culzeen, third wife of the ninth Earl of Eglintoune. She was a patroness of the *Belles Lettres.* Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* was dedicated to her in a very fulsome style of panegyric. She died in 1780, aged ninety-one.— C.

the isle of Arran, and a part of the northern coast of Ireland. It has long been unroofed; and, though of considerable size, we could not, by any power of imagination, figure it as having been a suitable habitation for majesty. Dr. Johnson, to irritate my old Scottish enthusiasm, was very jocular on the homely accommodation of "King *Bob*," and roared and laughed till the ruins echoed.

Lady Eglintoune, though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the retirement of the country for almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. She was of the noble house of Kennedy, and had all the elevation which the consciousness of such birth inspires. Her figure was majestic, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles of life, and the patroness of poets. Dr. Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles in church and state were congenial with his. She knew all his merit, and had heard much of him from her son, Earl Alexander (1), who loved to cultivate the acquaintance of men of talents in every department.

All who knew his lordship will allow that his understanding and accomplishments were of no ordinary rate. From the gay habits which he had early acquired, he spent too much of his time with men, and in pursuits far beneath such a mind as his. He afterwards became sensible of it, and turned his

(1) See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 59.— C.

thoughts to objects of importance; but was cut off in the prime of his life. I cannot speak but with emotions of the most affectionate regret of one, in whose company many of my early days were passed, and to whose kindness I was much indebted.

Often must I have occasion to upbraid myself that, soon after our return to the main land, I allowed indolence to prevail over me so much as to shrink from the labour of continuing my journal with the same minuteness as before; sheltering myself in the thought that we had done with the Hebrides; and not considering that Dr. Johnson's *memorabilia* were likely to be more valuable when we were restored to a more polished society. Much has thus been irrecoverably lost.

In the course of our conversation this day it came out that Lady Eglintoune was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born; upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and that she now adopted him; and when we were going away, she embraced him, saying, "My dear son, farewell!" My friend was much pleased with this day's entertainment, and owned that I had done well to force him out.

Tuesday, Nov. 2. — We were now in a country not only "*of saddles and bridles,*" but of post-chaises; and having ordered one from Kilmarnock, we got to Auchinleck before dinner.

My father was not quite a year and a half older than Dr. Johnson; but his conscientious discharge of his laborious duty as a judge in Scotland, where the law proceedings are almost all in writing, — a

severe complaint which ended in his death, — and the loss of my mother ([1]), a woman of almost unexampled piety and goodness, — had before this time in some degree affected his spirits, and rendered him less disposed to exert his faculties: for he had originally a very strong mind, and cheerful temper. He assured me he never had felt one moment of what is called low spirits, or uneasiness, without a real cause. He had a great many good stories, which he told uncommonly well, and he was remarkable for "humour, *incolumi gravitate*," as Lord Monboddo used to characterise it. His age, his office, and his character had long given him an acknowledged claim to great attention, in whatever company he was; and he could ill brook any diminution of it. He was as sanguine a Whig and presbyterian as Dr. Johnson was a Tory and Church-of-England man: and as he had not much leisure to be informed of Dr. Johnson's great merits by reading his works, he had a partial and unfavourable notion of him, founded on his supposed political tenets; which were so discordant to his own, that, instead of speaking of him with that respect to which he was entitled, he used to call him "*a Jacobite fellow.*" Knowing all this, I should not have ventured to bring them together, had not my father, out of kindness to me, desired me to invite Dr. Johnson to his house.

I was very anxious that all should be well; and

(1) Euphemia Erskine, of the family of the Earl of Buchan. —C.

begged of my friend to avoid three topics, as to which they differed very widely; whiggism, presbyterianism, and — Sir John Pringle. He said courteously, "I shall certainly not talk on subjects which I am told are disagreeable to a gentleman under whose roof I am; especially, I shall not do so to *your father*."

Our first day went off very smoothly. It rained, and we could not get out; but my father showed Dr. Johnson his library, which, in curious editions of the Greek and Roman classics, is, I suppose, not excelled by any private collection in Great Britain. My father had studied at Leyden, and been very intimate with the Gronovii, and other learned men there. He was a sound scholar, and, in particular, had collated manuscripts and different editions of Anacreon, and others of the Greek lyric poets, with great care; so that my friend and he had much matter for conversation, without touching on the fatal topics of difference.

Dr. Johnson found here Baxter's "Anacreon," which he told me he had long inquired for in vain, and began to suspect there was no such book. Baxter was the keen antagonist of Barnes. His life is in the "Biographia Britannica." My father has written many notes on this book, and Dr. Johnson and I talked of having it reprinted.

Wednesday, Nov. 3. — It rained all day, and gave Dr. Johnson an impression of that incommodiousness of climate in the west, of which he has taken notice in his "Journey;" but, being well accommo-

dated, and furnished with a variety of books, he was not dissatisfied.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood came to visit my father; but there was little conversation. One of them asked Dr. Johnson how he liked the Highlands. The question seemed to irritate him, for he answered, "How, Sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavourably of a country where I have been hospitably entertained? Who *can* like the Highlands? I like the inhabitants very well." The gentleman asked no more questions.

Let me now make up for the present neglect, by again gleaning from the past. At Lord Monboddo's, after the conversation upon the decrease of learning in England, his lordship mentioned "Hermes," by Mr. Harris of Salisbury, as the work of a living author, for whom he had a great respect. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we were in our post-chaise, told me, he thought Harris "a coxcomb." This he said of him, not as a man, but as an author; and I give his opinions of men and books, faithfully whether they agree with my own or not. I do admit, that there always appeared to me something of affectation in Mr. Harris's manner of writing; something of a habit of clothing plain thoughts in analytic and categorical formality. But all his writings are imbued with learning; and all breathe that philanthropy and amiable disposition, which distinguished him as a man. (1)

(1) This gentleman, though devoted to the study of grammar and dialectics, was not so absorbed in it as to be without a sense of pleasantry, or to be offended at his favourite topics being

At another time, during our Tour, he drew the character of a rapacious Highland chief with the strength of Theophrastus or la Bruyère; concluding with these words: "Sir, he has no more the soul of a chief, than an attorney who has twenty houses in a street, and considers how much he can make by them."

He this day, when we were by ourselves, observed, how common it was for people to talk from books; to retail the sentiments of others, and not their own; in short, to converse without any originality of thinking. He was pleased to say, "You and I do not talk from books."

Thursday, Nov. 4.—I was glad to have at length a very fine day, on which I could show Dr. Johnson the place of my family, which he has honoured with so much attention in his "Journey." He is, however, mistaken in thinking that the Celtic name, Auchinleck, has no relation to the natural appearance of it. I believe every Celtic name of a place will be found very descriptive. Auchinleck does not signify a *stony field*, as he has said, but a *field of*

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treated lightly. I one day met him in the street, as I was hastening to the House of Lords, and told him, I was sorry I could not stop, being rather too late to attend an appeal of the Duke of Hamilton against Douglas. "I thought," said he, "their contest had been over long ago." I answered, "The contest concerning Douglas's filiation was over long ago, but the contest now is, who shall have the estate." Then assuming the air of "an ancient sage philosopher," I proceeded thus "Were I to *predicate* concerning him, I should say, the contest formerly was, What *is* he? The contest now is, What *has* he?" "Right," replied Mr. Harris, smiling, "you have done with *quality*, and have got into *quantity*."—B.—See *antè*, as to Mr. Harris's learning, Vol. III. p. 266.—C.

flag-stones; and this place has a number of rocks, which abound in strata of that kind. The "sullen dignity of the old castle," as he has forcibly expressed it (1), delighted him exceedingly. On one side of the rock on which its ruins stand, runs the river Lugar, which is here of considerable breadth, and is bordered by other high rocks, shaded with wood. On the other side runs a brook, skirted in the same manner, but on a smaller scale. I cannot figure a more romantic scene.

I felt myself elated here, and expatiated to my illustrious Mentor on the antiquity and honourable alliances of my family, and on the merits of its founder, Thomas Boswell, who was highly favoured by his sovereign, James IV. of Scotland, and fell with him at the battle of Flodden-field; and in the glow of what, I am sensible, will, in a commercial age, be considered as genealogical enthusiasm, did not omit to mention what I was sure my friend would not think lightly of, my relation to the royal personage, whose liberality, on his accession to the throne, had given him comfort and independence. I have, in a former page, acknowledged my pride of ancient blood, in which I was encouraged by Dr.

(1) "I was less delighted with the elegance of the modern mansion than with the sullen dignity of the old castle: I clambered with Mr. Boswell among the ruins, which afforded striking images of ancient life. Here, in the ages of tumult and rapine, the laird was surprised and killed by the neighbouring chief, who, perhaps, might have extinguished the family, had he not, in a few days, been seized and hanged, together with his sons, by *Douglas*, who came with his forces to the relief of *Auchinleck*." —JOHNSON'S Works, vol. viii. p. 413.—C.

Johnson: my readers, therefore, will not be surprised at my having indulged it on this occasion.

Not far from the old castle is a spot of consecrated earth, on which may be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Vincent, and where in old times "was the place of graves" for the family. It grieves me to think that the remains of sanctity here, which were considerable, were dragged away, and employed in building a part of the house of Auchinleck, of the middle age; which was the family residence, till my father erected that "elegant modern mansion," of which Dr. Johnson speaks so handsomely. Perhaps this chapel may one day be restored.

Dr. Johnson was pleased when I showed him some venerable old trees, under the shade of which my ancestors had walked. He exhorted me to plant assiduously, as my father had done to a great extent.

As I wandered with my reverend friend in the groves of Auchinleck, I told him, that, if I survived him, it was my intention to erect a monument to him here, among scenes which, in my mind, were all classical; for, in my youth, I had appropriated to them many of the descriptions of the Roman poets. He could not bear to have death presented to him in any shape; for his constitutional melancholy made the king of terrors more frightful. He turned off the subject, saying, "Sir, I hope to see your grand-children."

This forenoon he observed some cattle without horns, of which he has taken notice in his "Jour-

ney," and seems undecided whether they be of a particular race. His doubts appear to have had no foundation; for my respectable neighbour, Mr. Fairlie, who, with all his attention to agriculture, finds time both for the classics and his friends, assures me they are a distinct species, and that, when any of their calves have horns, a mixture of breed can be traced. In confirmation of his opinion, he pointed out to me the following passage in Tacitus, "*Ne armentis quidem suus honor, aut gloria frontis*" (De Mor. Germ. § 5.), which he wondered had escaped Dr. Johnson.

On the front of the house of Auchinleck is this inscription: —

> ———— "Quod petis, hic est:
> Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus."

It is characteristic of the founder; but the *animus æquus* is, alas! not inheritable, nor the subject of devise. He always talked to me as if it were in a man's own power to attain it; but Dr. Johnson told me that he owned to him, when they were alone, his persuasion that it was in a great measure constitutional, or the effect of causes which do not depend on ourselves, and that Horace boasts too much, when he says, *æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

Friday, Nov. 5. — The Rev. Mr. Dun, our parish minister, who had dined with us yesterday, with some other company, insisted that Dr. Johnson and I should dine with him to-day. This gave me an opportunity to show my friend the road to the church, made by my father at a great expense, for above three miles, on his own estate, through a

range of well-enclosed farms, with a row of trees on each side of it. He called it the *via sacra*, and was very fond of it. Dr. Johnson, though he held notions far distant from those of the presbyterian clergy, yet could associate on good terms with them. He, indeed, occasionally attacked them. One of them discovered a narrowness of information concerning the dignitaries of the church of England, among whom may be found men of the greatest learning, virtue, and piety, and of a truly apostolic character. He talked before Dr. Johnson of fat bishops and drowsy deans; and, in short, seemed to believe the illiberal and profane scoffings of professed satirists, or vulgar railers. Dr. Johnson was so highly offended, that he said to him, "Sir, you know no more of our church than a Hottentot." I was sorry that he brought this upon himself.

Saturday, Nov. 6. — I cannot be certain whether it was on this day, or a former, that Dr. Johnson and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First and Toryism. They became exceedingly warm and violent, and I was very much distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I reverenced; yet I durst not interfere. It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend, as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the public; and, therefore, I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this

dramatic sketch, this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere. (1)

(1) Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family; and, moreover, he was a strict presbyterian and Whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat: and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon," he said to a friend. "Jamie is gaen clean gyte.—What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. "A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie; he keeped a schúle, and cau'd it an acaadamy." Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life; it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's Whiggery and presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once, when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate—"Is that a' your objection, mon?" said the judge; "come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together." The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both, and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high Tory and episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the Royal Society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of Whig and Tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped, but the controversy between Tory and covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out, "God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck"— he taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order.—WALTER SCOTT.

Yet I think I may, without impropriety, mention one circumstance, as an instance of my father's address. Dr. Johnson challenged him, as he did us all at Talisker, to point out any theological works of merit written by presbyterian ministers in Scotland. My father, whose studies did not lie much in that way, owned to me afterwards, that he was somewhat at a loss how to answer, but that luckily he recollected having read in catalogues the title of Durham on the Galatians; upon which he boldly said, "Pray, Sir, have you read Mr. Durham's excellent commentary on the Galatians?" "No, Sir," said Dr. Johnson. By this lucky thought my father kept him at bay, and for some time enjoyed his triumph (1), but his antagonist soon made a retort, which I forbear to mention.

In the course of their altercation, Whiggism and presbyterianism, Toryism and episcopacy, were terribly buffeted. My worthy hereditary friend, Sir John Pringle, never having been mentioned, happily escaped without a bruise.

My father's opinion of Dr. Johnson may be conjectured from the name he afterwards gave him, which was URSA MAJOR. But it is not true, as has been reported, that it was in consequence of my saying that he was a *constellation* of genius and literature. It was a sly abrupt expression to one of his brethren on the bench of the court of session,

(1) Mr. Chalmers informs me, that there is no such book as Durham "on the *Galatians*," though there is "on the *Revelations*." Perhaps, however, Johnson misheard Galatians for Revelations. — C.

in which Dr. Johnson was then standing; but it was not said in his hearing

Sunday, Nov. 7.—My father and I went to public worship in our parish church, in which I regretted that Dr. Johnson would not join us; for, though we have there no form of prayer, nor magnificent solemnity, yet, as God is worshipped in spirit and in truth, and the same doctrines preached as in the church of England, my friend would certainly have shown more liberality, had he attended. I doubt not, however, but he employed his time in private to very good purpose. His uniform and fervent piety was manifested on many occasions during our tour, which I have not mentioned. His reason for not joining in presbyterian worship has been recorded in a former page. (1)

Monday, Nov. 8.—Notwithstanding the altercathat had passed, my father, who had the dignified courtesy of an old baron, was very civil to Dr. Johnson, and politely attended him to the post-chaise which was to convey us to Edinburgh.

Thus they parted. They are now in another, and a higher state of existence: and as they were both worthy christian men, I trust they have met in happiness. But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles, and my own, that they have met in a place where there is no room for *Whiggism.*

We came at night to a good inn at Hamilton. I recollect no more.

(1) See *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 125.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—I wished to have shown Dr. Johnson the Duke of Hamilton's house, commonly called the *palace* of Hamilton, which is close by the town. It is an object which, having been pointed out to me as a splendid edifice, from my earliest years, in travelling between Auchinleck and Edinburgh, has still great grandeur in my imagination. My friend consented to stop, and view the outside of it, but could not be persuaded to go into it.

We arrived this night at Edinburgh, after an absence of eighty-three days. For five weeks together, of the tempestuous season, there had been no account received of us. I cannot express how happy I was on finding myself again at home.

CHAPTER V.

Edinburgh. — Lord Elibank. — Edinburgh Castle. — Fingal. — Credulity. — Second Sight. — Garrick and Foote as Companions. — Moravian Missions and Methodism. — History. — Robertson. — Rebellion. — Lord Mansfield. — Richardson. — Private Life of a Judge. — Blair. — Boswell's Imitations. — Officers of the Army. — Academy for Deaf and Dumb. — Scotch Highlander and English Sailor. — Roslin and Hawthornden. — Cranston. — Sir John Dalrymple — Johnson's Departure for London. — Letters from Lord Hailes and Mr. Dempster.

Wednesday, Nov. 10. — OLD Mr. Drummond, the bookseller, came to breakfast. Dr. Johnson and he had not met for ten years. There was respect on his side, and kindness on Dr. Johnson's. Soon afterwards Lord Elibank came in, and was much pleased at seeing Dr. Johnson in Scotland. His lordship said, "hardly any thing seemed to him more improbable." Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of him. Speaking of him to me, he characterised him thus: "Lord Elibank has read a great deal. It is true, I can find in books all that he has read; but he has a great deal of what is in books, proved by the test of real life." Indeed, there have been few men whose conversation discovered

more knowledge enlivened by fancy. (1) He published several small pieces of distinguished merit; and has left some in manuscript, in particular an account of the expedition against Carthagena, in which he served as an officer in the army. His writings deserve to be collected. He was the early patron of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and Mr. Home, the tragic poet; who, when they were ministers of country parishes, lived near his seat. He told me, "I saw these lads had talents, and they were much with me." I hope they will pay a grateful tribute to his memory.

The morning was chiefly taken up by Dr. Johnson's giving him an account of our Tour. The subject of difference in political principles was introduced. JOHNSON "It is much increased by opposition. There was a violent Whig, with whom I used to contend with great eagerness. After his death I felt my Toryism much abated." I suppose he meant Mr. Walmesley of Litchfield (2), whose character he has drawn so well in his life of Edmund Smith.

Mr. Nairne came in, and he and I accompanied Dr. Johnson to Edinburgh castle, which he owned was "a great place." But I must mention, as a

(1) Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England and of men in Scotland: "Yes," said he; "and where else will you see *such horses* and *such* men?" — WALTER SCOTT.

(2) See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 215. It seems unlikely that he and Mr. Walmesley could have had much intercourse since Johnson removed to London, in 1737. It was therefore more probably some member of the Ivy-lane Club, Dyer, M'Ghie, or Barker, whose political and religious tenets were what Johnson would have called Whiggish. — C.

striking instance of that spirit of contradiction to which he had a strong propensity, when Lord Elibank was some days after talking of it with the natural elation of a Scotchman, or of any man who is proud of a stately fortress in his own country, Dr. Johnson affected to despise it, observing, that "it would make a good *prison* in ENGLAND."

Lest it should be supposed that I have suppressed one of his sallies against my country, it may not be improper here to correct a mistaken account that has been circulated, as to his conversation this day. It has been said, that being desired to attend to the noble prospect from the Castle-hill, he replied, 'Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to London." This lively sarcasm was thrown out at a tavern in London, in my presence, many years before.

We had with us to-day at dinner, at my house, the Lady Dowager Colvill (1), and Lady Anne Erskine (2), sisters of the Earl of Kelly; the Hon. Archibald Erskine, who has now succeeded to that title (3); Lord Elibank, the Rev. Dr. Blair, Mr. Tytler, the acute vindicator of Mary, Queen of Scots, and some other friends." (4)

Fingal being talked of, Dr. Johnson, who used to

(1) Lady Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of the fifth Earl of Kellie, widow of Mr. Walter Macfarlane, and wife, by a second marriage, of the fourth Lord Colville: she died in 1794. — C.

(2) Lady Anne, born in 1735; died in 1802, unmarried. — C.

(3) As *seventh* earl; born in 1736: he died in 1797, unmarried. — C.

(4) "And his son, the advocate." — *First edit.* Young Mr. Tytler, the advocate, became afterwards a lord of session, under the title of Lord Woodhouselee. — C.

boast that he had, from the first, resisted both Ossian and the giants of Patagonia (1), averred his positive disbelief of its authenticity. Lord Elibank said, "I am sure it is not M'Pherson's Mr. Johnson, I keep company a great deal with you; it is known I do. I may borrow from you better things than I can say myself, and give them as my own; but if I should, every body will know whose they are." The doctor was not softened by this compliment. He denied merit to Fingal, supposing it to be the production of a man who has had the advantages that the present age affords; and said, "nothing is more easy than to write enough in that style if once you begin." (2)

One gentleman in company expressing his opinion 'that Fingal was certainly genuine, for that he had heard a great part of it repeated in the original,' — Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him, whether he understood the original; to which an answer being given in the negative, "Why, then," said Dr. Johnson, "we see to what this testimony comes: thus it is." (3)

(1) The story told in Commodore Byron's Voyage of his having fallen in with a gigantic tribe of natives, on the coast of Patagonia. — C.

(2) I desire not to be understood as agreeing *entirely* with the opinions of Dr. Johnson, which I relate without any remark. The many imitations, however, of Fingal, that have been published, confirm this observation in a considerable degree.

(3) Young Mr. Tytler briskly stepped forward, and said, "Fingal is certainly genuine, for I have heard a great part of it repeated in the original." Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him, "Sir, do you understand the original?" TYTLER. "No, Sir." JOHNSON. "Why, then, we see to what *this* testimony comes:

I mentioned this as a remarkable proof how liable the mind of man is to credulity, when not guarded by such strict examination as that which Dr. Johnson habitually practised. The talents and integrity of the gentleman who made the remark are unquestionable: yet, had not Dr. Johnson made him advert to the consideration, that he who does not understand a language cannot know that something which is recited to him is in that language, he might have believed, and reported to this hour, that he had "heard a great part of Fingal repeated in the original."

For the satisfaction of those on the north of the Tweed, who may think Dr. Johnson's account of Caledonian credulity and inaccuracy too strong, it is but fair to add, that he admitted the same kind of ready belief might be found in his own country. "He would undertake," he said, "to write an epic poem on the story of Robin Hood; and half England, to whom the names and places he should mention in it are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earliest years."

One of his objections to the authenticity of Fingal, during the conversation at Ulinish, is omitted in my Journal, but I perfectly recollect it. "Why is not the original deposited in some public library, instead of exhibiting attestations of its existence? Suppose there were a question in a court of justice, whether

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thus it is." He afterwards said to me, "Did you observe the wonderful confidence with which young Tytler advanced with his front ready *brazed?*" — *First edit.* — C.

a man be dead or alive. You aver he is alive, and you bring fifty witnesses to swear it. I answer, 'Why do you not produce the man?'" This is an argument founded on one of the first principles of the law of evidence, which Gilbert (1) would have held to be irrefragable.

I do not think it incumbent on me to give any precise decided opinion upon this question, as to which I believe more than some, and less than others. The subject appears to have now become very uninteresting to the public. That Fingal is not from beginning to end a translation from the Gaelic, but that *some* passages have been supplied by the editor to connect the whole, I have heard admitted by very warm advocates for its authenticity. If this be the case, why are not these distinctly ascertained? Antiquaries and admirers of the work may complain, that they are in a situation similar to that of the unhappy gentleman whose wife informed him, on her deathbed, that one of their reputed children was not his; and, when he eagerly begged her to declare which of them it was, she answered, "*That* you shall never know;" and expired, leaving him in irremediable doubt as to them all.

I beg leave now to say something upon second-sight, of which I have related two instances, as they impressed my mind at the time. (2) I own, I returned from the Hebrides with a considerable degree of faith in the many stories of that kind which I heard with a too easy acquiescence, without any close

(1) Chief Baron Gilbert wrote a treatise on *Evidence*. — C.
(2) See Macleod's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 320. — C.

examination of the evidence: but, since that time, my belief in those stories has been much weakened, by reflecting on the careless inaccuracy of narrative in common matters, from which we may certainly conclude that there may be the same in what is more extraordinary. It is but just, however, to add, that the belief in second-sight is not peculiar to the Highlands and Isles.

Some years after our Tour, a cause was tried in the court of session, where the principal fact to be ascertained was, whether a ship-master, who used to frequent the Western Highlands and Isles, was drowned in one particular year, or in the year after. A great number of witnesses from those parts were examined on each side, and swore directly contrary to each other upon this simple question. One of them, a very respectable chieftain, who told me a story of second-sight, which I have not mentioned, but which I too implicitly believed, had in this case, previous to this public examination, not only said, but attested under his hand, that he had seen the shipmaster in the year subsequent to that in which the court was finally satisfied he was drowned. When interrogated with the strictness of judicial inquiry, and under the awe of an oath, he recollected himself better, and retracted what he had formerly asserted, apologising for his inaccuracy, by telling the judges, "A man will *say* what he will not *swear*." By many he was much censured, and it was maintained, that every gentleman would be as attentive to truth without the sanction of an oath as with it. Dr. Johnson, though he himself was distinguished

at all times by a scrupulous adherence to truth, controverted this proposition; and, as a proof that this was not, though it ought to be, the case, urged the very different decisions of elections under Mr. Grenville's Act, from those formerly made. "Gentlemen will not pronounce upon oath, what they would have said, and voted in the house, without that sanction."

However difficult it may be for men who believe in preternatural communications, in modern times, to satisfy those who are of a different opinion, they may easily refute the doctrine of their opponents, who impute a belief in second-sight to superstition. To entertain a visionary notion that one sees a distant or future event may be called superstition; but the correspondence of the fact or event with such an impression on the fancy, though certainly very wonderful, if proved, has no more connection with superstition than magnetism or electricity.

After dinner various topics were discussed; but I recollect only one particular. Dr. Johnson compared the different talents of Garrick and Foote, as companions, and gave Garrick greatly the preference for elegance, though he allowed Foote extraordinary powers of entertainment. He said, "Garrick is restrained by some principle; but Foote has the advantage of an unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling: it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him; but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew: when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs

through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Dr. Erskine and Mr. Robert Walker, two very respectable ministers of Edinburgh (1), supped with us, as did the Rev. Dr. Webster. The conversation turned on the Moravian missions, and on the methodists. Dr. Johnson observed in general, that missionaries were too sanguine in their accounts of their success among savages, and that much of what they tell is not to be believed. He owned that the methodists had done good; had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind; but, he said, they had great bitterness against other Christians, and that he never could get a methodist to explain in what he excelled others; that it always ended in the indispensable necessity of hearing one of their preachers.

Thursday, Nov. 11. — Principal Robertson came to us as we sat at breakfast; he advanced to Dr. Johnson, repeating a line of Virgil, which I forget. I suppose, either

"Post varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum" (2),

or

"— multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto." (3)

Every body had accosted us with some studied compliment on our return. Dr. Johnson said, "I am really ashamed of the congratulations which we receive. We are addressed as if we had made a voyage

(1) [Dr. Erskine and Mr. Walker are the two clergymen described in *Guy Mannering*. As to Dr. Webster, see Vol. IV. *antè*, p. 44.]

(2) Through various hazards and events we move.— DRYDEN.

(3) Long labours both by sea and land he bore.— DRYDEN.

to Nova Zembla, and suffered five persecutions in Japan." And he afterward remarked, that "to see a man come up with a formal air, and a Latin line, when we had no fatigue and no danger, was provoking." I told him, he was not sensible of the danger, having lain under cover in the boat during the storm: he was like the chicken, that hides its head under its wing, and then thinks itself safe.

Lord Elibank came to us, as did Sir William Forbes. The rash attempt in 1745 being mentioned, I observed, that it would make a fine piece of history. (1) Dr. Johnson said it would. Lord Elibank doubted whether any man of this age could give it impartially. JOHNSON. "A man, by talking with those of different sides, who were actors in it, and putting down all that he hears, may in time collect the materials of a good narrative. You are to consider, all history was at first oral. I suppose Voltaire was fifty years in collecting his 'Louis XIV.' which he did in the way that I am proposing." ROBERTSON. "He did so. He lived much with all the great people who were concerned in that reign, and heard them talk of every thing; and then either took Mr. Boswell's way of writing down what he heard, or, which is as good, preserved it in his memory;

(1) It were to be wished that the master hand of Sir Walter Scott, which has created a European interest in the details of the Scotch character and manners, should give us a history of the Young Pretender's proceedings. Mr. Boswell's notes, the work called "Ascanius," the journals in the Lockhart papers, and the periodical publications of the day, contain a great deal of the prince's personal history; and the archives of the public offices and the Stuart papers would probably be open to his inquiries. There is perhaps little new to tell, but it might be collected into one view, and the interest heightened by his admirable powers of narration. — C. (1830.)

for he has a wonderful memory." With the leave, however, of this elegant historian, no man's memory can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent. * Dr. Robertson said, "It was now full time to make such a collection as Dr. Johnson suggested; for many of the people who were then in arms were dropping off; and both Whigs and Jacobites were now come to talk with moderation." Lord Elibank said to him, "Mr. Robertson, the first thing that gave me a high opinion of you was your saying in the Select Society (1), while parties ran high, soon after the year 1745, that you did not think worse of a man's moral character for his having been in rebellion. This was venturing to utter a liberal sentiment, while both sides had a detestation of each other."

Dr. Johnson observed, that being in rebellion from a notion of another's right was not connected with depravity; and that we had this proof of it, that all mankind applauded the pardoning of rebels; which they would not do in the case of robbers and murderers. He said, with a smile, that "he wondered that the phrase of *unnatural* rebellion should be so much used, for that all rebellion was natural to man."

(1) A society for debate in Edinburgh, consisting of the most eminent men.

As I kept no Journal of any thing that passed after this morning, I shall, from memory, group together this and the other days, till that on which Dr. Johnson departed for London. They were in all nine days; on which he dined at Lady Colvill's, Lord Hailes's, Sir Adolphus Oughton's, Sir Alexander Dick's, Principal Robertson's, Mr. M'Laurin's, and thrice at Lord Elibank's seat in the country, where we also passed two nights. He supped at the Hon. Alexander Gordon's, now one of our judges, by the title of Lord Rockville; at Mr. Nairne's, now also one of our judges, by the title of Lord Dunsinan; at Dr. Blair's and Mr Tytler's; and at my house thrice, one evening with a numerous company, chiefly gentlemen of the law; another with Mr. Menzies of Culdares, and Lord Monboddo, who disengaged himself on purpose to meet him; and the evening on which we returned from Lord Elibank's, he supped with my wife and me by ourselves.

He breakfasted at Dr. Webster's, at old Mr. Drummond's, and at Dr. Blacklock's; and spent one forenoon at my uncle Dr. Boswell's, who showed him his curious museum; and, as he was an elegant scholar, and a physician bred in the school of Boerhaave, Dr. Johnson was pleased with his company.

On the mornings when he breakfasted at my house, he had, from ten o'clock till one or two, a constant levee of various persons, of very different

characters and descriptions. I could not attend him, being obliged to be in the court of session; but my wife was so good as to devote the greater part of the morning to the endless task of pouring out tea for my friend and his visiters.

Such was the disposition of his time at Edinburgh. He said one evening to me, in a fit of languor, "Sir, we have been harassed by invitations." I acquiesced. "Ay, Sir," he replied; "but how much worse would it have been if we had been neglected?"

From what has been recorded in this Journal, it may well be supposed that a variety of admirable conversation has been lost, by my neglect to preserve it. I shall endeavour to recollect some of it as well as I can.

At Lady Colvill's, to whom I am proud to introduce any stranger of eminence, that he may see what dignity and grace is to be found in Scotland, an officer observed that he had heard Lord Mansfield was not a great English lawyer. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, supposing Lord Mansfield not to have the splendid talents which he possesses, he must be a great English lawyer, from having been so long at the bar, and having passed through so many of the great offices of the law. Sir, you may as well maintain that a carrier, who has driven a packhorse between Edinburgh and Berwick for thirty years, does not know the road, as that Lord Mansfield does not know the law of England."

At Mr. Nairne's he drew the character of Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, with a strong yet delicate pencil. I lament much that I have not pre-

served it: I only remember that he expressed a high opinion of his talents and virtues; but observed, that "his perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniences, and procure petty pleasures; that his love of continual superiority was such that he took care to be always surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to controvert his opinions (1); and that his desire of distinction was so great, that he used to give large vails to the Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect."

On the same evening, he would not allow that the private life of a judge, in England, was required to be so strictly decorous as I supposed. "Why then, Sir," said I, "according to your account, an English judge may just live like a gentleman." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir,—if he *can*."(2)

At Mr. Tytler's, I happened to tell that one evening, a great many years ago, when Dr. Hugh Blair and I were sitting together in the pit of Drury-Lane playhouse, in a wild freak of youthful extravagance, I entertained the audience *prodigiously*, by imitating the lowing of a cow. A little while after I had told this story, I differed from Dr. Johnson, I suppose too confidently, upon some point, which I now forget. He did not spare me. "Nay, Sir," said he, "if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you bellow like a cow."(3)

(1) See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 273. — C.

(2) And yet see, *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 114., his censure of Lord Monboddo for wearing a round hat in the country. — C.

(3) As I have been scrupulously exact in relating anecdotes

At Dr. Webster's, he said, that he believed hardly any man died without affectation. This remark appears to me to be well founded, and will account for many of the celebrated deathbed sayings which are recorded.

On one of the evenings at my house, when he told that Lord Lovat boasted to an English nobleman that, though he had not his wealth, he had two thousand men whom he could at any time call into the field, the Hon. Alexander Gordon observed, that those two thousand men brought him to the block. "True, Sir," said Dr. Johnson: "but you may just as well argue concerning a man who has fallen over a precipice to which he has walked too near, — 'His two legs brought him to that,' is he not the better for having two legs?"

At Dr. Blair's I left him, in order to attend a con-

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concerning other persons, I shall not withhold any part of this story, however ludicrous. I was so successful in this boyish frolic, that the universal cry of the galleries was, "*Encore* the cow! *Encore* the cow!" In the pride of my heart I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My reverend friend, anxious for my *fame*, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness, addressed me thus: "My dear Sir, I would *confine* myself to the *cow!*" — B. — Blair's advice was expressed more emphatically, and with a peculiar *burr* — "*Stick to the cow*, mon!" — WALTER SCOTT.

["When young, ('t was rather silly, I allow,)
Much pleased was I to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor Blair,
My imitations made the playhouse stare.
So very charming was I in my roar,
That both the galleries clapped, and cried '*Encore!*'
Pleased with the general plaudit and the laugh,
I tried to be a jackass and a calf:
But who, alas! in all things can be great?
In short, I met a terrible defeat;
Blair whisper'd me, — "You 've lost your credit now;
Stick, Boswell, for the future, *to the cow!*" — *Bozzy and Piozzi.*]

sultation, during which he and his amiable host were by themselves. I returned to supper, at which were Principal Robertson, Mr. Nairne, and some other gentlemen. Dr. Robertson and Dr. Blair, I remember, talked well upon subordination and government; and, as my friend and I were walking home, he said to me, "Sir, these two doctors are good men, and wise men." I begged of Dr. Blair to recollect what he could of the long conversation that passed between Dr. Johnson and him alone, this evening, and he obligingly wrote to me as follows: —

LETTER 165. DR. BLAIR TO MR. BOSWELL.

"March 3. 1785.

"DEAR SIR,—As so many years have intervened since I chanced to have that conversation with Dr. Johnson in my house to which you refer, I have forgotten most of what then passed; but remember that I was both instructed and entertained by it. Among other subjects the discourse happening to turn on modern Latin poets, the doctor expressed a very favourable opinion of Buchanan, and instantly repeated, from beginning to end, an ode of his, entitled *Calendæ Maiæ* (the eleventh in his *Miscellaneorum Liber*), beginning with these words, '*Salvete sacris deliciis sacræ*,' with which I had formerly been unacquainted; but upon perusing it, the praise which he bestowed upon it, as one of the happiest of Buchanan's poetical compositions, appeared to me very just. He also repeated to me a Latin ode he had composed in one of the Western Islands, from which he had lately returned. We had much discourse concerning his excursion to those islands, with which he expressed himself as having been highly pleased; talked in a favourable manner of the hospitality of the inhabitants; and particularly spoke much of his happiness in having

you for his companion; and said that the longer he knew you, he loved and esteemed you the more. This conversation passed in the interval between tea and supper, when we were by ourselves. You, and the rest of the company who were with us at supper, have often taken notice that he was uncommonly bland and gay that evening, and gave much pleasure to all who were present. This is all that I can recollect distinctly of that long conversation. Yours sincerely,

"HUGH BLAIR."

At Lord Hailes's we spent a most agreeable day; but again I must lament that I was so indolent as to let almost all that passed evaporate into oblivion. Dr. Johnson observed there, that "it is wonderful how ignorant many officers of the army are, considering how much leisure they have for study, and the acquisition of knowledge." I hope he was mistaken; for he maintained that many of them were ignorant of things belonging immediately to their own profession; "for instance, many cannot tell how far a musket will carry a bullet;" in proof of which, I suppose, he mentioned some particular person, for Lord Hailes, from whom I solicited what he could recollect of that day, writes to me as follows:—

"As to Dr. Johnson's observation about the ignorance of officers, in the length that a musket will carry, my brother, Colonel Dalrymple, was present, and he thought that the doctor was either mistaken, by putting the question wrong, or that he had conversed on the subject with some person out of service. Was it upon that occasion that he expressed no curiosity to see the room at Dumfermline where Charles I. was born? 'I

know that he was born,' said he; 'no matter where.' Did he envy us the birthplace of the king?"

Near the end of his "Journey," Dr. Johnson has given liberal praise to Mr. Braidwood's academy for the deaf and dumb.(1) When he visited it, a circumstance occurred which was truly characteristical of our great lexicographer. "Pray," said he, "can they pronounce any *long* words?" Mr. Braidwood informed them they could. Upon which Dr. Johnson wrote one of his *sesquipedalia verba*, which was pronounced by the scholars, and he was satisfied. My readers may perhaps wish to know what the word was; but I cannot gratify their curiosity. Mr. Braidwood (2) told me it remained long in his school, but had been lost before I made my inquiry.(3)

(1) ["There is one subject of philosophical curiosity to be found in Edinburgh, which no other city has to show; a College of the Deaf and Dumb, who are taught to speak, to read, to write, and to practise arithmetic, by a gentleman whose name is Braidwood. It was pleasing to see one of the most desperate of human calamities capable of so much help: whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage; after having seen the deaf taught arithmetic, who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?"—Johnson.]

(2) [Mr. Thomas Braidwood was born in Scotland, in 1715, and died at Hackney, Middlesex, in October, 1806.]

(3) One of the best critics of our age "does not wish to prevent the admirers of the incorrect and nerveless style, which generally prevailed for a century before Dr. Johnson's energetic writings were known, from enjoying the laugh that this story may produce, in which he is very ready to join them." He, however, requests me to observe, that "my friend very properly chose a *long* word on this occasion, not, it is believed, from any predilection for polysyllables (though he certainly had a due respect for them), but in order to put Mr. Braidwood's skill to the strictest test, and to try the efficacy of his instruction by the most difficult exertion of the organs of his pupils."—B.— The *critic* was probably Dr. Blair.—Walter Scott.

Dr. Johnson one day visited the court of session. He thought the mode of pleading there too vehement, and too much addressed to the passions of the judges. "This," said he, "is not the Areopagus."

At old Mr. Drummond's, Sir John Dalrymple quaintly said, the two noblest animals in the world were a Scotch Highlander and an English sailor "Why, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I shall say nothing as to the Scotch Highlander; but as to the English sailor, I cannot agree with you." Sir John said he was generous in giving away his money. JOHNSON. "Sir, he throws away his money, without thought and without merit. I do not call a tree generous, that sheds its fruit at every breeze." Sir John having affected to complain of the attacks made upon his "Memoirs," Dr. Johnson said, "Nay, Sir, do not complain. It is advantageous to an author, that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends." Often have I reflected on this since; and, instead of being angry at many of those who have written against me, have smiled to think that they were unintentionally subservient to my fame, by using a battledore to make me "*virum volitare per ora.*"

At Sir Alexander Dick's, from that absence of mind to which every man is at times subject, I told, in a blundering manner, Lady Eglintoune's complimentary adoption of Dr. Johnson as her son; for I unfortunately stated that her ladyship adopted him

as her son, in consequence of her having been married the year *after* he was born. Dr. Johnson instantly corrected me. "Sir, don't you perceive that you are defaming the countess? For, supposing me to be her son, and that she was not married till the year after my birth, I must have been her *natural* son." A young lady (1) of quality, who was present, very handsomely said, "Might not the son have justified the fault?" My friend was much flattered by this compliment, which he never forgot. When in more than ordinary spirits, and talking of his journey in Scotland, he has called to me, "Boswell, what was it that the young lady of quality said of me at Sir Alexander Dick's?" Nobody will doubt that I was happy in repeating it.

My illustrious friend, being now desirous to be again in the great theatre of life and animated exertion, took a place in the coach, which was to set out for London on Monday the 22d of November Sir John Dalrymple pressed him to come on the Saturday before, to his house at Cranston, which being twelve miles from Edinburgh, upon the middle road to Newcastle (Dr. Johnson had come to Edinburgh by Berwick, and along the naked coast), it would make his journey easier, as the coach would take him up at a more seasonable hour than that at which it sets out. Sir John, I perceive, was ambitious of having such a guest; but as I was well assured, that at this very time he had joined with some of his prejudiced countrymen in railing at Dr.

(1) Probably one of the Ladies Lindsay, daughters of the Earl of Balcarres.—WALTER SCOTT. [One of these, Lady Anne Lindesay, wrote the beautiful ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*.]

Johnson, and had said, he wondered how any gentleman of Scotland could keep company with him, I thought he did not deserve the honour; yet, as it might be a convenience to Dr. Johnson, I contrived that he should accept the invitation, and engaged to conduct him. I resolved that, on our way to Sir John's, we should make a little circuit by Roslin Castle and Hawthornden, and wished to set out soon after breakfast; but young Mr. Tytler came to show Dr. Johnson some essays which he had written; and my great friend, who was exceedingly obliging when thus consulted, was detained so long, that it was, I believe, one o'clock before we got into our post-chaise. I found that we should be too late for dinner at Sir John Dalrymple's, to which we were engaged; but I would by no means lose the pleasure of seeing my friend at Hawthornden—of seeing *Sam Johnson* at the very spot where *Ben Jonson* visited the learned and poetical Drummond.

We surveyed Roslin Castle, the romantic scene around it, and the beautiful Gothic chapel, and dined and drank tea at the inn; after which we proceeded to Hawthornden, and viewed the caves; and I all the while had *Rare Ben* in my mind, and was pleased to think that this place was now visited by another celebrated wit of England.

By this time "the waning night was growing old," and we were yet several miles from Sir John Dalrymple's. Dr. Johnson did not seem much troubled at our having treated the baronet with so little attention to politeness; but when I talked of the grievous disappointment it must have been to

him that we did not come to the *feast* that he had prepared for us (for he told us he had killed a seven-year-old sheep on purpose), my friend got into a merry mood, and jocularly said, "I dare say, Sir, he has been very sadly distressed; nay, we do not know but the consequence may have been fatal. Let me try to describe his situation in his own historical style. I have as good a right to make him think and talk, as he has to tell us how people thought and talked a hundred years ago, of which he has no evidence. All history, so far as it is not supported by contemporary evidence, is romance.—Stay now—let us consider!" He then (heartily laughing all the while) proceeded in his imitation, I am sure to the following effect, though now, at the distance of almost twelve years, I cannot pretend to recollect all the precise words.

"Dinner being ready, he wondered that his guests were not yet come. His wonder was soon succeeded by impatience. He walked about the room in anxious agitation; sometimes he looked at his watch, sometimes he looked out at the window with an eager gaze of expectation, and revolved in his mind the various accidents of human life. His family beheld him with mute concern. 'Surely,' said he, with a sigh, 'they will not fail me.' The mind of man can bear a certain pressure; but there is a point when it can bear no more. A rope was in his view, and he died a Roman death." ( )

(1) "Essex was at that time confined to the same chamber of the Tower from which his father Lord Capel had been led to death, and in which his wife's grandfather had inflicted a voluntary death upon himself. When he saw his friend carried to what he reckoned certain fate, their common enemies enjoying

It was very late before we reached the seat of Sir John Dalrymple (1), who, certainly with some reason, was not in very good humour. Our conversation was not brilliant. We supped, and went to bed in ancient rooms, which would have better suited the climate of Italy in summer, than that of Scotland in the month of November.

I recollect no conversation of the next day worth preserving, except one saying of Dr. Johnson, which will be a valuable text for many decent old dowagers, and other good company, in various circles to descant upon. He said, "I am sorry I have not learnt to play at cards. It is very useful in life: it generates kindness, and consolidates society." (2) He certainly could not mean deep play.

My friend and I thought we should be more comfortable at the inn at Blackshields, two miles farther on. We therefore went thither in the evening, and he was very entertaining; but I have preserved nothing but the pleasing remembrance, and his verses on George the Second and Cibber, and his epitaph on Parnell, which he was then so good as to dictate

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the spectacle, and reflected that it was he who had forced Lord Howard upon the confidence of Russell, he retired, and by a *Roman death*, put an end to his misery."—*Dalrymple's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 36.

(1) They seem to have behaved to Sir John Dalrymple with wanton incivility. — C.

(2) The late excellent Dr. Baillie advised a gentleman whose official duties were of a very constant and engrossing nature, and whose health seemed to suffer from over-work, to play at cards in the evening, which would tend, he said, to quiet the mind, and to allay the anxiety created by the business of the day. — C. — [Myself, when over-worked at the Admiralty.— C. 1835.]

to me. We breakfasted together next morning, and then the coach came, and took him up. He had, as one of his companions in it, as far as Newcastle, the worthy and ingenious Dr. Hope, botanical professor at Edinburgh. Both Dr. Johnson and he used to speak of their good fortune in thus accidentally meeting; for they had much instructive conversation, which is always a most valuable enjoyment, and, when found where it is not expected, is peculiarly relished.

I have now completed my account of our Tour to the Hebrides. I have brought Dr. Johnson down to Scotland, and seen him into the coach which in a few hours carried him back into England. He said to me often, that the time he spent in this Tour was the pleasantest part of his life, and asked me if I would lose the recollection of it for five hundred pounds. I answered I would not; and he applauded my setting such a value on an accession of new images in my mind.

Had it not been for me, I am persuaded Dr. Johnson never would have undertaken such a journey; and I must be allowed to assume some merit from having been the cause that our language has been enriched with such a book as that which he published on his return; a book which I never read but with the utmost admiration, as I had such opportunities of knowing from what very meagre materials it was composed.

But my praise may be supposed partial; and therefore I shall insert two testimonies, not liable to that objection, both written by gentlemen of Scot-

land, to whose opinions I am confident the highest respect will be paid, Lord Hailes and Mr. Dempster.

LETTER 166. LORD HAILES TO MR. BOSWELL.

"Newhailes, Feb. 6. 1775.

"SIR, — I have received much pleasure and much instruction from perusing the 'Journey to the Hebrides.' I admire the elegance and variety of description, and the lively picture of men and manners. I always approve of the moral, often of the political reflections. I love the benevolence of the author.

"They who search for faults may possibly find them in this, as well as in every other work of literature. For example, the friends of the old family say that the *era of planting* is placed too late, at the union of the two kingdoms. I am known to be no friend of the old family; yet I would place the era of planting at the restoration; after the murder of Charles I. had been expiated in the anarchy which succeeded it.

"Before the restoration, few trees were planted, unless by the monastic drones: their successors (and worthy patriots they were), the barons, first cut down the trees, and then sold the estates. The gentleman at St. Andrews, who said that there were but two trees in Fife, ought to have added, that the elms of Balmerino were sold within these twenty years, to make pumps for the fire-engines.

"In J. Major *de Gestis Scotorum*, l. i. c. 2, last edition, there is a singular passage: —

"'Davidi Cranstoneo conterraneo, dum de prima theologiæ licentia foret, duo ei consocii et familiares, et mei cum eo in artibus auditores, scilicet Jacobus Almain Senonensis, et Petrus Bruxcellensis, Prædicatoris ordinis, in Sorbonæ curia die Sorbonico commilitonibus suis publice objecerunt, *quod pane avenaceo plebeii Scoti*, sicut a quodam religioso intellexerant, *vescebantur, ut virum, quem cholericum noverant, honestis salibus tentarent, qui hoc inficiari tanquam patriæ dedecus nisus est.*'

"Pray introduce our countryman, Mr. Licentiate David Cranston, to the acquaintance of Mr. Johnson.

"The syllogism seems to have been this: —

They who feed on oatmeal are barbarians;
But the Scots feed on oatmeal: — Ergo —

The licentiate denied the *minor*. I am, Sir, &c.

"DAV. DALRYMPLE."

LETTER 167. MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. BOSWELL.

"Dunnichen, Feb. 16. 1775.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL, — I cannot omit a moment to return you my best thanks for the entertainment you have furnished me, my family, and guests, by the perusal of Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Islands;' and now for my sentiments of it. I was well entertained. His descriptions are accurate and vivid. He carried me on the tour along with him. I am pleased with the justice he has done to your humour and vivacity. 'The noise of the wind being all its own,' is a *bon-mot*, that it would have been a pity to have omitted, and a robbery not to have ascribed to its author. (1)

"There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true, and his observations on the people are what must naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a *convenient* metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life han *Col* or Sir Allan. He reasons candidly about the second-sight; but I wish he had inquired more, before he ventured to say he even doubted of the possibility of

(1) "I know not that I ever heard the wind so loud in any other place [as in Col]; and Mr. Boswell observed, that its noise *was all its own*, for there were no trees to increase it." — *Johnson's Journey*. — C.

such an unusual and useless deviation from all the known laws of nature. The notion of the second-sight I consider as a remnant of superstitious ignorance and credulity, which a philosopher will set down as such, till the contrary is clearly proved, and then it will be classed among the other certain, though unaccountable parts of our nature, like dreams, and — I do not know what.

"In regard to the language, it has the merit of being all his own. Many words of foreign extraction are used, where, I believe, common ones would do as well, especially on familiar occasions. Yet I believe he could not express himself so forcibly in any other style. I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced; and I shall rank Ossian, and his Fingals and Oscars, amongst the nursery tales, not the true history of our country, in all time to come.

"Upon the whole the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The author neither says he is a geographer, nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the History of Scotland, nor a naturalist, nor a fossilist. The manners of the people, and the face of the country, are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were it to be wished that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious, regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning his observations on Glasgow university show he has formed a very sound judgment. He understands our climate too, and he has accurately observed the changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace. I could have drawn my ... through the story of the old woman at St. Andrew's, ... the only silly thing in the book. He has taken opportunity of ingrafting into the work several good observations, which I dare say he had made upon men

and things before he set foot on Scotch ground, by which it is considerably enriched. ([1]) A long journey, like a all may-pole, though not very beautiful itself, yet is pretty enough when ornamented with flowers and garlands: it furnishes a sort of cloak-pins for hanging the furniture of your mind upon; and whoever sets out upon a journey, without furnishing his mind previously with much study and useful knowledge, erects a maypole in December, and puts up very useless cloak-pins.

"I hope the book will induce many of his countrymen to make the same jaunt, and help to intermix the more liberal part of them still more with us, and perhaps abate somewhat of that virulent antipathy which many of them entertain against the Scotch; who certainly would never have formed those *combinations* which he takes notice of, more than their ancestors, had they not been necessary for their mutual safety, at least for their success, in a country where they are treated as foreigners. They would find us not deficient, at least in point of hospitality, and they would be ashamed ever after to abuse us in the mass.

"So much for the Tour. I have now, for the first time in my life, passed a winter in the country; and never did three months roll on with more swiftness and satisfaction. I used not only to wonder at, but pity, those whose lot condemned them to winter any where but in either of the capitals. But every place has its charms to a cheerful mind. I am busy planting and taking measures for opening the summer campaign in farming; and I find I have an excellent resource, when revolutions in politics perhaps, and revolutions of the sun for certain, will make it decent for me to retreat behind the ranks of the more forward in life.

(1) Mr. Orme, one of the ablest historians of this age, is of the same opinion. He said to me, "There are in that book thoughts which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished — like pebbles rolled in the ocean."

"I am glad to hear the last was a very busy week with you. I see you as counsel in some causes which must have opened a charming field for your humourous vein. As it is more uncommon, so I verily believe it is more useful than the more serious exercise of reason; and, to a man who is to appear in public, more eclat is to be gained, sometimes more money too, by a *bon-mot*, than a learned speech. It is the fund of natural humour which Lord North possesses, that makes him so much the favourite of the house, and so able, because so amiable, a leader of a party.

"I have now finished *my* Tour of *Seven Pages*. In what remains, I beg leave to offer my compliments, and those of *ma très chère femme*, to you and Mrs. Boswell. Pray unbend the busy brow, and frolic a little in a letter to, my dear Boswell, your affectionate friend,

"GEORGE DEMPSTER." (1)

I shall also present the public with a correspondence with the laird of Rasay, concerning a passage in the "Journey to the Western Islands," which shows Dr. Johnson in a very amiable light.

LETTER 168. THE LAIRD OF RASAY TO MR. BOSWELL.

"Rasay, April 10. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — I take this occasion of returning you my most hearty thanks for the civilities shown to my daughter by you and Mrs. Boswell. Yet, though she has informed me that I am under this obligation, I

(1) Every reader will, I am sure, join with me in warm admiration of the truly patriotic writer of this letter. I knew not which most to applaud, — that good sense and liberality of mind which could see and admit the defects of his native country, to which no man is a more zealous friend; or that candour which induced him to give just praise to the minister whom he honestly and strenuously opposed.

should very probably have deferred troubling you with making my acknowledgments at present, if I had not seen Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Isles,' in which he has been pleased to make a very friendly mention of my family, for which I am surely obliged to him, as being more than an equivalent for the reception you and he met with. Yet there is one paragraph I should have been glad he had omitted, which I am sure was owing to misinformation; that is, that I had acknowledged Macleod to be my chief, though my ancestors disputed the pre-eminence for a long tract of time.

"I never had occasion to enter seriously on this argument with the present laird, or his grandfather, nor could I have any temptation to such a renunciation from either of them. I acknowledge the benefit of being chief of a clan is in our days of very little significancy, and to trace out the progress of this honour to the founder of a family, of any standing, would perhaps be a matter of some difficulty.

"The true state of the present case is this:— the M'Leod family consists of two different branches; the M'Leods of Lewis, of which I am descended, and the M'Leods of Harris. And though the former have lost a very extensive estate by forfeiture in King James the Sixth's time, there are still several respectable families of it existing, who would justly blame me for such an unmeaning cession, when they all acknowledge me head of that family; which, though in fact it be but an ideal point of honour, is not hitherto so far disregarded in our country, but it would determine some of my friends to look on me as a much smaller man than either they or myself judge me at present to be. I will, therefore, ask it as a favour of you to acquaint the Doctor with the difficulty he has brought me to. In travelling among rival clans, such a silly tale as this might easily be whispered into the ear of a passing stranger; but as it has no foundation in fact, I hope the Doctor will be so good

as to take his own way in undeceiving the public — I principally mean my friends and connexions, who will be first angry at me, and next sorry to find such an instance of my littleness recorded in a book which has a very fair chance of being much read. I expect you will let me know what he will write you in return, and we here beg to make offer to you and Mrs. Boswell of our most respectful compliments. — I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN M'LEOD."

LETTER 169. MR. BOSWELL TO THE LAIRD OF RASAY.

"London, May 8, 1775

"DEAR SIR, — The day before yesterday I had the honour to receive your letter, and I immediately communicated it to Dr. Johnson. He said he loved your spirit, and was exceedingly sorry that he had been the cause of the smallest uneasiness to you. There is not a more candid man in the world than he is, when properly addressed, as you will see from his letter to you, which I now inclose. He has allowed me to take a copy of it, and he says you may read it to your clan, or publish it, if you please. Be assured, Sir, that I shall take care of what he has intrusted to me, which is to have an acknowledgment of his error inserted in the Edingurgh newspapers. You will, I dare say, be fully satisfied with Dr Johnson's behaviour. He is desirous to know that you are; and therefore when you have read his acknowledgment in the papers, I beg you may write to me; and if you choose it, I am persuaded a letter from you to the Doctor also will be taken kind. I shall be at Edinburgh the week after next.

"Any civilities which my wife and I had in our power to show to your daughter, Miss M'Leod, were due to her own merit, and were well repaid by her agreeable

company. But I am sure I should be a very unworthy man if I did not wish to show a grateful sense of the hospitable and genteel manner in which you were pleased to treat me. Be assured, my dear Sir, that I shall never forget your goodness, and the happy hours which I spent in Rasay.

"You and Dr. M'Leod were both so obliging as to promise me an account in writing, of all the particulars which each of you remember, concerning the transactions of 1745-6. Pray do not forget this, and be as minute and full as you can; put down every thing: I have a great curiosity to know as much as I can, authentically.

"I beg that you may present my best respects to Lady Rasay, my compliments to your young family, and to Dr. M'Leod; and my hearty good wishes to Malcolm, with whom I hope again to shake hands cordially. — I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON,

And inserted by his desire in the Edinburgh newspapers, referred to in the foregoing letter. (1)

"The author of the 'Journey to the Western Islands,' having related that the M'Leods of Rasay acknowledge the chieftainship or superiority of the M'Leods of Sky, finds that he has been misinformed or mistaken. He means in a future edition to correct his error, and wishes to be told of more, if more have been discovered."

Dr. Johnson's letter was as follows: —

(1) The original MS. is now in my possession.

LETTER 170. DR. JOHNSON TO THE LAIRD OF RASAY.

"London, May 6. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Boswell has this day shown me a letter in which you complain of a passage in the 'Journey to the Hebrides.' My meaning is mistaken. I did not intend to say that you had personally made any cession of the rights of your house, or any acknowledgment of the superiority of M'Leod of Dunvegan. I only designed to express what I thought generally admitted—that the house of Rasay allowed the superiority of the house of Dunvegan. Even this I now find to be erroneous, and will therefore omit or retract it in the next edition.

"Though what I had said had been true, if it had been disagreeable to you, I should have wished it unsaid; for it is not my business to adjust precedence. As it is mistaken, I find myself disposed to correct, both by my respect for you, and my reverence for truth.

"As I know not when the book will be reprinted, I have desired Mr. Boswell to anticipate the correction in the Edinburgh papers. This is all that can be done.

"I hope I may now venture to desire that my compliments may be made, and my gratitude expressed, to Lady Rasay, Mr. Malcolm M'Leod, Mr. Donald M'Queen, and all the gentlemen and all the ladies whom I saw in the island of Rasay; a place which I remember with too much pleasure and too much kindness, not to be sorry that my ignorance, or hasty persuasion, should, for a single moment, have violated its tranquillity.

"I beg you all to forgive an undesigned and involuntary injury, and to consider me as, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON." (1)

(1) Rasay was highly gratified, and afterwards visited and dined with Dr. Johnson, at his house in London.

It would be improper for me to boast of my own labours; but I cannot refrain from publishing such praise as I received from such a man as Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, after the perusal of the original manuscript of my Journal.

LETTER 171. SIR W. FORBES TO MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, March 7. 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have thanked you sooner for your very obliging letter, and for the singular confidence you are pleased to place in me, when you trust me with such a curious and valuable deposit as the papers you have sent me. (1) Be assured I have a due sense of this favour, and shall faithfully and carefully return them to you. You may rely that I shall neither copy any part, nor permit the papers to be seen.

"They contain a curious picture of society, and form a journal on the most instructive plan that can possibly be thought of; for I am not sure that an ordinary observer would become so well acquainted either with Dr. Johnson, or with the manners of the Hebrides, by a personal intercourse, as by a perusal of your Journal. I am very truly, dear Sir, &c.

"WILLIAM FORBES."

When I consider how many of the persons mentioned in this Tour are now gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller re-

(1) In justice both to Sir William Forbes and myself, it is proper to mention, that the papers which were submitted to his perusal contained only an account of our Tour from the time that Dr. Johnson and I set out from Edinburgh, and consequently did not contain the eulogium on Sir William Forbes (Vol. IV. p. 15.), which he never saw till this book appeared in print; nor did he even know, when he wrote the above letter, that this Journal was to be published.

turns," I feel an impression at once awful and tend — *Requiescant in pace!*

It may be objected by some persons, as it has been by one of my friends, that he who has the power of thus exhibiting an exact transcript of conversations is not a desirable member of society. I repeat the answer which I made to that friend: "Few, very few, need be afraid that their sayings will be recorded. Can it be imagined that I would take the trouble to gather what grows on every hedge, because I have collected such fruits as the *Nonpareil* and the BON CHRETIEN?"

On the other hand, how useful is such a faculty, if well exercised. To it we owe all those interesting apophthegms and *memorabilia* of the ancients, which Plutarch, Xenophon, and Valerius Maximus, have transmitted to us. To it we owe all those instructive and entertaining collections which the French have made under the title of "Ana," affixed to some celebrated name. To it we owe the "Table-Talk" of Selden, the "Conversation" between Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, Spence's "Anecdotes of Pope," and other valuable remains in our own language. How delighted should we have been, if thus introduced into the company of Shakspeare and of Dryden, of whom we know scarcely any thing but their admirable writings! What pleasure would it have given us, to have known their petty habits, their characteristic manners, their modes of composition, and their genuine opinion of preceding writers and of their contemporaries! All these are now irrecoverably lost. Considering how many of the strongest

and most brilliant effusions of exalted intellect must have perished, how much is it to be regretted that all men of distinguished wisdom and wit have not been attended by friends, of taste enough to relish, and abilities enough to register their conversation:

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.'

They whose inferior exertions are recorded, as serving to explain or illustrate the sayings of such men, may be proud of being thus associated, and of their names being transmitted to posterity, by being appended to an illustrious character.

Before I conclude, I think it proper to say, that I have suppressed (1) every thing which I thought

(1) Having found, on a revision of the first edition of this work, that, notwithstanding my best care, a few observations had escaped me, which arose from the instant impression, the publication of which might perhaps be considered as passing the bounds of a strict decorum, I immediately ordered that they should be omitted in the subsequent editions. I was pleased to find that they did not amount in the whole to a page. If any of the same kind are yet left, it is owing to inadvertence alone, no man being more unwilling to give pain to others than I am. A contemptible scribbler, of whom I have learned no more than that, after having disgraced and deserted the clerical character, he picks up in London a scanty livelihood by scurrilous lampoons under a feigned name, has impudently and falsely asserted that the passages omitted were *defamatory*, and that the omission was not voluntary, but compulsory. The last insinuation I took the trouble publicly to disprove; yet, like one of Pope's dunces, he persevered in "the lie o'erthrown." As to the charge of defamation, there is an obvious and certain mode of refuting it. Any person who thinks it worth while to compare one edition with the other will find that the passages omitted were not in the least degree of that nature; but exactly such as I have represented them in the former part of this note, the hasty effusion of momentary feelings, which the delicacy of politeness should have suppressed. — B.

could really hurt any one now living. Vanity and self-conceit indeed may sometimes suffer. With respect to what is related, I considered it my duty to "extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice;" and with those lighter strokes of Dr. Johnson's satire, proceeding from a warmth and quickness of imagination, not from any malevolence of heart, and which, on account of their excellence, could not be omitted, I trust that they who are the subject of them have good sense and good temper enough not to be displeased.

I have only to add, that I shall ever reflect with great pleasure on a Tour, which has been the means of preserving so much of the enlightened and instructive conversation of one whose virtues will, I hope, ever be an object of imitation, and whose powers of mind were so extraordinary, that ages may revolve before such a man shall again appear.

His stay in Scotland was from the 18th of August, on which day he arrived, till the 22d of November, when he set out on his return to London; and I believe ninety-four days were never passed by any man in a more vigorous exertion. He came by the

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I believe the scribbler alluded to was William Thompson, author of the "Man in the Moon," and other satirical novels, half clever, half crazy kind of works. He was once a member of the kirk of Scotland, but being deposed by the presbytery of Auchterarder, became an author of all works in London, and could seldom finish a work, on whatever subject, without giving a slap by the way to that same presbytery with the unpronounceable name. Boswell's denial of having retracted *upon compulsion* refutes what was said by Peter Pindar and others about "M'Donald's rage." — WALTER SCOTT.

way of Berwick-upon-Tweed to Edinburgh, where he remained a few days, and then went by St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Fort Augustus, to the Hebrides, to visit which was the principal object he had in view. He visited the isles of Sky, Rasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Icolmkill. He travelled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and from thence by Lochlomond and Dunbarton to Glasgow, then by Loudon to Auchinleck in Ayrshire, the seat of my family, and then by Hamilton, back to Edinburgh, where he again spent some time.

He thus saw the four universities of Scotland, its three principal cities, and as much of the Highland and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation. I had the pleasure of accompanying him during the whole of his journey. (1)

He was respectfully entertained by the great, the learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he less delighted with the hospitality which he experienced in humbler life. (2)

(1) The author was not a small gainer by this extraordinary Journey; for Dr. Johnson thus writes to Mrs. Thrale, Nov. 3. 1773: — "Boswell will praise my resolution and perseverance, and I shall in return celebrate his good humour and perpetual cheerfulness. He has better faculties than I had imagined; more justness of discernment, and more fecundity of images. It is very convenient to travel with him; for there is no house where he is not received with kindness and respect." — Let. 90. — MALONE. — I asked Lord Stowell in what estimation he found Boswell amongst his countrymen. "Generally liked as a good-natured jolly fellow," replied his lordship. "But was he *respected*?" "Why, I think he had about the proportion of *respect* that you might guess would be shown to a *jolly fellow*." His lordship evidently thought that there was more *regard* than *respect*. — C.

(2) He was long remembered amongst the lower orders of Hebrideans by the title of the *Sassenach More*, the *big Englishman*. — WALTER SCOTT.

His various adventures, and the force and vivacity of his mind, as exercised during this peregrination, upon innumerable topics, have been faithfully, and to the best of my abilities, displayed in my "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," to which, as the public has been pleased to honour it by a very extensive circulation, I beg leave to refer, as to a separate and remarkable portion of his life, which may be there seen in detail, and which exhibits as striking a view of his powers in conversation, as his works do of his excellence in writing. Nor can I deny to myself the very flattering gratification of inserting here the character which my friend Mr. Courtenay has been pleased to give of that work: —

"With Reynolds' pencil, vivid, bold, and true,
So fervent Boswell gives him to our view:
In every trait we see his mind expand;
The master rises by the pupil's hand:
We love the writer, praise his happy vein,
Graced with the naïveté of the sage Montaigne;
Hence not alone are brighter parts display'd,
But e'en the specks of character pourtray'd:
We see the Rambler with fastidious smile
Mark the lone tree, and note the heath-clad isle;
But when the heroic tale of 'Flora'(1) charms,
Deck'd in a kilt, he wields a chieftain's arms:
The tuneful piper sounds a martial strain,
And Samuel sings, 'The king shall have his ain.'"

During his stay at Edinburgh, after his return from the Hebrides, he was at great pains to obtain information concerning Scotland; and it will appear from his subsequent letters, that he was not less so-

(1) "The celebrated Flora Macdonald." — COURTENAY

licitous for intelligence on this subject after his return to London.

LETTER 172. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Nov. 27. 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—I came home last night, without any incommodity, danger, or weariness, and am ready to begin a new journey. I shall go to Oxford on Monday. I know Mrs. Boswell wished me well to go (1); her wishes have not been disappointed. Mrs. Williams has received Sir A.'s (2) letter.

"Make my compliments to all those to whom my compliments may be welcome. Let the box (3) be sent as soon as it can, and let me know when to expect it.

"Inquire, if you can, the order of the clans: Macdonald is first (4); Maclean second; further I can-

(1) In this he showed a very acute penetration. My wife paid him the most assiduous and respectful attention while he was our guest; so that I wonder how he discovered her wishing for his departure. The truth is, that his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downwards, when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady. Besides, she had not that high admiration of him which was felt by most of those who knew him; and, what was very natural to a female mind, she thought he had too much influence over her husband. She once, in a little warmth, made, with more point than justice, this remark upon that subject:— "I have seen many a bear led by a man; but I never before saw a man led by a bear." — B. — The reader will, however, hereafter see that the repetition of this observation as to Mrs. Boswell's feelings towards him was made so frequently and pertinaciously, as is hardly reconcilable with good taste and good manners. — C.

(2) Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the professors at Aberdeen.

(3) This was a box containing a number of curious things which he had picked up in Scotland, particularly some horn spoons.

(4) The Macdonalds always laid claim to be placed on the right of the whole clans, and those of that tribe assign the

not go. Quicken Dr. Webster (1). I am, Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 173. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 2. 1773.

. . . . "You shall have what information I can procure as to the order of the clans. A gentleman of the name of Grant tells me that there is no settled order among them; and he says that the Macdonalds were not placed upon the right of the army at Culloden; the Stuarts were. I shall, however, examine witnesses of every name that I can find here. Dr. Webster shall be quickened too. I like your little memorandums; they are symptoms of your being in earnest with your book of northern travels.

"Your box shall be sent next week by sea. You will find in it some pieces of the broom-bush which you saw growing on the old castle of Auchinleck. The wood has a curious appearance when sawn across. You may either have a little writing-standish made of it, or get it formed into boards for a treatise on witchcraft, by way of a suitable binding." . . .

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breach of this order at Culloden as one cause of the loss of the day. The Macdonalds, placed on the left wing, refused to charge, and positively left the field unassailed and unbroken. Lord George Murray in vain endeavoured to urge them on by saying, that their behaviour would make the left the right, and that he himself would take the name of Macdonald. On this subject there are some curious notices, in a very interesting journal written by one of the *seven men* of Moidart, as they were called — Macdonalds of the Clanronald sept, who were the first who declared for the prince at his landing in their chief's country. It is in the Lockhart papers, vol. ii. p. 510. — WALTER SCOTT.

(1) The Rev. Dr. Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, a man of distinguished abilities, who had promised him information concerning the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. — B. See *antè*, Vol. IV. p. 44. — C.

LETTER 174. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 18. 1773.

. . . . "You promised me an inscription for a print to be taken from an historical picture of Mary Queen of Scots being forced to resign her crown, which Mr. Hamilton at Rome has painted for me. The two following have been sent to me:—

"'*Maria Scotorum Regina meliori seculo digna, jus regium civibus seditiosis invita resignat.*'

"'*Cives seditiosi Mariam Scotorum Reginam sese muneri abdicare invitam cogunt.*'

"Be so good as to read the passage in Robertson, and see if you cannot give me a better inscription. I must have it both in Latin and English; so if you should not give me another Latin one, you will at least choose the best of these two, and send a translation of it." . . .

His humane forgiving disposition was put to a pretty strong test on his return to London by a liberty which Mr. Thomas Davies had taken with him in his absence, which was, to publish two volumes entitled "Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," which he advertised in the newspapers, "By the Author of the Rambler." In this collection, several of Dr. Johnson's acknowledged writings, several of his anonymous performances, and some which he had written for others, were inserted; but there were also some in which he had no concern whatever. He was at first very angry, as he had good reason to be. But, upon consideration of his poor friend's narrow circumstances, and that he had only a little

and meant no harm, he soon relented, and continued his kindness to him as formerly. (1)

In the course of his self-examination with retrospect to this year, he seems to have been much dejected; for he says, 1st January, 1774. "This year has passed with so little improvement, that I doubt whether I have not rather impaired than increased my learning." And yet we have seen how he *read*, and we know how he *talked* during that period.

LETTER 175. TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"Jan. 11. 1774.

"MADAM,—Having committed one fault by inadvertency, I will not commit another by sullenness. When I had the honour of your card, I could not comply with your invitation, and must now suffer the shame of confessing that the necessity of an answer did not come into my mind.

"This omission, Madam, you may easily excuse, as the consciousness of your own character must secure you from suspecting that the favour of your notice can ever miss a suitable return, but from ignorance or thoughtlessness; and to be ignorant of your eminence is not easy, but to him who lives out of the reach of the public voice.—I am, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

(1) "When Davies printed the Fugitive Pieces without his knowledge or consent; 'How,' said I, 'would Pope have raved, had he been served so?' 'We should never,' replied Johnson, 'have heard the last on't, to be sure; but then Pope was a narrow man. I will, however,' added he, 'storm and bluster *myself* a little this time;'— so went to London in all the wrath he could muster up. At his return, I asked how the affair ended:—'Why,' said he, 'I was a fierce fellow, and pretended to be very angry, and Thomas was a good-natured fellow, and pretended to be very sorry; so *there* the matter ended. I believe the dog loves me dearly. Mr. Thrale (turning round to my husband), what shall you and I do that is good for Tom Davies? We will do something for him to be sure.'"—PIOZZI.

CHAPTER VI.

1774.

Letters to Boswell, &c. — Religious Festivals and Pilgrimages. — Death of Goldsmith. — Greek Epitaph. — Diary of a Tour into Wales. — Chatsworth. — Dovedale. — Kedleston. — Derby. — Combermere. — Hawkestone. — Chester. — St. Asaph. — Denbigh. — Holywell. — Rhudlan Castle. — Penmaen-Mawr. — Bangor. — Caernarvon. — Bodville. — Conway Castle. — Ombersley. — Hagley. — The Leasowes. — Blenheim. — Beaconsfield.

He was now seriously engaged in writing an account of our travels in the Hebrides, in consequence of which I had the pleasure of a more frequent correspondence with him.

Letter 176. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Jan. 29. 1774.

"Dear Sir, — My operations have been hindered by a cough; at least I flatter myself, that if my cough had not come, I should have been further advanced. But I have had no intelligence from Dr. Webster, nor from the excise-office, nor from you. No account of the little borough. (1) Nothing of the Erse language.

(1) The ancient burgh of Prestick, in Ayrshire.

I have yet heard nothing of my box. You must make haste and gather me all you can; and do it quickly, or I will and shall do without it.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and tell her I do not love her the less for wishing me away. I gave her trouble enough, and shall be glad, in recompense, to give her any pleasure.

"I would send some porter into the Hebrides, if I knew which way it could be got to my kind friends there. Inquire, and let me know.

"Make my compliments to all the doctors of Edinburgh, and to all my friends, from one end of Scotland to the other.

"Write to me, and send me what intelligence you can; and if any thing is too bulky for the post, let me have it by the carrier. I do not like trusting winds and waves.—I am, dear Sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 177. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Feb. 7. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—In a day or two after I had written the last discontented letter, I received my box, which was very welcome. But still I must entreat you to hasten Dr. Webster, and continue to pick up what you can that may be useful.

"Mr. Oglethorpe was with me this morning; you know his errand. He was not unwelcome.

"Tell Mrs. Boswell that my good intentions towards her still continue. I should be glad to do any thing that would either benefit or please her.

"Chambers is not yet gone; but so hurried, or so negligent, or so proud, that I rarely see him. I have indeed, for some weeks past, been very ill of a cold and cough, and have been at Mrs. Thrale's, that I might be taken care of. I am much better: *novæ redeunt in prælia vires;* but I am yet tender, and easily dis-

ordered. How happy it was that neither of us were ill in the Hebrides.

"The question of literary property (1) is this day before the Lords. Murphy drew up the appellants' case, that is, the plea against the perpetual right. I have not seen it, nor heard the decision. I would not have the right perpetual.

"I will write to you as any thing occurs, and do you send me something about my Scottish friends. I have very great kindness for them. Let me know likewise how fees come in, and when we are to see you.— I am, Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

He at this time wrote the following letters to Mr. Steevens, his able associate in editing Shakspeare:—

LETTER 178. TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

Hampstead.

"Feb. 7. 1774.

"SIR,—If I am asked when I have seen Mr. Steevens, you know what answer I must give; if I am asked when I shall see him, I wish you could tell me what to say. If you have 'Lesley's History of Scotland,' or any other book about Scotland, except Boetius and Buchanan, it will be a kindness if you send them to, Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

(1) The question was not decided till Feb. 22.—"In consequence of this decision, the English booksellers have now no other security for any literary purchase they may make, but the statute of the 8th of Queen Anne, which secures to the author's assigns an exclusive property for fourteen years, to revert again to the author, and vest in him for fourteen years more." Ann. Reg. 1774.—C.

LETTER 179. TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

"Feb. 21. 1774

"SIR, — We are thinking to augment our club, and I am desirous of nominating you, if you care to stand the ballot, and can attend on Friday nights at least twice in five weeks: less than this is too little, and rather more will be expected. Be pleased to let me know before Friday. — I am, Sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 180. TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

"March 5. 1774.

"SIR, — last night you became a member of the club; if you call on me on Friday, I will introduce you. A gentleman, proposed after you, was rejected. I thank you for Neander (1), but wish he were not so fine. I will take care of him. — I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 181. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"March 5. 1774.

"DEAR SIR, — Dr. Webster's informations were much less exact, and much less determinate than I expected: they are, indeed, much less positive than, if he can trust his own book (2) which he laid before me, he is able to give. But I believe it will always be found

(1) See the Catalogue of Mr. Steevens's Library, No. 265.: — "Neandri (Mich.) Opus aureum, Gr. et Lat. 2 tom. 4to. *corio turcico, foliis deauratis*. Lipsiæ, 1577." This was doubtless the book lent by Steevens to Johnson. — MALONE.

(2) A manuscript account drawn by Dr. Webster of all the parishes in Scotland, ascertaining their length, breadth, number of inhabitants, and distinguishing Protestants and Roman Catholics. This book had been transmitted to government, and Dr. Johnson saw a copy of it in Dr. Webster's possession.

that he who calls much for information will advance his work but slowly.

"I am, however, obliged to you, dear Sir, for your endeavours to help me; and hope, that between us something will some time be done, if not on this on some occasion.

"Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton (1), a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East.

"We have added to the club, Charles Fox (2) Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Steevens. (3)

"Return my thanks to Dr. Webster. Tell Dr. Robertson I have not much to reply to his censure of my negligence: and tell Dr. Blair, that since he has written hither (4) what I said to him, we must now consider ourselves as even, forgive one another, and begin again. I care not how soon; for he is a very pleasing man. Pay my compliments to all my friends, and remind Lord Elibank of his promise to give me all his works.

"I hope Mrs. Boswell and little Miss are well. — When shall I see them again? She is a sweet lady; only she was so glad to see me go, that I have almost a mind to come again, that she may again have the same pleasure.

(1) Daughter of Joseph Wilton, R. A., the sculptor. — C.

(2) Mr. Fox was brought in by Mr. Burke, and this meeting at the Club was the only link of acquaintance between Mr. Fox and Johnson. — Mackintosh.

(3) It is odd that he does not mention Mr. Gibbon, whose admission seems, by Mr. Hatchett's list [see *antè*, Vol. II. p. 326.], to have been contemporary with Steevens's. — C.

(4) This applies to one of Johnson's rude speeches, the mere repetition of which by Dr. Blair, Johnson, with more ingenuity than justice, chose to consider as equivalent to the original offence; but it turned out that Blair had *not* told the story. — C.

"Inquire if it be practicable to send a small present of a cask of porter to Dunvegan, Rasay, and Col. I would not wish to be thought forgetful of civilities.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

On the 5th of March I wrote to him, requesting his counsel whether I should this spring come to London. I stated to him on the one hand some pecuniary embarrassments, which, together with my wife's situation at that time, made me hesitate; and on the other, the pleasure and improvement which my annual visit to the metropolis always afforded me; and particularly mentioned a peculiar satisfaction which I experienced in celebrating the festival of Easter in St. Paul's cathedral; that, to my fancy, it appeared like going up to Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover; and that the strong devotion which I felt on that occasion diffused its influence on my mind through the rest of the year.

LETTER 182. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Not dated, but written about the 15th of March.

"DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed to think that since I received your letter I have passed so many days without answering it.

"I think there is no great difficulty in resolving your doubts. The reasons for which you are inclined to visit London are, I think, not of sufficient strength to answer the objections. That you should delight to come once a year to the fountain of intelligence and pleasure is very natural; but both information and pleasure must be regulated by propriety. Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must

always end in pain; and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

"What improvement you might gain by coming to London, you may easily supply or easily compensate, by enjoining yourself some particular study at home, or opening some new avenue to information. Edinburgh is not yet exhausted; and I am sure you will find no pleasure here which can deserve either that you should anticipate any part of your future fortune, or that you should condemn yourself and your lady to penurious frugality for the rest of the year.

"I need not tell you what regard you owe to Mrs. Boswell's entreaties; or how much you ought to study the happiness of her who studies yours with so much diligence, and of whose kindness you enjoy such good effects. Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions. She permitted you to ramble last year, you must permit her now to keep you at home.

"Your last reason is so serious, that I am unwilling to oppose it. Yet you must remember, that your image of worshipping once a year in a certain place, in imitation of the Jews, is but a comparison; and *simile non est idem;* if the annual resort to Jerusalem was a duty to the Jews, it was a duty because it was commanded; and you have no such command, therefore no such duty. It may be dangerous to receive too readily, and indulge too fondly, opinions, from which, perhaps, no pious mind is wholly disengaged, of local sanctity and local devotion. You know what strange effects (1) they have produced over a great part of the Christian world. I am now writing, and you, when you read this, are reading under the Eye of Omnipresence.

"To what degree fancy is to be admitted into religious offices, it would require much deliberation to determine.

(1) Alluding probably to the Crusades. — C.

I am far from intending totally to exclude it. Fancy is a faculty bestowed by our Creator, and it is reasonable that all his gifts should be used to his glory, that all our faculties should co-operate in his worship; but they are to co-operate according to the will of him that gave them, according to the order which his wisdom has established. As ceremonies prudential or convenient are less obligatory than positive ordinances, as bodily worship is only the token to others or ourselves of mental adoration, so fancy is always to act in subordination to reason. We may take fancy for a companion, but must follow reason as our guide. We may allow fancy to suggest certain ideas in certain places; but reason must always be heard, when she tells us, that those ideas and those places have no natural or necessary relation. When we enter a church we habitually recall to mind the duty of adoration, but we must not omit adoration for want of a temple: because we know, and ought to remember, that the Universal Lord is every where present; and that, therefore, to come to Iona, or to Jerusalem, though it may be useful, cannot be necessary.

"Thus I have answered your letter, and have not answered it negligently. I love you too well to be careless when you are serious.

"I think I shall be very diligent next week about our travels, which I have too long neglected.—I am, dear Sir, your most, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON.

"Compliments to madam and miss."

LETTER 183. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"May 10. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—The lady who delivers this has a law-suit, in which she desires to make use of your skill and eloquence, and she seems to think that she shall have something more of both for a recommendation from me; which, though I know how little you want any external

incitement to your duty, I could not refuse her, because I know that at least it will not hurt her, to tell you that I wish her well.—I am, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 184. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, May 12. 1774.

"Lord Hailes has begged of me to offer you his best respects, and to transmit to you specimens of 'Annals of Scotland, from the Accession of Malcolm Kenmore to the death of James V.,' in drawing up which his lordship has been engaged for some time. His lordship writes to me thus:—'If I could procure Dr. Johnson's criticisms, they would be of great use to me in the prosecution of my work, as they would be judicious and true. I have no right to ask that favour of him. If you could, it would highly oblige me.'

"Dr. Blair requests you may be assured that he did not write to London what you said to him, and that neither by word nor letter has he made the least complaint of you; but on the contrary has a high respect for you, and loves you much more since he saw you in Scotland. It would both divert and please you to see his eagerness about this matter."

LETTER 185. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Streatham, June 12. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I put the first sheets of the 'Journey to the Hebrides' to the press. I have endeavoured to do you some justice in the first paragraph. It will be one volume in octavo, not thick.

"It will be proper to make some presents in Scotland. You shall tell me to whom I shall give; and I have stipulated twenty-five for you to give in your own name. Some will take the present better from me, others better

from you. In this, you who are to live in the place ought to direct. Consider it. Whatever you can get for my purpose send me; and make my compliments to your lady and both the young ones.—I am, Sir, your, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 186. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, June 24. 1774.

"You do not acknowledge the receipt of the various packets which I have sent to you. Neither can I prevail with you to *answer* my letters, though you honour me with *returns*. You have said nothing to me about poor Goldsmith (1), nothing about Langton.

"I have received for you, from the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, the following Erse books:—'The New Testament,' 'Baxter's Call,' 'The Confession of Faith of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster,' 'The Mother's Catechism,' 'A Gaelic and English Vocabulary.'" (2)

LETTER 187. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"July 4. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—I wish you could have looked over my book before the printer, but it could not easily be. I suspect some mistakes; but as I deal, perhaps, more in notions than in facts, the matter is not great; and the second edition will be mended, if any such there be. The press will go on slowly for a time, because I am going into Wales to-morrow.

"I should be very sorry if I appeared to treat such a character as Lord Hailes otherwise than with

(1) Dr. Goldsmith died April 4. this year.

(2) These books Dr. Johnson presented to the Bodleian Library.

high respect. I return the sheets (1), to which I have done what mischief I could; and finding it so little, thought not much of sending them. The narrative is clear, lively, and short.

"I have done worse to Lord Hailes than by neglecting his sheets: I have run him in debt. Dr. Horne, the president of Magdalen College in Oxford, wrote to me about three months ago, that he purposed to reprint Walton's Lives, and desired me to contribute to the work: my answer was, that Lord Hailes intended the the same publication; and Dr. Horne has resigned it to him. His lordship must now think seriously about it.

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?

"You may, if you please, put the inscription thus:—

"'*Maria Scotorum Regina nata* 15—, *a suis in exilium acta* 15—, *ab hospitâ neci data* 15—.' You must find the years.

"Of your second daughter you certainly gave the account yourself, though you have forgotten it. While Mrs. Boswell is well, never doubt of a boy. Mrs. Thrale brought, I think, five girls running, but while I was with you she had a boy.

"I am obliged to you for all your pamphlets, and of the last I hope to make some use. I made some of the former.—I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"My compliments to all the three ladies."

(1) On the cover enclosing them Dr. Johnson wrote, "If my delay has given any reason for supposing that I have not a very deep sense of the honour done me by asking my judgment, I am very sorry."

LETTER 188. TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

At Langton.

"July 5. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—You have reason to reproach me that I have left your last letter so long unanswered, but I had nothing particular to say. Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man.

"I have just begun to print my Journey to the Hebrides, and am leaving the press to take another journey into Wales, whither Mr. Thrale is going, to take possession of, at least, five hundred a year, fallen to his lady. All at Streatham, that are alive, are well.

"I have never recovered from the last dreadful illness (1), but flatter myself that I grow gradually better; much, however, yet remains to mend. Κύριε ἐλέησον. (2)

"If you have the Latin version of 'Busy, curious, thirsty fly,' be so kind as to transcribe and send it; but you need not be in haste, for I shall be I know not where, for at least five weeks. I wrote the following tetrastick on poor Goldsmith:—

> "Τὸν τάφον εἰσοράας τον 'Ολιβαροιο' κονίην
> "Αφροσι μὴ σεμνην, Ξεῖνε, πόδεσσι πάτει.
> 'Οῖσι μέμηλε φύσις, μέτρων χαρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν,
> Κλαίετε ποιητην, ἱστόρικον, φυσικόν.

(1) Although his Letters and his Prayers and Meditations speak of his *late* illness as merely "a cold and cough," it would seem by this use of the word "*dreadful*," that it had, at some time, taken a more serious character. We have no trace of any illness since that of 1766, which could be called *dreadful*. — C.

(2) *Lord have mercy upon us.*" Litany. — C.

"Please to make my most respectful compliments to all the ladies, and remember me to young George and his sisters. I reckon George begins to show a pair of heels. Do not be sullen now, but let me find a letter when I come back.—I am, dear Sir, your affectionate, humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 189. TO MR. ROBERT LEVETT.

"Lleweney, in Denbighshire, Aug. 16. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Thrale's affairs have kept him here a great while, nor do I know exactly when we shall come hence. I have sent you a bill upon Mr. Strahan. —I have made nothing of the ipecacuanha, but have taken abundance of pills, and hope that they have done me good.

"Wales, so far as I have yet seen of it, is a very beautiful and rich country, all enclosed and planted. Denbigh is not a mean town. Make my compliments to all my friends, and tell Frank I hope he remembers my advice. When his money is out let him have more. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 190. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Aug. 30. 1774.

"You have given me an inscription for a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, in which you, in a short and striking manner, point out her hard fate. But you will be pleased to keep in mind, that my picture is a representation of a particular scene in her history; her being forced to resign her crown, while she was imprisoned in the castle of Lochlevin. I must, therefore beg that you will be kind enough to give me an inscription suited to that particular scene; or determine which of the two formerly transmitted to you is the best; and

at any rate, favour me with an English translation. It will be doubly kind if you comply with my request speedily.

"Your critical notes on the specimen of Lord Hailes's 'Annals of Scotland' are excellent. I agreed with you on every one of them. He himself objected only to the alteration of *free* to *brave*, in the passage where he says that Edward 'departed with the glory due to the conqueror of a free people.' He says, to call the Scots brave would only add to the glory of their conqueror. You will make allowance for the national zeal of our annalist. I now send a few more leaves of the Annals, which I hope you will peruse, and return with observations, as you did upon the former occasion. Lord Hailes writes to me thus: 'Mr. Boswell will be pleased to express the grateful sense which Sir David Dalrymple has of Dr. Johnson's attention to his little specimen. The further specimen will show that

'Even in an *Edward* he can see desert.'

"It gives me much pleasure to hear that a republication of Isaac Walton's Lives is intended. You have been in a mistake in thinking that Lord Hailes had it in view. I remember one morning, while he sat with you in my house, he said, that there should be a new edition of Walton's Lives; and you said that 'they should be benoted a little.' This was all that passed on that subject. You must, therefore, inform Dr. Horne, that he may resume his plan. I enclose a note concerning it; and if Dr. Horne will write to me, all the attention that I can give shall be cheerfully bestowed upon what I think a pious work, the preservation and elucidation of Walton, by whose writings I have been most pleasingly edified." . . .

LETTER 191. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Sept. 16. 1774.

"Wales has probably detained you longer than I supposed. You will have become quite a mountaineer, by visiting Scotland one year and Wales another. You must next go to Switzerland. Cambria will complain, if you do not honour her also with some remarks. And I find *concessere columnæ*, the booksellers expect another book. I am impatient to see your 'Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides.' Might you not send me a copy by the post as soon as it is printed off?" . . .

LETTER 192. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Oct. 1, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I returned from my Welsh journey. I was sorry to leave my book suspended so long; but having an opportunity of seeing, with so much convenience, a new part of the island, I could not reject it. I have been in five of the six counties of North Wales; and have seen St. Asaph and Bangor, the two seats of their bishops; have been upon Penmanmaur and Snowdon, and passed over into Anglesea. But Wales is so little different from England, that it offers nothing to the speculation of the traveller.

"When I came home, I found several of your papers, with some pages of Lord Hailes's Annals, which I will consider. I am in haste to give you some account of myself, lest you should suspect me of negligence in the pressing business which I find recommended to my care, and which I knew nothing of till now, when all care is vain. (1)

"In the distribution of my books I purpose to follow your advice, adding such as shall occur to me. I am

(1) I had written to him, to request his interposition in behalf of a convict, who I thought was very unjustly condemned.

not pleased with your notes of remembrance added to your names, for I hope I shall not easily forget them.

"I have received four Erse books, without any direction, and suspect that they are intended for the Oxford library. If that is the intention, I think it will be proper to add the metrical psalms, and whatever else is printed in Erse, that the present may be complete. The donor's name should be told.

"I wish you could have read the book before it was printed, but our distance does not easily permit it. I am sorry Lord Hailes does not intend to publish Walton; I am afraid it will not be done so well, if it be done at all. I purpose now to drive the book forward. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and let me hear often from you. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

This tour to Wales, which was made in company with Mr. Mrs. [and Miss] Thrale, though it no doubt contributed to his health and amusement, did not give an occasion to such a discursive exercise of his mind as our tour to the Hebrides. I do not find that he kept any journal or notes of what he saw there. All that I heard him say of it was, that "instead of bleak and barren mountains, there were green and fertile ones; and that one of the castles in Wales would contain all the castles that he had seen in Scotland." *.*

. [Dr. Johnson's Diary of his Welsh Tour was preserved by Barber, and was first published by Mr. Duppa in 1816. It is now reprinted, with some of the notes of Mr. Duppa, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mr. Croker; but a collation of the original MS., kindly entrusted to Mr. Murray by its present proprietor, the Rev. Archdeacon Butler, of Shrewsbury, has supplied many corrections, and some omissions, in the text. 1835.]

DIARY. — 1774.

Tuesday, July 5. — We left Streatham 11 A. M. — Price of four horses two shillings a mile. — Barnet 1. 40′. P. M. — On the road I read Tully's Epistles — At night at Dunstable.

Wednesday, July 6. — To Lichfield, eighty-three miles. To the Swan.

Thursday, July 7. — To Mrs. Porter's — To the cathedral. To Mrs. Aston's. To Mr. Green's. (1) Mr. Green's museum was much admired, and Mr Newton's china.

Friday, July 8. — To Mr. Newton's — To Mrs. Cobb's — Dr. Darwin's (2) — I went again to Mrs. Aston's. She was sorry to part.

Saturday, July 9 — Breakfasted at Mr. Garrick's (3) — Visited Miss Vyse — Miss Seward (4) — Went to Dr. Taylor's [at Ashbourn] — I read a little on the road in Tully's Epistles and Martial — Mart. 8th, 44, *lino* pro *limo*. (5)

Sunday, July 10. — Morning, at church. Company at dinner.

Monday, July 11. — At Ilam — At Oakover — I was less pleased with Ilam than when I saw it first, but my friends were much delighted.

Tuesday, July 12. — At Chatsworth — The water willow (6) — The cascade, shot out from many spouts — The fountains — The water tree — The smooth floors in the highest

(1) Mr Richard Green was an apothecary, and related to Dr Johnson. He had a considerable collection of antiquities, natural curiosities, and ingenious works of art — DUPPA

(2) Dr. Erasmus Darwin at this time he lived at Lichfield, where he had practised as a physician from the year 1756 Miss Seward says, that Johnson and Darwin had only one or two interviews Mutual and strong dislike subsisted between them Dr Darwin died April 18 1802, in his sixty-ninth year — D

(3) Peter Garrick, the elder brother of David I think he was an attorney, but he seemed to lead an independent life, and talked all about fishing — PIOZZI

(4) Dr. Johnson would not suffer me to speak to Miss Seward — P — So early was the coolness between them. — CROKER.

(5) In the edition of Martial, which he was reading, the last word of the line

" Defluat, et lento splendescat turbida *limo*,"

was, no doubt, misprinted *lino*. — C.

(6) There was a water-work at Chatworth with a concealed spring, which, upon touching, spouted out streams from every bough of a willow tree. — P.

rooms (1) — Atlas fifteen hands inch and half (2) — River running through the park — The porticoes on the sides support two galleries for the first floor — My friends were not struck with the house — It fell below my ideas of the furniture — The staircase is in the corner of the house — The hall in the corner the grandest room, though only a room of passage — On the ground-floor, only the chapel and breakfast-room, and a small library; the rest, servants' rooms and offices — A bad inn.

Wednesday, July 13. — At Matlock.

Thursday, July 14. — At dinner at Oakover; too deaf to hear, or much converse — Mrs. Gell — The chapel at Oakover — The wood of the pews grossly painted — I could not read the epitaph — Would learn the old hands.

Friday, July 15. — At Ashbourn — Mrs. Dyott and her daughters came in the morning — Mr. Dyott dined with us — We visited Mr. Flint.

> "Τὸ πρῶτον Μῶρος, τὸ δ' δεύτερον εἷλεν Ἐρασμὸς,
> Τὸ τρίτον ἐκ Μουσῶν στέμμα Μίκυλλος ἔχει" (3)

Saturday, July 16. — At Dovedale, with Mr. Langley (4) and Mr. Flint. It is a place that deserves a visit; but did not answer my expectation. The river is small, the rocks are grand. Reynard's Hall is a cave very high in the rock; it goes backward several yards, perhaps eight. To the left is a small opening, through which I crept, and found another cavern, perhaps four yards square; at the back was a breach yet smaller, which I could not easily have entered, and, wanting light, did not inspect. I was in a cave yet higher, called Reynard's Kitchen. There is a rock called the Church, in which I saw no resemblance that could justify the name. Dovedale is about two miles long. We walked towards the head of the Dove, which is said to rise about five miles above two caves called the Dog-holes, at the foot of Dovedale. In one place, where the rocks approached, I propose to build an arch from rock to rock over the stream, with a summer-house upon it. The water mur-

(1) Old oak floors polished by rubbing. Johnson, I suppose, wondered that they should take such pains with the garrets. — P.

(2) This was a race-horse, which was very handsome and very gentle, and attracted so much of Dr. Johnson's attention, that he said, "Of all the Duke's possessions, I like Atlas best." — D.

(3) "More bore away the first crown of the Muses, Erasmus the second, and Micyllus has the third." Micyllus's real name was *Moltzer*; see his article in *Bayle*. His best work was "*De re Metrica*." — C.

(4) The Rev. Mr. Langley was master of the grammar-school at Ashbourne. — C.

mured pleasantly among the stones. — I thought that the heat and exercise mended my hearing. I bore the fatigue of the walk, which was very laborious, without inconvenience. — There were with us Gilpin (1) and Parker. (2) Having heard of this place before, I had formed some imperfect idea, to which it did not answer. Brown (3) says he was disappointed. I certainly expected a larger river where I found only a clear quick brook. I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water. He that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands. — In the afternoon we visited old Mrs. Dale.

July 17. — Sunday morning, at church — Καθ'[αρσις] — Afternoon at Mr. Dyott's.

Monday, July 18. — Dined at Mr. Gell's. (4)

Tuesday, July 19. — We went to Kedleston to see Lord Scardale's new house, which is very costly, but ill contrived — The hall is very stately, lighted by three skylights; it has two rows of marble pillars, dug, as I hear, from Langley, in a quarry of Northamptonshire; the pillars are very large and massy, and take up too much room: they were better away. Behind the hall is a circular saloon, useless, and therefore ill contrived — The corridors that join the wings to the body are mere passages through segments of circles — The state bedchamber was very richly furnished — The dining parlour was more splendid with gilt plate than any that I have seen — There were many pictures — The grandeur was all below — The bedchambers were small, low, dark, and fitter for a prison than a house of splendour — The kitchen has an opening into the gallery, by which its heat and its fumes are dispersed over the house — There seemed in the whole more cost than judgment. — We went then to the silk mill at Derby, where I remarked a particular manner of propagating motion from a horizontal to a vertical wheel — We were desired to leave the men only two shillings — Mr. Thrale's bill at the inn for dinner was eighteen

(1) Mr. Gilpin was an accomplished youth, at this time an under-graduate at Oxford. His father was an old silversmith near Lincoln's Inn Fields. — P.

(2) John Parker, of Brownsholme, in Lancashire, Esq. — D.

(3) Mrs. Piozzi "rather thought" that this was *Capability Brown*, whose opinion on a point of landscape, probably gathered from Gilpin or Parker, Johnson thought worth recording. — C.

(4) Mr. Gell, of Hopton Hall, the father of Sir William Gell, well known for his Topography of Troy. — D.

shillings and tenpence. —At night I went to Mr. Langley's, Mrs. Wood's, Captain Astle, &c.

Wednesday, July 20. —We left Ashbourn (1) and went to Buxton — Thence to Pool's Hole, which is narrow at first, but then rises into a high arch; but is so obstructed with crags, that it is difficult to walk in it — There are two ways to the end, which is, they say, six hundred and fifty yards from the mouth — They take passengers up the higher way, and bring them back the lower — The higher way was so difficult and dangerous, that, having tried it, I desisted — I found no level part. — At night we came to Macclesfield, a very large town in Cheshire, little known — It has a silk mill: it has a handsome church, which, however, is but a chapel, for the town belongs to some parish of another name [Prestbury], as Stourbridge lately did to Old Swinford — Macclesfield has a town-hall, and is, I suppose, a corporate town.

Thursday, July 21. —We came to Congleton, where there is likewise a silk mill — Then to Middlewich, a mean old town, without any manufacture, but, I think, a corporation — Thence we proceeded to Namptwich, an old town: from the inn, I saw scarcely any but black timber houses — I tasted the brine water, which contains much more salt than the sea water — By slow evaporation, they make large crystals of salt; by quick boiling, small granulations — It seemed to have no other preparation. At evening we came to Combermere (2), so called from a wide lake.

Friday, July 22. —We went upon the mere — I pulled a bulrush of about ten feet — I saw no convenient boats upon the mere.

Saturday, July 23. —We visited Lord Kilmorey's house (3) — It is large and convenient, with many rooms, none of which are magnificently spacious — The furniture was not splendid — The bed-curtains were guarded (4) — Lord Kilmorey (5) showed

(1) It would seem, that from the 9th to the 20th, the head-quarters of the party were at Ashbourn, whence they had made the several excursions noted — C.

(2) At this time the seat of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, now of Lord Combermere, his grandson, from which place he takes his title. It stands on the site of an old abbey of Benedictine monks. The lake, or mere, is about three quarters of a mile long, but of no great width. — D.

(3) Shavington Hall, in Shropshire. — D.

(4) Probably *guarded* from wear or accident by being covered with some inferior material. — C.

(5) Thomas Needham, eighth Viscount Kilmorey. — C.

the place with too much exultation — He has no park, and little water.

Sunday, July 24. — We went to a chapel, built by Sir Lynch Cotton for his tenants — It is consecrated, and therefore, I suppose, endowed — It is neat and plain — The communion plate is handsome — It has iron pales and gates of great elegance, brought from Lleweney, "for Robert has laid all open." (1)

Monday, July 25. — We saw Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, and were conducted by Miss Hill over a large tract of rocks and woods; a region abounding with striking scenes and terrific grandeur. We were always on the brink of a precipice, or at the foot of lofty rock; but the steeps were seldom naked: in many places, oaks of uncommon magnitude shot up from the crannies of stone; and where there were not tall trees, there were underwoods and bushes. Round the rocks is a narrow patch cut upon the stone, which is very frequently hewn into steps; but art has proceeded no further than to make the succession of wonders safely accessible. The whole circuit is somewhat laborious; it is terminated by a grotto cut in a rock to a great extent, with many windings, and supported by pillars, not hewn into regularity, but such as imitate the sports of nature, by asperities and protuberances. The place is without any dampness, and would afford an habitation not uncomfortable. There were from space to space seats in the rock. Though it wants water, it excels Dovedale by the extent of its prospects, the awfulness of its shades, the horrors of its precipices, the verdure of its hollows, and the loftiness of its rocks: the ideas which it forces upon the mind are the sublime, the dreadful, and the vast. Above is inaccessible altitude, below is horrible profundity; but it excels the garden of Ilam only in extent. Ilam has [illegible]r, tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think that he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the valleys, he is composed and soothed. He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horror, of solitude; a kind of turbulent

(1) Robert was the eldest son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, and lived at Lleweney at this time. — D. — All the seats in England were, a hundred years ago, enclosed with walls, through which there were generally "iron pales and gates." Mr. Cotton had, no doubt, "laid all open" by prostrating the walls; and the pales and gates had thus become useless. — C.

pleasure, between fright and admiration. Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue, and might properly diffuse its shades over nymphs and swains. Hawkestone can have no fitter inhabitants than giants of mighty bone and bold emprise (1); men of lawless courage and heroic violence. Hawkestone should be described by Milton, and Ilam by Parnel. — Miss Hill showed the whole succession of wonders with great civility. The house was magnificent compared with the rank of the owner.

Tuesday, July 26. — We left Combermere, where we have been treated with great civility — Sir L. is gross, the lady weak and ignorant. The house is spacious, but not magnificent; built at different times, with different materials; part is of timber, part of stone or brick, plastered and painted to look like timber. It is the best house that ever I saw of that kind. The mere, or lake, is large, with a small island, on which there is a summer-house, shaded with great trees; some were hollow, and have seats in their trunks. — In the afternoon we came to West-Chester: (my father went to the fair, when I had the small-pox). We walked round the walls, which are complete, and contain one mile three quarters, and one hundred and one yards; within them are many gardens: they are very high, and two may walk very commodiously side by side — On the inside is a rail — There are towers from space to space, not very frequent, and I think not all complete.

Wednesday, July 27. — We staid at Chester and saw the cathedral, which is not of the first rank — The castle. In one of the rooms the assizes are held, and the refectory of the old abbey, of which part is a grammar-school — The master seemed glad to see me — The cloister is very solemn; over it are chambers in which the singing men live — In one part of the street was a subterranean arch, very strongly built; in another, what they called, I believe rightly, a Roman hypocaust (2) — Chester has many curiosities.

Thursday, July 28. — We entered Wales, dined at Mould, and came to Lleweney.

(1) Paradise Lost, book xi. v. 642. — D.

(2) The hypocaust is of a triangular figure, supported by thirty-two pillars. Here is also an antechamber, exactly of the same extent with the hypocaust, with an opening in the middle into it. This is sunk nearly two feet below the level of the former, and is of the same rectangular figure; so that both together are an exact square. This was the room allotted for the slaves who attended to heat the place; the other was the receptacle of the fuel designed to heat the room above, the *concamerata sudatio*, or sweating chamber; where people were seated, either in niches, or on benches, placed one above the other, during the time of the operation. — P.

Friday, July 29. — We were at Lleweney — In the lawn at Lleweney is a spring of fine water, which rises above the surface into a stone basin, from which it runs to waste, in a continual stream, through a pipe — There are very large trees — The hall at Lleweney is forty feet long, and twenty-eight broad — The dining-parlours thirty-six feet long, and twenty-six broad — It is partly sashed, and partly has casements.

Saturday, July 30. — We went to Bàch y Graig (1), where we found an old house, built 1567, in an uncommon and incommodious form — My mistress chattered about tiring, but I prevailed on her to go to the top — The floors have been stolen: the windows are stopped — The house was less than I seemed to expect — The river Clwyd is a brook with a bridge of one arch, about one third of a mile (2) — The woods have many trees, generally young; but some which seem to decay — They have been lopped — The house never had a garden — The addition of another story would make an useful house, but it cannot be great — Some buildings which Clough, the founder intended for warehouses, would make store-chambers and ser vants' rooms — The ground seems to be good — I wish it well.

Sunday, July 31. — We went to church at St. Asaph — The cathedral, though not large, has something of dignity and grandeur — The cross aisle is very short — It has scarcely any monuments — The quire has, I think, thirty-two stalls of antique workmanship — On the backs were Canonicus, Prebend, Cancellarius, Thesaurarius, Præcentor — The constitution I do not know, but it has all the usual titles and dignities — The service was sung only in the Psalms and Hymns — The bishop [Dr. Shipley] was very civil — We went to his palace, which is but mean — They have a library, and design a room — There lived Lloyd and Dodwell. (3)

Monday, August 1. — We visited Denbigh, and the remains of its castle — The town consists of one main street, and some

(1) This was the mansion-house of the estate which had fallen to Mrs. Thrale, and was the cause of this visit to Wales. Incredible as it may appear, it is certain that this lady imported from Italy a nephew of Piozzi's, and, making him assume her maiden name of *Salusbury*, bequeathed to this foreigner (if she did not give it in her life-time) this ancient patrimonial estate, to the exclusion of her own children. — C.

(2) That is, one third of a mile from the house. — C.

(3) Lloyd was raised to the see of St. Asaph in 1680. He was one of the seven bishops. He died Bishop of Worcester, Aug. 30. 1717. — Dodwell was a man of extensive learning, and an intimate friend of Lloyd. — D.

that cross it, which I have not seen — The chief street ascends with a quick rise for a great length: the houses are built some with rough stone, some with brick, and a few are of timber — The castle, with its whole enclosure, has been a prodigious pile; it is now so ruined that the form of the inhabited part cannot easily be traced — There are, as in all old buildings, said to be extensive vaults, which the ruins of the upper works cover and conceal, but into which boys sometimes find a way — To clear all passages, and trace the whole of what remains, would require much labour and expense — We saw a church, which was once the chapel of the castle, but is used by the town: it is dedicated to St. Hilary, and has an income of about ———. At a small distance is the ruin of a church said to have been begun by the great Earl of Leicester, and left unfinished at his death — One side, and I think the east end, are yet standing — There was a stone in the wall over the doorway, which, it was said, would fall and crush the best scholar in the diocese — One Price would not pass under it. They have taken it down — We then saw the chapel of Lleweney, founded by one of the Salusburies: it is very complete: the monumental stones lie in the ground — A chimney has been added to it, but it is otherwise not much injured, and might be easily repaired. — We went to the parish church of Denbigh, which, being near a mile from the town, is only used when the parish officers are chosen — In the chapel, on Sundays, the service is read thrice, the second time only in English, the first and third in Welsh — The bishop came to survey the castle, and visited likewise St. Hilary's chapel, which is that which the town uses — The hay-barn, built with brick pillars from space to space, and covered with a roof — A more elegant and lofty hovel — The rivers here are mere torrents which are suddenly swelled by the rain to great breadth and great violence, but have very little constant stream; such are the Clwyd and the Elwy — There are yet no mountains — The ground is beautifully embellished with woods, and diversified by inequalities — In the parish church of Denbigh is a bas-relief of Lloyd the antiquary, who was before Camden — He is kneeling at his prayers. (1)

Tuesday, Aug. 2. — We rode to a summer-house of Mr. Cotton, which has a very extensive prospect; it is meanly built, and unskilfully disposed — We went to Dymerchion church, where the old clerk acknowledged his mistress — It is

(1) Humphry Llwyd was a native of Denbigh, practised there as a physician, and also represented the town in parliament. He died 1568. — D.

the parish church of Bâch y Graig; a mean fabric; Mr. Salusbury was buried in it: Bâch y Graig has fourteen seats in it. As we rode by, I looked at the house again — We saw Llannerch, a house not mean, with a small park very well watered — There was an avenue of oaks, which, in a foolish compliance with the present mode, has been cut down — A few are yet standing: the owner's name is Davies — The way lay through pleasant lanes, and overlooked a region beautifully diversified with trees and grass. At Dymerchion church there is English service only once a month — this is about twenty miles from the English border — The old clerk had great appearance of joy at the sight of his mistress, and foolishly said. that he was now willing to die — He had only a crown given him by my mistress — At Dymerchion church the texts on the walls are in Welsh.

Wednesday, Aug. 3. — We went in the coach to Holywell — Talk with mistress about flattery (1) — Holywell is a market town, neither very small nor mean — The spring called Winifred's Well is very clear, and so copious, that it yields one hundred tuns of water in a minute — It is all at once a very great stream, which, within perhaps thirty yards of its irruption, turns a mill, and in a course of two miles, eighteen mills more — In descent, it is very quick — It then falls into the sea — The well is covered by a lofty circular arch, supported by pillars; and over this arch is an old chapel, now a school — The chancel is separated by a wall — The bath is completely and indecently open — A woman bathed while we all looked on — In the church, which makes a good appearance, and is surrounded by galleries to receive a numerous congregation, we were present while a child was christened in Welsh — We went down by the stream to see a prospect, in which I had no part — We then saw a brass work, where the lapis calaminaris is gathered, broken, washed from the earth and the lead, though how the lead was separated I did not see; then calcined, afterwards ground fine, and then mixed by fire with copper — We saw several strong fires with melting pots, but the construction of the fireplaces I did not learn — At a copper-work, which receives its pigs of copper, I think, from Warrington, we saw a plate of copper put hot between steel rollers; and

(1) "He said that I flattered the people to whose houses we went: I was saucy, and said I was obliged to be civil for *two* — meaning himself and me. He replied, nobody would thank me for compliments they did not understand. At Gwaynynog (Mr Myddleton's), however, *he* was flattered, and was happy of course." — P

spread thin: I know not whether the upper roller was set to a certain distance, as I suppose, or acted only by its weight — At an iron-work I saw round bars formed by a notched hammer and anvil — There I saw a bar of about half an inch or more square, cut with shears worked by water, and then beaten hot into a thinner bar — The hammers all worked, as they were, by water, acting upon small bodies, moved very quick, as quick as by the hand — I then saw wire drawn, and gave a shilling — I have enlarged my notions, though not being able to see the movements, and having not time to peep closely, I know less than I might — I was less weary, and had better breath, as I walked farther.

Thursday, Aug. 4. — Rhudlan Castle is still a very noble ruin; all the walls still remain, so that a complete platform, and elevations, not very imperfect, may be taken — It encloses a square of about thirty yards — The middle space was always open — The wall is, I believe, about thirty feet high, very thick, flanked with six round towers, each about eighteen feet, or less, in diameter — Only one tower had a chimney, so that there was commodity of living — It was only a place of strength — The garrison had, perhaps, tents in the area. — Stapylton's house is pretty (1); there are pleasing shades about it, with a constant spring that supplies a cold bath — We then went to see a cascade — I trudged unwillingly, and was not sorry to find it dry — The water was, however, turned on, and produced a very striking cataract — They are paid a hundred pounds a year for permission to divert the stream to the mines — The river, for such it may be termed, rises from a single spring, which, like that of Winifred's, is covered with a building. — We called then at another house belonging to Mr. Lloyd, which made a handsome appearance — This country seems full of very splendid houses — Mrs. Thrale lost her purse — She expressed so much uneasiness, that I concluded the sum to be very great; but when I heard of only seven guineas, I was glad to find that she had so much sensibility of money. — I could not drink this day either coffee or tea after dinner — I know not when I missed before.

Friday, Aug. 5. — Last night my sleep was remarkably quiet — I know not whether by fatigue in walking, or by forbearance of tea. I gave [up] the ipecacuanha — *Vin. emet.* had failed; so had *tartar emet.* I dined at Mr. Myddleton's,

(1) Bodryddan (pronounced, writes Mrs. Piozzi, *Potrothan*), formerly the residence of the Stapyltons, the parents of five co-heiresses, of whom Mrs. Cotton, afterwards Lady Salusbury Cotton, was one. — D.

of Gwaynynog—The house was a gentleman's house, below the second rate, perhaps below the third, built of stone roughly cut —The rooms were low, and the passage above stairs gloomy, but the furniture was good—The table was well supplied, except that the fruit was bad—It was truly the dinner of a country gentleman (1)—Two tables were filled with company, not inelegant—After dinner, the talk was of preserving the Welsh language—I offered them a scheme—Poor Evan Evans was mentioned as incorrigibly addicted to strong drink—Worthington was commended—Myddleton is the only man who, in Wales, has talked to me of literature—I wish he were truly zealous—I recommended the republication of David ap Rhees's Welsh Grammar—Two sheets of Hebrides came to me for correction to-day, F. G. (2)

Saturday, Aug. 6. — Καθ[αρσις] δρ[αστικη]. — I corrected the two sheets—My sleep last night was disturbed—Washing at Chester and here, 5*s.* 1*d.* —I did not read—I saw to-day more of the outhouses at Lleweney—It is, in the whole, a very spacious house.

Sunday, Aug. 7.—I was at church at Bodfari. There was a service used for a sick woman, not canonically, but such as I have heard, I think, formerly at Lichfield, taken out of the visitation. —Καθ. μετριως.—The church is mean, but has a square tower for the bells, rather too stately for the church.

Observations.—*Dixit injustus*, Ps. 36., has no relation to the English (3)—*Preserve us Lord* (4), has the name of Robert

(1) Mrs Piozzi, in one of her letters to Mr. Duppa on this passage, says, " Dr. Johnson loved a *fine* dinner, but would eat perhaps more heartily of a *coarse* one—boiled beef or veal pie, fish he seldom passed over, though he said that he only valued the sauce, and that *every* body eat the first as a vehicle for the second. When he poured *oyster sauce* over *plum pudding*, and the *melted butter* flowing from the toast into his *chocolate*, one might surely say that he was nothing less than delicate."—C.

(2) F. G. are the printer's signatures, by which it appears that at this time five sheets had already been printed.—D.

(3) Dr. Johnson meant, that the words of the *Latin* version, "*dixit injustus*," prefixed to the 36th Psalm (one of those appointed for the day), had no relation to the English version in the *Liturgy* : " My heart showeth me the wickedness of the ungodly." The *biblical* version, however, has some accordance with the Latin, " The transgression of the *wicked saith* within my heart ; " and Bishop Lowth renders it " The *wicked man*, according to the wickedness of his heart, *saith*." The *biblical* version of the Psalms was made by the translators of the whole Bible, under James I., from the original *Hebrew*, and is closer than the version used in the Liturgy, which was made in the reign of Henry VIII. from the *Greek*. —C.

(4) This alludes to " a Prayer by R. W." (evidently Robert Wisedom)

Wisedome, 1618. *Barker's Bible*—*Battologiam* ab *iteratione*, recte distinguit Erasmus. *Mod. Orandi Deum*, p. 56. 144. (1) — Southwell's Thoughts of his own death (2) — Baudius on Erasmus. (3)

Monday, Aug. 8. — The bishop and much company dined at Lleweney (4) — Talk of Greek, and of the army — The Duke of Marlborough's officers useless (5) — Read Phocylidis (6), distinguished the paragraphs — I looked in Leland: an unpleasant book of mere hints (7) — Lichfield school ten pounds, and five pounds from the hospital.

Wednesday, Aug. 10. — At Lloyd's, of Maesmynnan; a good house, and a very large walled garden — I read Windus's Ac-

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which Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, has found among the Hymns which follow the old version of the singing Psalms, at the end of Barker's Bible of 1639. It begins,

> "Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
> From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord!
> Which both would thrust out of his throne
> Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy deare son" — C.

(1) In allusion to our Saviour's censure of vain repetition in prayer (*battologia* — Matt. vi. 7.). Erasmus, in the passage cited, defends the words "*My God! my God!*" as an expression of justifiable earnestness. — C.

(2) This alludes to Southwell's stanzas "Upon the Image of Death," in his *Mæonia*, a collection of spiritual poems: —

> "Before my face the picture hangs,
> That daily should put me in mind
> Of those cold names and bitter pangs
> That shortly I am like to find;
> But, yet, alas! full little I
> Do think thereon that I must die," &c.

Robert Southwell was an English Jesuit, who was imprisoned, tortured, and finally, in Feb. 1598, tried in the King's Bench, convicted, and next day executed, for teaching the Roman Catholic tenets in England. — C.

(3) This work, which Johnson was now reading, was, most probably, a little book, entitled *Baudi Epistolæ*, as, in his "Life of Milton," he has made a quotation from it. — D.

(4) During our stay at this place, one day at dinner, I meant to please Mr. Johnson particularly with a dish of very young peas. "Are not they charming?" said I to him while he was eating them. "Perhaps they would be so — to a *pig*." — P.

(5) Dr. Shipley had been a chaplain with the Duke of Cumberland, and probably now entertained Dr. Johnson with some anecdotes collected from his military acquaintance, by which Johnson was led to conclude that the "Duke of Marlborough's officers were useless;" that is, that the duke saw and did every thing *himself*; a fact which, it is presumed, may be told of all great captains. — C.

(6) The title of the poem is Ποίημα νουθετικόν. — D.

(7) Leland's Itinerary, published by Hearne. 1710. — D.

count of his Journey to Mequinez, and of Stewart's Embassy (1) — I had read in the morning Wasse's Greek Trochaics to Bentley: they appeared inelegant, and made with difficulty — The Latin elegy contains only common-place, hastily expressed, so far as I have read, for it is long — They seem to be the verses of a scholar, who has no practice of writing — The Greek I did not always fully understand — I am in doubt about the sixth and last paragraphs; perhaps they are not printed right, for εὔτοκον perhaps εὔστοχον. q? — The following days [11th, 12th, and 13th], I read here and there — The *Bibliotheca Literaria* was so little supplied with papers that could interest curiosity, that it could not hope for long continuance (2) — Wasse (3), the chief contributor, was an unpolished scholar, who, with much literature, had no art or elegance of diction, at least in English.

Sunday, Aug. 14. — At Bodfari I heard the second lesson read, and the sermon preached in Welsh. The text was pronounced both in Welsh and English — The sound of the Welsh, in a continued discourse, is not unpleasant — Βρῶσις ὀλίγη — καθ. α. φ. (4) — The letter of Chrysostom, against transubstantiation — Erasmus to the Nuns, full of mystic notions and allegories.

Monday, Aug. 15. — Καθ. — Imbecillitas genuum non sine aliquantulo doloris inter ambulandum, quem a prandio magis sensi. (5)

Thursday, Aug. 18. — We left Lleweney, and went forwards on our journey — We came to Abergeley, a mean town, in which little but Welsh is spoken, and divine service is seldom performed in English — Our way then lay to the seaside, at the foot of a mountain, called Penmaen Rhôs — Here the way was so steep, that we walked on the lower edge of the hill, to meet the coach, that went upon a road higher on the hill — Our walk was not long, nor unpleasant: the longer I walk, the less I feel its inconvenience — As I grow warm, my breath mends, and I think my limbs grow pliable.

(1) " A Journey to Mequinez, the Residence of the present Emperor of Fez and Morocco, on the Occasion of Commodore Stewart's Embassy thither, for the Redemption of Captives, in 1721." — D.

(2) The *Bibliotheca Literaria* only extended to ten numbers. — D.

(3) [Joseph Wasse was born in 1672, and died Dec. 13. 1738. He published an edition of Sallust, and contributed some papers to the Philosophical Transactions.]

(4) *Sic*, probably for καθαρσις αφελης. — C.

(5) " A weakness of the knees, not without some pain in walking, which I feel increased after I have dined." — D.

We then came to Conway ferry, and passed in small boats, with some passengers from the stage coach, among whom were an Irish gentlewoman, with two maids, and three little children, of which, the youngest was only a few months old. The tide did not serve the large ferry-boat, and therefore our coach could not very soon follow us — We were, therefore, to stay at the inn. It is now the day of the race at Conway, and the town was so full of company, that no money could purchase lodgings. We were not very readily supplied with cold dinner. . We would have staid at Conway if we could have found entertainment, for we were afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr, over which lay our way to Bangor, but by bright daylight, and the delay of our coach made our departure necessarily late. There was, however, no stay on any other terms, than of sitting up all night. The poor Irish lady was still more distressed — Her children wanted rest — She would have been content with one bed, but, for a time, none could be had — Mrs. Thrale gave her what help she could — At last two gentlemen were persuaded to yield up their room, with two beds, for which she gave half a guinea.

Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and found a way, lately made, very easy, and very safe (1) — It was cut smooth, and enclosed between parallel walls; the outer of which secures the passenger from the precipice, which is deep and dreadful — This wall is here and there broken by mischievous wantonness — The inner wall preserves the road from the loose stones, which the shattered steep above it would pour down — That side of the mountain seems to have a surface of loose stones, which every accident may crumble — The old road was higher, and must have been very formidable — The sea beats at the bottom of the way.

At evening the moon shone eminently bright; and our thoughts of danger being now past, the rest of our journey was very pleasant. At an hour, somewhat late, we came to Bangor, where we found a very mean inn, and had some difficulty to obtain lodging — I lay in a room, where the other bed had two men.

Friday, Aug. 19. — We obtained boats to convey us to Anglesey, and saw Lord Bulkeley's house, and Beaumaris

(1) Penmaen Mawr is a huge rocky promontory, rising nearly 1550 feet perpendicular above the sea. Along a shelf of this precipice is formed an excellent road, well guarded, toward the sea, by a strong wall, supported in many parts by arches turned underneath it. Before this wall was built, travellers sometimes fell down the precipices. — D.

Castle. — I was accosted by Mr. Lloyd, the schoolmaster of Beaumaris, who had seen me at University College; and he, with Mr. Roberts, the register of Bangor, whose boat we borrowed, accompanied us. Lord Bulkeley's house (1) is very mean, but his garden is spacious and shady, with large trees and smaller interspersed — The walks are straight, and cross each other, with no variety of plan; but they have a pleasing coolness and solemn gloom, and extend to a great length. The castle is a mighty pile; the outward wall has fifteen round towers, besides square towers at the angles — There is then a void space between the wall and the castle, which has an area enclosed with a wall, which again has towers, larger than those of the outer wall — The towers of the inner castle are, I think, eight — There is likewise a chapel entire, built upon an arch, as I suppose, and beautifully arched with a stone roof, which is yet unbroken — The entrance into the chapel is about eight or nine feet high, and was, I suppose, higher, when there was no rubbish in the area — This castle corresponds with all the representations of romancing narratives. — Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower — We did not discover the well — This is the most complete view that I have yet had of an old castle — It had a moat — The towers — We went to Bangor.

Saturday, Aug. 20. — We went by water from Bangor to Caernarvon, where we met Paoli and Sir Thomas Wynne (2) — Meeting by chance with one Troughton (3), an intelligent and loquacious wanderer, Mr. Thrale invited him to dinner — He attended us to the castle, an edifice of stupendous magnitude and strength; it has in it all that we observed at Beaumaris, and much greater dimensions: many of the smaller rooms floored with stone are entire; of the larger rooms, the beams and planks are all left: this is the state of all buildings left to time — We mounted the eagle tower by one hundred

(1) Baron Hill is situated just above the town of Beaumaris, at the distance of three quarters of a mile, commanding so fine a view of the sea, and the coast of Caernarvon, that it has been sometimes compared to Mount Edgecombe, in Devonshire. — D.

(2) Sir Thomas Wynne, created Lord Newborough, 1776: died 1807. — D.

(3) Lieutenant Troughton I do recollect, loquacious and intelligent he was. He wore a uniform, and belonged, I think, to a man of war." — P. — He was made a lieutenant in 1762, and died in 178[illegible] in the rank: he was on half-pay, and did not belong to any ship when he met Dr. Johnson in 1774. It seems then that, even so late as this, half-pay officers wore their uniform in the ordinary course of life. — C.

and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches — We did not find the well; nor did I trace the moat; but moats there were, I believe, to all castles on the plain, which not only hindered access, but prevented mines — We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old buildings, the subterraneous works are concealed by the rubbish — To survey this place would take much time: I did not think there had been such buildings: it surpassed my ideas.

Sunday, Aug. 21. — [At Caernarvon]. — We were at church; the service in the town is always English; at the parish-church at a small distance, always Welsh — The town has by degrees, I suppose, been brought nearer to the sea-side — We received an invitation to Dr. Worthington — We then went to dinner at Sir Thomas Wynne's, — the dinner mean, Sir Thomas civil, his lady nothing(1) — Paoli civil — We supped with Colonel Wynne's lady, who lives in one of the towers of the castle — I have not been very well.

Monday, Aug. 22. — We went to visit Bodville (2), the place where Mrs. Thrale was born, and the churches called Tydweilliog and Llangwinodyl, which she holds by impropriation — We had an invitation to the house of Mr. Griffiths of Bryn o dol, where we found a small neat new-built house, with square rooms: the walls are of unhewn stone, and therefore thick; for the stones not fitting with exactness, are not strong without great thickness — He had planted a great deal of young wood in walks — Fruit trees do not thrive; but having grown a few years, reach some barren stratum and wither — We found Mr. Griffiths not at home; but the provisions were good.

Tuesday, Aug. 23. — Mr. Griffiths came home the next day — He married a lady who has a house and estate at [Llanver],

(1) Lady Catharine Perceval, daughter of the second Earl of Egmont: this was, it appears, the lady of whom Mrs. Piozzi relates, that "For a lady of quality, since dead, who received us at her husband's seat in Wales with less attention than he had long been accustomed to, he had a rougher denunciation: 'That woman,' cried Johnson, 'is like sour small beer, the beverage of her table, and produce of the wretched country she lives in: like that, she could never have been a good thing, and even that bad thing is spoiled.'" And it is probably of her too that another anecdote is told: — "We had been visiting at a lady's house, whom, as we returned, some of the company ridiculed for her ignorance: — 'She is not ignorant,' said he, 'I believe, of any thing she has been taught, or of any thing she is desirous to know; and I suppose if one wanted a little *run tea*, she might be a proper person enough to apply to.'" Mrs. Piozzi says, in her MS. letters, "that Lady Catharine comes off well in the *diary*. He *said* many severe things of her, which he did not commit to paper." She died in 1782. — C.

(2) Situated among the mountains of Caernarvonshire. — P.

over against Anglesea, and near Caernarvon, where she is more disposed, as it seems, to reside than at Bryn o dol — I read Lloyd's account of Mona, which he proves to be Anglesea — In our way to Bryn o dol, we saw at Llanerk a church built crosswise, very spacious and magnificent for this country — We could not see the parson, and could get no intelligence about it.

Wednesday, Aug. 24. — We went to see Bodville — Mrs. Thrale remembered the rooms, and wandered over them, with recollection of her childhood — This species of pleasure is always melancholy — The walk was cut down, and the pond was dry — Nothing was better. We surveyed the churches, which are mean, and neglected to a degree scarcely imaginable — They have no pavement, and the earth is full of holes — The seats are rude benches; the altars have no rails — One of them has a breach in the roof — On the desk, I think, of each lay a folio Welsh Bible of the black letter, which the curate cannot easily read — Mr. Thrale purposes to beautify the churches, and, if he prospers, will probably restore the tithes — The two parishes are, Llangwinodyl and Tydweilliog — The methodists are here very prevalent — A better church will impress the people with more reverence of public worship — Mrs. Thrale visited a house where she had been used to drink milk, which was left, with an estate of two hundred pounds a year, by one Lloyd, to a married woman who lived with him — We went to Pwlheli, a mean old town, at the extremity of the country — Here we bought something to remember the place.

Thursday, Aug. 25. — We returned to Caernarvon, where we eat with Mrs. Wynne.

Friday, Aug. 26. — We visited, with Mrs. Wynne (1), Llyn Badarn and Llyn Beris, two lakes, joined by a narrow strait — They are formed by the waters which fall from Snowdon, and the opposite mountains — On the side of Snowdon are the remains of a large fort, to which we climbed with great labour — I was breathless and harassed — The lakes have no great breadth, so that the boat is always near one bank or the other. —*Note.* *Queeny's* goats, one hundred and forty-nine, I think. (2)

(1) Mrs Glynn Wynne, wife of Lord Newburgh's brother, who accompanied us, sang Welsh songs to the harp. — P.

(2) Mr. Thrale was near-sighted, and could not see the goats browsing on Snowdon, and he promised his daughter, who was a child of ten years old, a penny for every goat she would show him, and Dr. Johnson kept the account; so that it appears her father was in debt to her one hundred

Saturday, Aug. 27.—We returned to Bangor, where Mr. Thrale was lodged at Mr. Roberts's, the register.

Sunday, Aug. 28. — We went to worship at the cathedral — The quire is mean; the service was not well read.

Monday, Aug. 29. — We came to Mr. Myddelton's, of Gwaynynog, to the first place, as my Mistress observed, where we have been welcome. (1)

Note. — On the day when we visited Bodville, we turned to the house of Mr. Griffiths, of Kefnamwycllh, a gentleman of large fortune, remarkable for having made great and sudden improvements in his seat and estate — he has enclosed a large garden with a brick wall - He is considered as a man of great accomplishments — He was educated in literature at the university, and served some time in the army, then quitted his commission, and retired to his lands. He is accounted a good man, and endeavours to bring the people to church.

In our way from Bangor to Conway, we passed again the new road upon the edge of Penmaen Mawr, which would be very tremendous, but that the wall shuts out the idea of danger — In the wall are several breaches, made, as Mr. Thrale very reasonably conjectures, by fragments of rocks which roll down the mountain, broken perhaps by frost, or worn through by rain. We then viewed Conway — To spare the horses at Penmaen Rhôs between Conway and St. Asaph, we sent the coach over the road cross the mountain with Mrs. Thrale, who had been tired with a walk some time before; and I, with Mr Thrale and Miss, walked along the edge, where the path is very narrow, and much encumbered by little loose stones, which had fallen down, as we thought, upon the way since we passed it before. At Conway we took a short survey of the castle, which afforded us nothing new — It is larger than that of Beaumaris, and less than that of Caernarvon — It is built upon a rock so high and steep, that it is even now very difficult of access — We found a round pit, which was called the Well; it is now almost filled, and therefore dry — We found the Well in no other castle — There are some remains of leaden pipes at Caernarvon, which, I suppose, only conveyed water from one part of the building to another — Had the garrison had no other supply, the Welsh, who must know where the pipes were

and forty-nine pence. *Queeny* was an epithet, which had its origin in the nursery, by which [in allusion to Queen Esther], Miss Thrale (whose name was Esther) was always distinguished by Johnson. — D.

(1) It is very likely I did say so. My relations were not quite as forward as I thought they might have been to welcome a long distant kinswoman. The Myddeltons were more cordial. The old colonel had been a fellow collegian with Mr. Thrale and Lord Sandys, of Ombersley. — P.

laid, could easily have cut them. We came to the house of Mr. Myddelton (on Monday), where we staid to September 6., and were very kindly entertained — How we spent our time, I am not very able to tell (1) — We saw the wood, which is diversified and romantic.

Sunday, Sept. 4. — We dined with Mr. Myddelton, the clergyman, at Denbigh, where I saw the harvest men very decently dressed, after the afternoon service, standing to be hired — On other days, they stand at about four in the morning — they are hired from day to day.

Tuesday, Sept. 6. — We lay at Wrexham; a busy, extensive, and well built town — it has a very large and magnificent church. It has a famous fair. (2)

Wednesday, Sept. 7. — We came to Chirk Castle.

Thursday, Sept. 8. — We came to the house of Dr. Worthington (3), at Llanrhaiadr (4) — Our entertainment was

(1) However this may have been, he was both happy and amused, during his stay at Gwaynynog, and Mr Myddelton was flattered by the honour of his visit To perpetuate the recollection of it, he (to use Mr Boswell's words) erected an urn on the banks of a rivulet, in the park, where Johnson delighted to stand and recite verses; on which is this inscription: — "This spot was often dignified by the presence of SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. whose Moral Writings, exactly conformable to the Precepts of Christianity, gave ardour to Virtue, and confidence to Truth." In 1777, it would appear from a letter by Johnson to Mrs Thrale, that he was informed that Mr. Myddelton meditated this honour, which seemed to be but little to his taste: — " Mr. Myddelton's erection of an urn looks like an intention to bury me alive: I would as willingly see my friend, however benevolent and hospitable, quietly inurned. Let him think, for the present, of some more acceptable memorial" — D

(2) It was probably on the 6th Sept., in the way from Wrexham to Chirk, that they passed through Ruabon, where the following occurrence took place: — " A Welsh parson of mean abilities, though a good heart, struck with reverence at the sight of Dr. Johnson, whom he had heard of as the greatest man living, could not find any words to answer his inquiries concerning a motto round somebody's arms which adorned a tombstone in Ruabon churchyard. If I remember right, the words were,

' Heb Dw, Heb Dym,
Dw o' diggon.'*

And though of no very difficult construction, the gentleman seemed wholly confounded, and unable to explain them; till Mr. Johnson, having picked out the meaning by little and little, said to the man, ' *Heb* is a preposition, I believe, Sir, is it not?' My countryman, recovering some spirits upon the sudden question, cried out, ' So I humbly presume, Sir,' very comically." — P.

(3) Dr. Worthington died Oct. 6. 1778, aged seventy five. — D. — Dr. Johnson thus notices his death in a letter to Mrs. Thrale: " My clerical friend Worthington is dead. I have known him long — and to die is dreadful. I believe he was a very good man." — Letters, vol. i p 36. — C.

(4) Llanrhaiadr means, *The Village of the Waterfall*, and takes its name from a spring, about a quarter of a mile from the church. — C.

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* It is the Myddelton motto, and means,
Without God — without all!
God is all-sufficient! — P.

poor, though his house was not bad. The situation is very pleasant, by the side of a small river, of which the bank rises high on the other side, shaded by gradual rows of trees — The gloom, the stream, and the silence, generate thoughtfulness. The town is old, and very mean, but has, I think, a market — In this house, the Welsh translation of the Old Testament was made — The Welsh singing psalms were written by Archdeacon Price — They are not considered as elegant, but as very literal, and accurate — We came to Llanrhaiadr through Oswestry; a town not very little, nor very mean — the church, which I saw only at a distance, seems to be an edifice much too good for the present state of the place.

Friday, Sept. 9. — We visited the waterfall, which is very high, and in rainy weather very copious — There is a reservoir made to supply it — In its fall, it has perforated a rock — There is a room built for entertainment — There was some difficulty in climbing to a near view — Lord Lyttelton(1) came near it, and turned back — When we came back, we took some cold meat, and notwithstanding the Doctor's importunities, went that day to Shrewsbury.

Saturday, Sept. 10. — I sent for Gwynn (2), and he showed us the town — the walls are broken, and narrower than those of Chester — The town is large, and has many gentlemen's houses, but the streets are narrow — I saw Taylor's library — We walked in the Quarry; a very pleasant walk by the river — Our inn was not bad.

Sunday, Sept. 11. — We were at St. Chads, a very large and luminous church — We were on the Castle Hill.

Monday, Sept. 12. — We called on Dr. Adams (3), and travelled towards Worcester, through Wenlock; a very mean place, though a borough — At noon, we came to Bridgenorth, and walked about the town, of which one part stands on a high rock, and part very low, by the river — There is an old tower, which, being crooked, leans so much, that it is frightful to pass by it — In the afternoon we came through Kinver, a town in Staffordshire, neat and closely built — I believe it has only one street — The road was so steep and miry, that we were forced to stop at Hartlebury, where we had a very neat inn, though it made a very poor appearance.

(1) Thomas, the second Lord. — D.

(2) Mr. Gwynn, an architect of considerable celebrity, was a native of Shrewsbury, and was at this time completing a bridge across the Severn, called the English Bridge. — D.

(3) The master of Pembroke College, Oxford; who was also Rector of St. Chads, in Shrewsbury. — D.

Tuesday, Sept. 13. — We came to Lord Sandys's, at Ombersley, where we were treated with great civility (1) — The house is large — The hall is a very noble room.

Thursday, Sept. 15. — We went to Worcester, a very splendid city — The cathedral is very noble, with many remarkable monuments — The library is in the chapter-house — On the table lay the Nuremberg Chronicle, I think, of the first edition. We went to the china warehouse — The cathedral has a cloister — The long aisle is, in my opinion, neither so wide nor so high as that of Lichfield.

Friday, Sept. 16. — We went to Hagley, where we were disappointed of the respect and kindness that we expected. (2)

Saturday, Sept. 17. — We saw the house and park, which equalled my expectation — The house is one square mass — The offices are below — The rooms of elegance on the first floor, with two stories of bedchambers, very well disposed above it — The bedchambers have low windows, which abates the dignity of the house — The park has one artificial ruin, and wants water; there is, however, one temporary cascade (3) — From the farthest hill there is a very wide prospect.

Sunday, Sept. 18. — I went to church — The church is, externally, very mean, and is therefore diligently hidden by a plantation — There are in it several modern monuments of the Lytteltons. — There dined with us Lord Dudley, and Sir Edward Lyttelton, of Staffordshire, and his lady. They were all persons of agreeable conversation. — I found time to reflect on my birthday, and offered a prayer, which I hope was heard.

Monday, Sept. 19. — We made haste away from a place where all were offended (4) — In the way we visited the Leasowes — It was rain, yet we visited all the waterfalls — There are, in one place, fourteen falls in a short line — It is

(1) It was here that Johnson had as much wall-fruit as he wished, and, as he told Mrs. Thrale, for the only time in his life. — D.

(2) This visit was not to Lord Lyttelton, but to his uncle [called Billy Lyttelton, afterwards, by successive creations, Lord Westcote, and Lord Lyttelton], the father of the present Lord, who lived at a house called Little Hagley — D. — This gentleman was an intimate friend of Mr. Thrale, and had some years before invited Johnson (through Mrs. Thrale) to visit him at Hagley, *antè*, Vol. III. p. 162. — C.

(3) He was enraged at artificial ruins and temporary cascades, so that I wonder at his leaving his opinion of them dubious; besides he hated the Lytteltons, and would rejoice at an opportunity of insulting them — P.

(4) Mrs. Lyttelton, *ci-devant* Caroline Bristow, forced me to play at whist against my liking, and her husband took away Johnson's candle that he wanted to read by at the other end of the room. Those, I trust, were the offences. — P.

the next place to Ilam gardens — Poor Shenstone never tasted his pension — It is not very well proved that any pension was obtained for him (1) — I am afraid that he died of misery. — We came to Birmingham, and I sent for Wheeler (2), whom I found well.

Tuesday, Sept. 20. — We breakfasted with Wheeler, and visited the manufacture of *Papier maché* — The paper which they use is smooth whited brown; the varnish is polished with rotten stone — Wheeler gave me a teaboard — We then went to Boulton's, who, with great civility, led us through his shops — I could not distinctly see his enginery — Twelve dozen of buttons for three shillings — Spoons struck at once.

Wednesday, Sept. 21. — Wheeler came to us again — We came easily to Woodstock.

Thursday, Sept. 22. — We saw Blenheim and Woodstock park — The park contains two thousand five hundred acres; about four square miles. It has red deer — Mr. Bryant showed me the library with great civility — Durandi Rationale, 1459 (3) — Lascaris' Grammar of the first edition, well printed, but much less than later editions — The first Batrachomyomachia — The duke sent Mr. Thrale partridges and fruit — At night we came to Oxford.

Friday, Sept. 23. — We visited Mr. Coulson — The ladies wandered about the university.

Saturday, Sept. 24. — Kaθ. — We dine (4) with Mr. Coulson (5)

(1) [Lord Loughborough applied to Lord Bute, to procure Shenstone a pension; but that it was ever asked of the king is not certain. He was made to believe that the patent was actually made out, when his death rendered unnecessary any further concern of his friends for his future ease and tranquillity. — ANDERSON.]

(2) Dr. Benjamin Wheeler; he was a native of Oxford, and originally on the foundation of Trinity College. He took his degree of A. M. Nov. 14. 1758, and D. D. July 6. 1770; and was a man of extensive learning. Dr. Johnson styles him "My learned friend, the man with whom I most delighted to converse."—Letters. — D.

(3) This is a work written by William Durand, Bishop of Mende, and printed on vellum, in folio, by Fust and Schoeffer, in Mentz, 1459. It is the third book that is known to be printed with a date. — D.

(4) Of the dinner at University College I remember nothing, unless it was there that Mr. Vansittart, a flourishing sort of character, showed off his graceful form by fencing with Mr. Seward, who joined us at Oxford. We had a grand dinner at Queen's College, and Dr. Johnson made Miss Thrale and me observe the ceremony of the grace cup; but I have but a faint remembrance of it, and can in nowise tell who invited us, or how we came by our academical honour of hearing our healths drank in form, and I half believe in Latin. — P.

(5) Mr. Coulson was a senior Fellow of University College. Lord Stowell informs me that he was very eccentric. He would on a fine day hang out

— Vansittart told me his distemper — Afterwards we were at Burke's [at Beaconsfield], where we heard of the dissolution of the parliament (1) — We went home.

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of the college windows his various pieces of apparel to air, which used to be universally answered by the young men hanging out from all the other windows quilts, carpets, rags, and every kind of trash, and this was called an *illumination*. His notions of the eminence and importance of his academic situation were so peculiar that, when he afterwards accepted a college living, he expressed to Lord Stowell his doubts whether, after living so long in the *great world*, he might not grow weary of the comparative retirement of a country parish. — C.

(1) Dr. Johnson had always a very great personal regard and particular affection for Mr. Burke; and when at this time the general election broke up the delightful society in which we had spent some time at Beaconsfield, Dr. Johnson shook the hospitable master of the house kindly by the hand, and said, " Farewell, my dear Sir, and remember that I wish you all the success which ought to be wished you, which can possibly be wished you, indeed, *by an honest man*." — P.

CHAPTER VII.

1774 — 1775.

Mr. Thrale's Political Position. — Johnson's "Patriot." Death of young Col. — Mr. Perkins. — Hoole's Tragedy. — Charlotte Lennox. — Baretti's "Easy Lessons." — Case of Dr. Memis. — Lord Hailes's "Annals." — Mary Queen of Scots. — American Politics. — Ossian. — Letter to Macpherson. — Personal Courage. — Foote. — Publishes "Journey to the Western Islands." — Mr. Knox. — Mr. Tytler — Mr. Windham. — Irish and Scotch Impudence compared. — Ossian Controversy. — Visit to Oxford.

PARLIAMENT having been dissolved, and his friend Mr. Thrale, who was a steady supporter of government, having again to encounter the storm of a contested election, he wrote a short political pamphlet, entitled "The Patriot," * addressed to the electors of Great Britain; a title which, to factious men who consider a patriot only as an opposer of the measures of government, will appear strangely misapplied. It was, however, written with energetic vivacity; and, except those passages in which it endeavours to vindicate the glaring outrage of the House of Commons in the case of the Middlesex election, and to justify the attempt to reduce our fellow-subjects in America to unconditional submission, it contained an ad-

mirable display of the properties of a real patriot, in the original and genuine sense;—a sincere, steady, rational, and unbiassed friend to the interests and prosperity of his king and country. It must be acknowledged, however, that both in this and his two former pamphlets, there was, amidst many powerful arguments, not only a considerable portion of sophistry, but a contemptuous ridicule of his opponents, which was very provoking.

LETTER 193. TO MR. PERKINS. (1)

"October 25. 1774.

"SIR,—You may do me a very great favour. Mrs. Williams, a gentlewoman whom you may have seen at Mr. Thrale's, is a petitioner for Mr. Hetherington's charity; petitions are this day issued at Christ's hospital.

"I am a bad manager of business in a crowd; and if I should send a mean man, he may be put away without his errand. I must, therefore, entreat that you will go, and ask for a petition for Anna Williams, whose paper of inquiries was delivered with answers at the counting-house of the hospital on Thursday the 20th. My servant will attend you thither, and bring the petition home when you have it.

(1) Mr. Perkins was for a number of years the worthy superintendent of Mr. Thrale's great brewery, and after his death became one of the proprietors of it; and now resides in Mr. Thrale's house in Southwark, which was the scene of so many literary meetings, and in which he continues the liberal hospitality for which it was eminent. Dr. Johnson esteemed him much. He hung up in the counting-house a fine proof of the admirable mezzotinto of Dr. Johnson, by Doughty; and when Mrs. Thrale asked him somewhat flippantly, "Why do you put him up in the counting-house?" He answered, "Because, Madam, I wish to have one wise man there." "Sir," said Johnson, "I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely."

"The petition which they are to give us, is a form which they deliver to every petitioner, and which the petitioner is afterwards to fill up, and return to them again. This we must have, or we cannot proceed according to their directions. You need, I believe, only ask for a petition; if they inquire for whom you ask, you can tell them.

"I beg pardon for giving you this trouble; but it is a matter of great importance. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 194. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Oct. 27. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—There has appeared lately in the papers an account of the boat overset between Mull and Ulva, in which many passengers were lost, and among them Maclean of Col. We, you know, were once drowned (1); I hope, therefore, that the story is either wantonly or erroneously told. Pray satisfy me by the next post.

"I have printed 240 pages. I am able to do nothing much worth doing to dear Lord Hailes's book. I will, however, send back the sheets; and hope, by degrees, to answer all your reasonable expectations.

"Mr. Thrale has happily surmounted a very violent and acrimonious opposition; but all joys have their abatement: Mrs. Thrale has fallen from her horse, and hurt herself very much. The rest of our friends, I believe, are well. My compliments to Mrs. Boswell.—I am, Sir, your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

This letter, which shows his tender concern for an amiable young gentleman to whom he had been very

(1) In the newspapers.

much obliged in the Hebrides, I have inserted according to its date, though before receiving it I had informed him of the melancholy event that the young Laird of Col was unfortunately drowned.

LETTER 195. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Nov. 26. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Last night I corrected the last page of our 'Journey to the Hebrides.' The printer has detained it all this time, for I had, before I went into Wales, written all except two sheets. 'The Patriot' was called for by my political friends on Friday, was written on Saturday, and I have heard little of it. So vague are conjectures at a distance. (1) As soon as I can, I will take care that copies be sent to you, for I would wish that they might be given before they are bought: but I am afraid that Mr. Strahan will send to you and to the booksellers at the same time. Trade is as diligent as courtesy. I have mentioned all that you recommended. Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell and the younglings. The club has, I think, not yet met. Tell me, and tell me honestly, what you think and what others say of our travels. Shall we touch the continent? (2)—I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In his manuscript diary of this year, there is the following entry:—

Nov. 27. Advent Sunday. I considered that this day, being the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, was

(1) Alluding to a passage in a letter of mine, where, speaking of his "Journey to the Hebrides," I say, "But has not 'The Patriot' been an interruption, by the time taken to write it, and the time luxuriously spent in listening to its applauses?"

(2) We had projected a voyage together up the Baltic, and talked of visiting some of the more northern regions.

a proper time for a new course of life. I began to read the Greek Testament regularly at one hundred and sixty verses every Sunday. This day I began the Acts. —"In this week I read Virgil's Pastorals. I learned to repeat the Pollio and Gallus. I read carelessly the first Georgic."

Such evidences of his unceasing ardour, both for "divine and human lore," when advanced into his sixty-fifth year, and notwithstanding his many disturbances from disease, must make us at once honour his spirit, and lament that it should be so grievously clogged by its material tegument. It is remarkable that he was very fond of the precision which calculation produces. Thus we find in one of his manuscript diaries, "12 pages in 4to. Gr. Test. and 30 pages in Beza's folio, comprise the whole in 40 days."

LETTER 196. TO JOHN HOOLE, ESQ. (1)

"December 19. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—I have returned your play (2), which you will find underscored with red, where there was a word which I did not like. The red will be washed off with a little water. The plot is so well framed, the intricacy so artful, and the disentanglement so easy, the suspense so affecting, and the passionate parts so properly interposed, that I have no doubt of its success.—I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

(1) John Hoole, who from this time forward will be found much in Johnson's society, was the son of a watchmaker, born in Dec. 1727. He was a clerk in the India House, but devoted his leisure to literature. He published translations of Tasso's Jerusalem and Ariosto's Orlando. He died in 1803.—C.

(2) Cleonice.—B.—[It was produced at Covent Garden, in March, 1775, but without success; in consequence of which Hoole returned to the publisher a part of the money he had received for the copyright.]

The first effort of his pen in 1775, was "Proposals for publishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox (1)," † in three volumes quarto. In his diary, January 2., I find this entry: — "Wrote Charlotte's Proposals." But, indeed, the internal evidence would have been quite sufficient. Her claim to the favour of the public was thus enforced: —

"Most of the pieces, as they appeared singly, have been read with approbation, perhaps above their merits, but of no great advantage to the writer. She hopes, therefore, that she shall not be considered as too indulgent to vanity, or too studious of interest, if from that labour which has hitherto been chiefly gainful to others, she endeavours to obtain at last some profits to herself and her children. She cannot decently enforce her claim by the praise of her own performances: nor can she suppose, that, by the most artful and laboured address, any additional notice could be procured to a publication, of which her Majesty has condescended to be the patroness."

He this year also wrote the Preface to Baretti's "Easy Lessons in Italian and English." †

LETTER 197. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Jan. 14. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — You never did ask for a book by the post till now, and I did not think on it. You see now it is done. I sent one to the king, and I hear he likes it. I shall send a parcel into Scotland for presents, and intend to give to many of my friends. In your catalogue you left out Lord Auchinleck. — Let me know, as fast as you read it, how you like it; and let me know if any mistake is committed, or any thing important

(1) See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 307. — C.

left out. I wish you could have seen the sheets. My compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to Veronica, and to all my friends.—I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 198. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Jan. 19. 1775.

"BE pleased to accept of my best thanks for your 'Journey to the Hebrides,' which came to me by last night's post. I did really ask the favour twice; but you have been even with me by granting it so speedily. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Though ill of a bad cold, you kept me up the greatest part of last night: for I did not stop till I had read every word of your book. I looked back to our first talking of a visit to the Hebrides, which was many years ago, when sitting by ourselves in the Mitre tavern in London, I think about *witching time o'night;* and then exulted in contemplating our scheme fulfilled, and a *monumentum perenne* of it erected by your superior abilities. I shall only say, that your book has afforded me a high gratification. I shall afterwards give you my thoughts on particular passages. In the mean time, I hasten to tell you of your having mistaken two names, which you will correct in London, as I shall do here, that the gentlemen who deserve the valuable compliments which you have paid them may enjoy their honours. In p. 106., for *Gordon* read *Murchison;* and in p. 357., for *Maclean* read *Macleod.*

"But I am now to apply to you for immediate aid in my profession, which you have never refused to grant when I requested it. I enclose you a petition for Dr. Memis, a physician at Aberdeen, in which Sir John Dalrymple has exerted his talents, and which I am to answer as counsel for the managers of the royal infirmary in that city. Mr. Jopp, the provost, who

delivered to you your freedom, is one of my clients, and, *as a citizen of Aberdeen*, you will support him.

"The fact is shortly this. In a translation of the charter of the infirmary from Latin into English, made under the authority of the managers, the same phrase in the original is in one place rendered *physician*, but when applied to Dr. Memis is rendered *doctor of medicine*. Dr. Memis complained of this before the translation was printed, but was not indulged with having it altered; and he has brought an action for damages, on account of a supposed injury, as if the designation given to him was an inferior one, tending to make it be supposed he is *not a physician*, and consequently to hurt his practice. My father has dismissed the action as groundless, and now he has appealed to the whole court." (1)

LETTER 199. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Jan. 21. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I long to hear how you like the book; it is, I think, much liked here. But Macpherson is very furious; can you give me any more intelligence about him, or his Fingal? Do what you can, and do it quickly. Is Lord Hailes on our side? Pray let me know what I owed you when I left you, that I may send it to you.

"I am going to write about the Americans. If you have picked up any hints among your lawyers, who are great masters of the law of nations, or if your own mind suggests any thing, let me know. But mum, it is a secret.—I will send your parcel of books as soon as

(1) In the court of session of Scotland an action is first tried by one of the judges, who is called the Lord Ordinary; and if either party is dissatisfied, he may appeal to the whole court, consisting of fifteen, the Lord President, and fourteen other judges, who have both in and out of court the title of Lords from the name of their estates; as, Lord Auchinleck, Lord Monboddo, &c.

I can; but I cannot do as I wish. However, you find every thing mentioned in the book, which you recommended.

"Langton is here; we are all that ever we were. He is a worthy fellow, without malice, though not without resentment. (1) Poor Beauclerk is so ill that his life is thought to be in danger. Lady Di nurses him with very great assiduity. Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquor (2), and seems to delight in his new character.

"This is all the news that I have; but as you love verses, I will send you a few which I made upon Inchkenneth (3); but remember the condition — you shall not show them, except to Lord Hailes, whom I love better than any man whom I know so little. If he asks you to transcribe them for him, you may do it, but I think he must promise not to let them be copied again, nor to show them as mine.

"I have at last sent back Lord Hailes's sheets. I never think about returning them, because I alter nothing. You will see that I might as well have kept them. However, I am ashamed of my delay; and if I have the honour of receiving any more, promise punctually to return them by the next post. Make my com-

(1) This refers to the coolness alluded to, *antè*, Vol. III. p. 305., and Vol. IV. p. 90. — C.

(2) It should be recollected that this fanciful description of his friend was given by Johnson after he himself had become a water-drinker. — B. — Johnson had been a water-drinker ever since 1766, and therefore, *that* could not be his motive for making, nine years after, an observation on Sir Joshua's "*new character*." Sir Joshua was *always* convivial, and this expression was either an allusion to some little anecdote now forgotten, or arose out of that odd fancy which Johnson (perhaps from his own morbid feelings) entertained, that every one who drank wine, in any quantity whatsoever, was more or less drunk. — C.

(3) See *antè*, p. 61. — C.

pliments to dear Mrs. Boswell, and to Miss Veronica. I am, dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

"SAM. JOHNSON."(1)

LETTER 200. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Jan. 27. 1775.

"YOU rate our lawyers here too high, when you call them great masters of the law of nations. . . . . As for myself, I am ashamed to say I have read little and thought little on the subject of America. I will be much obliged to you, if you will direct me where I shall find the best information of what is to be said on both sides. It is a subject vast in its present extent and future consequences. The imperfect hints which now float in my mind tend rather to the formation of an opinion that our government has been precipitant and severe in the resolutions taken against the Bostonians. Well do you know that I have no kindness for that race. But nations, or bodies of men, should, as well as individuals, have a fair trial, and not be condemned on character alone. Have we not express contracts with our colonies, which afford a more certain foundation of judgment, than general political speculations on the mutual rights of states and their provinces or colonies? Pray let me know immediately what to read, and I shall diligently endeavour to gather for you any thing that I can find. Is Burke's speech on American taxation published by himself? Is it authentic? I remember to have heard you say, that you had never considered East

(1) He now sent me a Latin inscription for my historical picture, Mary, Queen of Scots, and afterwards favoured me with an English translation. Mr. Alderman Boydell, that eminent patron of the arts, has subjoined them to the engraving from my picture: —

"Maria, Scotorum Regina, hominum seditiosorum contumeliis lassata, minis territa, clamoribus victa, libello, per quem regno cedit, lacrimans trepidansque nomen apponit."

"Mary, Queen of Scots, harassed, terrified, and overpowered by the insults, menaces, and clamours of her rebellious subjects, sets her hand, with tears and confusion, to a resignation of the kingdom."

Indian affairs; though, surely, they are of much importance to Great Britain. Under the recollection of this, I shelter myself from the reproach of ignorance about the Americans. If you write upon the subject, I shall certainly understand it. But, since you seem to expect that I should know something of it, without your instruction, and that my own mind should suggest something, I trust you will put me in the way.

What does Becket mean by the *Originals* of Fingal and other poems of Ossian, which he advertises to have lain in his shop?"

LETTER 201. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Jan. 28. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — You sent me a case to consider, in which I have no facts but what are against us, nor any principles on which to reason. It is vain to try to write thus without materials. The fact seems to be against you; at least I cannot know or say any thing to the contrary. I am glad that you like the book so well. I hear no more of Macpherson. I shall long to know what Lord Hailes says of it. Lend it him privately. I shall send the parcel as soon as I can. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell. I am, Sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 202. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 2. 1775.

"As to Macpherson, I am anxious to have from yourself a full and pointed account of what has passed between you and him. It is confidently told here, that before your book came out he sent to you, to let you know that he understood you meant to deny the authenticity of Ossian's poems; that the originals were in his possession; that you might have inspection of them, and might take the evidence of people skilled in the Erse language; and that he hoped, after this fair offer, you

would not be so uncandid as to assert that he had refused reasonable proof. That you paid no regard to his message, but published your strong attack upon him; and then he wrote a letter to you, in such terms as he thought suited to one who had not acted as a man of veracity. You may believe it gives me pain to hear your conduct represented as unfavourable, while I can only deny what is said, on the ground that your character refutes it, without having any information to oppose. Let me, I beg it of you, be furnished with a sufficient answer to any calumny upon this occasion.

" Lord Hailes writes to me (for we correspond more than we talk together), ' As to Fingal, I see a controversy arising, and purpose to keep out of its way. There is no doubt that I might mention some circumstances; but I do not choose to commit them to paper.'(1) What his opinion is I do not know. He says, 'I am singularly obliged to Dr. Johnson for his accurate and useful criticisms. Had he given some strictures on the general plan of the work, it would have added much to his favours.' He is charmed with your verses on Inchkenneth, says they are very elegant, but bids me tell you, he doubts whether—

' Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces'

be according to the rubric; but that is your concern; for, you know, he is a Presbyterian."

LETTER 203. TO DR. LAWRENCE. (2)

"Feb. 7. 1775.

" SIR, — One of the Scotch physicians is now prosecuting a corporation that in some public instrument have

(1) His lordship, notwithstanding his resolution, did commit his sentiments to paper, and in one of his notes to his Collection of Old Scottish Poetry, says, "to doubt the authenticity of those poems is a refinement in scepticism indeed."—J. BOSWELL, Jun.

(2) The learned and worthy Dr. Lawrence, whom Dr. Johnson respected and loved, as his physician and friend.

styled him *doctor of medicine* instead of *physician*. Boswell desires, being advocate for the corporation, to know whether *doctor of medicine* is not a legitimate title, and whether it may be considered as a disadvantageous distinction. I am to write to-night; be pleased to tell me. I am, Sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 204. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Feb. 7. 1775.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL, — I am surprised that, knowing as you do the disposition of your countrymen to tell lies in favour of each other[1], you can be at all affected by any reports that circulate among them. Macpherson never in his life offered me a sight of any original or of any evidence of any kind; but thought only of intimidating me by noise and threats, till my last answer — *that I would not be deterred from detecting what I thought a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian* — put an end to our correspondence.

"The state of the question is this. He, and Dr. Blair, whom I consider as deceived, say, that he copied the poem from old manuscripts. His copies, if he had them, and I believe him to have none, are nothing. Where are the manuscripts? They can be shown if they exist, but they were never shown. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus*, says our law, *eadem est ratio*. No man has a claim to credit upon his own word, when better evidence, if he had it, may be easily produced. But so far as we can find, the Erse language was never written till very lately for the purposes of religion. A nation that cannot write, or a language that was never written, has no manuscripts.

(1) My friend has, in this letter, relied upon my testimony, with a confidence, of which the ground has escaped my recollection.

"But whatever he has he never offered to show. If old manuscripts should now be mentioned, I should, unless there were more evidence that can be easily had, suppose them another proof of Scotch conspiracy in national falsehood. Do not censure the expression; you know it to be true.

"Dr. Memis's question is so narrow as to allow no speculation; and I have no facts before me but those which his advocate has produced against you. I consulted this morning the President of the London College of Physicians, who says, that with us, *doctor of physic* (we do not say *doctor of medicine*) is the highest title that a practiser of physic can have; that *doctor* implies not only *physician*, but teacher of physic; that every *doctor* is legally a *physician*; but no man, not a *doctor*, can *practise physic* but by *licence* particularly granted. The doctorate is a licence of itself. It seems to us a very slender cause of prosecution.

"I am now engaged, but in a little time I hope to do all you would have. My compliments to Madam and Veronica. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

What words were used by Mr. Macpherson in his letter to the venerable sage, I have never heard; but they are generally said to have been of a nature very different from the language of literary contest. Dr. Johnson's answer appeared in the newspapers of the day, and has since been frequently republished; but not with perfect accuracy. I give it as dictated to me by himself, written down in his presence, and authenticated by a note in his own handwriting, "*This, I think, is a true copy.*"(1)

(1) I have deposited it in the British Museum.

LETTER 205. TO MR. MACPHERSON.

"MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,—I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I never shall be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will. SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Macpherson little knew the character of Dr. Johnson, if he supposed that he could be easily intimidated; for no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or rather, "of something after death:" and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known, and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection; his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the result of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death, but he feared nothing else, not even what might occasion death. (1)

(1) Fear was indeed a sensation to which Mr. Johnson was an utter stranger, excepting when some sudden apprehensions seized him that he was going to die; and even then, he kept all his wits about him, to express the most humble and pathetic petitions to the Almighty: and when the first paralytic stroke took his speech from him, he instantly set about composing a

Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting (1), he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven, and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool, which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them to the roundhouse. In the playhouse at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and, when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit. (2) Foote, who so successfully revived the old

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prayer in Latin, at once to deprecate God's mercy, to satisfy himself that his mental powers remained unimpaired, and to keep them in exercise, that they might not perish by permitted stagnation. When one day he had at my house taken tincture of antimony instead of emetic wine, for a vomit, he was himself the person to direct what to do for him, and managed with as much coolness and deliberation as if he had been prescribing for an indifferent person. — Piozzi.

(1) [See *antè*, p. 65.]

(2) If Mrs. Piozzi had reported any statement so obviously exaggerated as this, Mr. Boswell would have been very indignant. — C.

comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's, the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies, "what was the common price of an oak stick?" and being answered sixpence, "Why then, Sir," said he, "give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means *to take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defence; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

His "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" * is a most valuable performance. It abounds in extensive philosophical views of society, and in ingenious sentiment and lively description. A considerable part of it, indeed, consists of speculations, which many years before he saw the wild regions which we visited together, probably had employed his attention, though the actual sight of those scenes undoubtedly quickened and augmented them. Mr. Orme (1), the very able historian, agreed with me in

(1) Robert Orme, Esq., the historian of Hindostan, was born at Anjengo, in the Travancore country, in 1728, and died at Ealing, in 1801.]

this opinion, which he thus strongly expressed: "There are in that book thoughts, which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"

That he was to some degree of excess *a true born Englishman*, so as to have entertained an undue prejudice against both the country and the people of Scotland, must be allowed. But it was a prejudice of the head, and not of the heart. (1) He had no ill-will to the Scotch; for, if he had been conscious of that, he never would have thrown himself into the bosom of their country, and trusted to the protection of its remote inhabitants with a fearless confidence. His remark upon the nakedness of the country, from its being denuded of trees, was made after having travelled two hundred miles along the eastern coast, where certainly trees are not to be found near the road; and he said it was "a map of the road" which he gave. His disbelief of the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, a Highland bard, was confirmed in the course of his journey, by a very strict examination of the evidence offered for it; and although their authenticity was made too much a national point by the Scotch, there were many respectable persons in that country, who did not concur in

(1) This is a distinction which I am not sure that I understand. Did Mr. Boswell think that he improved the case by representing Johnson's dislike of Scoland as the result not of *feeling* but of *reason?* In truth, in the printed Journal of his Tour, there is nothing that a fair and liberal Scotchman can or does complain of; but his conversation is full of the harshest and often most unjust sarcasms against the Scotch, nationally and individually. — C.

this: so that his judgment upon the question ought not to be decried, even by those who differ from him. As to myself, I can only say, upon a subject now become very uninteresting, that when the fragments of Highland poetry first came out, I was much pleased with their wild peculiarity, and was one of those who subscribed to enable their editor, Mr. Macpherson, then a young man, to make a search in the Highlands and Hebrides for a long poem in the Erse language, which was reported to be preserved somewhere in those regions. But when there came forth an Epic poem in six books, with all the common circumstances of former compositions of that nature; and when, upon an attentive examination of it, there was found a perpetual recurrence of the same images which appear in the fragments; and when no ancient manuscript, to authenticate the work, was deposited in any public library, though that was insisted on as a reasonable proof; *who* could forbear to doubt?

Johnson's grateful acknowledgments of kindness received in the course of this tour completely refute the brutal reflections which have been thrown out against him, as if he had made an ungrateful return; and his delicacy in sparing in his book those who we find, from his letters to Mrs. Thrale, were just objects of censure (1), is much to be admired. (2) His candour and amiable disposition is conspicuous from his conduct, when informed by Mr. Macleod, of

(1) Sir Archibald Macdonald. — C.

(2) We have seen his kind acknowledgment of Macleod's hospitality, and the loss of poor *Col* is recorded in his Journal in affectionate and pathetic terms.

Rasay, that he had committed a mistake, which gave that gentleman some uneasiness. He wrote him a courteous and kind letter, and inserted in the newspapers an advertisement, correcting the mistake. (1)

The observations of my friend Mr. Dempster (2) in a letter written to me, soon after he had read Dr. Johnson's book, are so just and liberal, that they cannot be too often repeated: —

"There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true; and his observations on the people are what must naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a convenient metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life. than Col or Sir Allan. I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced; and I shall rank Ossian and his Fingals and Oscars amongst the nursery tales, not the true history of our country, in all time to come.

"Upon the whole, the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The author neither says he is a geographer, nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the history of Scotland, nor a naturalist, nor a fossilist. The manners of the people, and the face of the country, are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were it to be wished, that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning, his observations on Glasgow University show he has formed a very sound judgment. He understands our climate too; and he has accurately observed the

(1) See Vol. IV. p. 298. — C.

(2) See *antè*, p. 160. — C.

changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace."

Mr. Knox, another native of Scotland, who has since made the same tour, and published an account of it, is equally liberal.

"I have read," says he, "his book again and again, travelled with him from Berwick to Glenelg, through countries with which I am well acquainted; sailed with him from Glenelg to Rasay, Sky, Rum, Coll, Mull, and Icolmkill, but have not been able to correct him in any matter of consequence. I have often admired the accuracy, the precision, and the justness of what he advances, respecting both the country and the people. — The Doctor has every where delivered his sentiments with freedom, and in many instances with a seeming regard for the benefit of the inhabitants, and the ornament of the country. His remarks on the want of trees and hedges for shade, as well as for shelter to the cattle, are well founded, and merit the thanks, not the illiberal censure of the natives. He also felt for the distresses of the Highlanders, and explodes with great propriety the bad management of the grounds, and the neglect of timber in the Hebrides."

Having quoted Johnson's just compliments on the Rasay family, he says, —

"On the other hand, I found this family equally lavish in their encomiums upon the Doctor's conversation, and his subsequent civilities to a young gentleman of that country, who, upon waiting upon him at London, was well received, and experienced all the attention and regard that a warm friend could bestow. Mr. Macleod having also been in London, waited upon the the Doctor, who provided a magnificent and expensive entertainment in honour of his old Hebridean acquaintance."

And, talking of the military road by Fort Augustus, he says, —

"By this road, though one of the most rugged in Great Britain, the celebrated Dr. Johnson passed from Inverness to the Hebride Isles. His observations on the country and people are extremely correct judicious, and instructive." — p. 103.

Mr. Tytler, the acute and able vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots, in one of his letters to Mr. James Elphinstone, published in that gentleman's "Forty Years' Correspondence," says, —

"I read Dr. Johnson's 'Tour' with very great pleasure. Some few errors he has fallen into, but of no great importance, and those are lost in the numberless beauties of his work. If I had leisure, I could perhaps point out the most exceptionable places; but at present I am in the country, and have not his book at hand. It is plain he meant to speak well of Scotland; and he has in my apprehension done us great honour in the most capital article, the character of the inhabitants."(1)

His private letters to Mrs. Thrale, written during the course of his journey, which therefore may be supposed to convey his genuine feelings at the time, abound in such benignant sentiment towards the people who showed him civilities, that no man whose temper is not very harsh and sour can retain a doubt of the goodness of his heart.

It is painful to recollect with what rancour he was assailed by numbers of shallow irritable North Britons, on account of his supposed injurious treatment of

(1) Boswell was so vehemently attacked by his countrymen, as if he were *particeps criminis* with Dr. Johnson, that he thought it expedient to produce these *testimonia Scotorum* in his own defence. — C.

their country and countrymen, in his "Journey.' Had there been any just ground for such a charge, would the virtuous and candid Dempster have given his opinion of the book, in the terms in which I have quoted? Would the patriotic Knox (1) have spoken of it as he has done? Would Mr. Tytler, surely

"—— a *Scot*, if ever *Scot* there were,"

have expressed himself thus? And let me add, that, citizen of the world as I hold myself to be, I have that degree of predilection for my *natale solum*, nay, I have that just sense of the merit of an ancient nation, which has been ever renowned for its valour, which in former times maintained its independence against a powerful neighbour, and in modern times has been equally distinguished for its ingenuity and industry in civilised life, that I should have felt a generous indignation at any injustice done to it. Johnson treated Scotland no worse than he did even his best friends, whose characters he used to give as they appeared to him, both in light and shade. Some people, who had not exercised their minds sufficiently, condemned him for censuring his friends. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose philosophical penetration and justness of thinking were not less known to those who lived with him, than his genius in his art admired by the world, explained his conduct thus: —

(1) I observed with much regret, while the first edition was passing through the press (August, 1790), that this ingenious gentleman is dead. — B. — [Mr. John Knox was, for many years, a bookseller of some eminence in the Strand. Besides the Tour to the Hebrides, he published a "View of the British Empire," and several works having for their object the improvement of the Scottish Fisheries. He died at Dalkeith.]

"He was fond of discrimination, which he could not show without pointing out the bad as well as the good in every character; and as his friends were those whose characters he knew best, they afforded him the best opportunity for showing the acuteness of his judgment."

He expressed to his friend, Mr. Windham of Norfolk (1), his wonder at the extreme jealousy (2) of the Scotch, and their resentment at having their country described by him as it really was; when to say that it was a country as good as England would have been a gross falsehood. "None of us," said he, "would be offended if a foreigner who has travelled here should say, that vines and olives don't grow in England." And as to his prejudice against the Scotch, which I always ascribed to that nationality which he observed in *them*, he said to the same gentleman, "When I find a Scotchman, to whom an Englishman is as a Scotchman, that Scotchman shall be as an Englishman to me." His intimacy with many gentlemen of Scotland, and his employing so many natives of that country as his amanuenses, prove that his prejudice was not virulent; and I have deposited in the British Museum, amongst other pieces of his writing, the following note in

(1) The Right Hon. William Windham of Felbrigg, born 1750, died 1810. He cultivated Johnson's acquaintance for the last few years of his life with great assiduity, as will be seen in the sequel of this work. — C.

(2) We may be allowed to express our wonder at the *extreme* prejudice of Johnson against Scotland and the Scotch; which is the more surprising, because he was himself a *Jacobite*, and many of his earliest acquaintances and some of his nearest friends were Scotch. I have a strong suspicion that there was some *personal* cause for this unreasonable and, as it appears, *unaccountable* antipathy. — C.

answer to one from me, asking if he would meet me at dinner at the Mitre, though a friend of mine, a Scotchman, was to be there: —

"Mr. Johnson does not see why Mr. Boswell should suppose a Scotchman less acceptable than any other man. He will be at the Mitre."

My much-valued friend Dr. Barnard, now Bishop of Killaloe, having once expressed to him an apprehension, that if he should visit Ireland he might treat the people of that country more unfavourably than he had done the Scotch, he answered, with strong pointed double-edged wit, "Sir, you have no reason to be afraid of me. The Irish are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, Sir: the Irish are a *fair people*; — they never speak well of one another." (1)

Johnson told me of an instance of Scottish nationality, which made a very unfavourable impression upon his mind. A Scotchman of some consideration in London solicited him to recommend by the weight of his learned authority, to be master of an English school, a person of whom he who recommended him confessed he knew no more but that he was his countryman. Johnson was shocked at this unconscientious conduct.

(1) Johnson one day asked me, "Have you observed the difference between your own country impudence and Scotch impudence?" The answer being in the negative; "Then I will tell you," said Johnson: "the impudence of an Irishman is the impudence of a fly that buzzes about you, and you put it away, but it returns again, and still flutters and teases. The impudence of a Scotchman is the impudence of a leech, that fixes and sucks your blood." — MURPHY.

All the miserable cavillings against his "Journey," in newspapers, magazines, and other fugitive publications, I can speak from certain knowledge, only furnished him with sport. At last there came out a scurrilous volume (1), larger than Johnson's own, filled with malignant abuse, under a name, real or fictitious, of some low man in an obscure corner of Scotland, though supposed to be the work of another Scotchman, who has found means to make himself well known both in Scotland and England. The effect which it had upon Johnson was, to produce this pleasant observation to Mr. Seward, to whom he lent the book: "This fellow must be a blockhead. They don't know how to go about their abuse Who will read a five shilling book against me? No. Sir, if they had wit, they should have kept me with pamphlets."

LETTER 206. FROM MR. BOSWELL.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 18. 1775.

"You would have been very well pleased if you had dined with me to-day. I had for my guests, Macquharrie, young Maclean of Col, the successor of our friend, a very amiable man, though not marked with such active qualities as his brother; Mr. Maclean of Torloisk in Mull (2), a gentleman of Sir Allan's family; and two

(1) This was, no doubt, the book styled "Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, &c., by the Rev Donald M'Nicol." It had, by way of motto, a citation from Ray's Proverbs: "*Old men* and *travellers* LIE by authority. It was not printed till 1779. The second Scotchman, whom M Boswell supposes to have helped in this work, Sir James Mackintosh very reasonably surmises to have been Macpherson. — C.

(2) Maclean of Torloisk was grandfather to the present Marchioness of Northampton. — WALTER SCOTT. — [See *ante*, p. 16.]

of the clan Grant; so that the Highland and Hebridean genius reigned. We had a great deal of conversation about you, and drank your health in a bumper. The toast was not proposed by me, which is a circumstance to be remarked, for I am now so connected with you, that any thing that I can say or do to your honour has not the value of an additional compliment. It is only giving you a guinea out of that treasure of admiration which already belongs to you, and which is no hidden treasure; for I suppose my admiration of you is co-existent with the knowledge of my character.

"I find that the Highlanders and Hebrideans in general are much fonder of your 'Journey,' than the low-country or *hither* Scots. One of the Grants said to-day, that he was sure you were a man of a good heart, and a candid man, and seemed to hope he should be able to convince you of the antiquity of a good proportion of the poems of Ossian. After all that has passed, I think the matter is capable of being proved to a certain degree. I am told that Macpherson got one old Erse MS. from Clanranald, for the restitution of which he executed a formal obligation; and it is affirmed, that the Gaelic (call it Erse or call it Irish) has been written in the Highlands and Hebrides for many centuries. It is reasonable to suppose, that such of the inhabitants as acquired any learning possessed the art of writing as well as their Irish neighbours and Celtic cousins; and the question is, can sufficient evidence be shown of this?

"Those who are skilled in ancient writings can determine the age of MSS., or at least can ascertain the century in which they were written; and if men of veracity, who are so skilled, shall tell us that MSS. in the possession of families in the Highlands and isles are the works of a remote age, I think we should be convinced by their testimony.

"There is now come to this city, Ranald Macdonald, from the Isle of Egg, who has several MSS. of Erse poetry which he wishes to publish by subscription. I have engaged to take three copies of the book, the price of which is to be six shillings, as I would subscribe for all the Erse that can be printed, be it old or new, that the language may be preserved. This man says, that some of his manuscripts are ancient; and, to be sure, one of them which was shown to me does appear to have the duskiness of antiquity. . . . . The inquiry is not yet quite hopeless, and I should think that the exact truth may be discovered, if proper means be used. I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

LETTER 207. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Feb. 25. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that I could get no books for my friends in Scotland. Mr. Strahan has at last promised to send two dozen to you. If they come, put the name of my friends into them; you may cut them out (1), and paste them with a little starch in the book.

"*You* then are going wild about Ossian. Why do you think any part can be proved? The dusky manuscript of Egg is probably not fifty years old: if it be an hundred, it proves nothing. The tale of Clanranald is no proof. Has Clanranald told it? Can he prove it? There are, I believe, no Erse manuscripts. None of the old families had a single letter in Erse that we heard of. You say it is likely that they could write. The learned, if any learned there were, could; but knowing by that learning some written language, in that language they wrote, as letters had never been applied to their own. If there are manuscripts, let them be shown, with some proof that they are not

(1) From a list in his handwriting.

forged for the occasion. You say many can remember parts of Ossian. I believe all those parts are versions of the English; at least there is no proof of their antiquity.

"Macpherson is said to have made some translations himself; and having taught a boy to write it, ordered him to say that he had learnt it of his grandmother. The boy, when he grew up, told the story. This Mrs. Williams heard at Mr. Strahan's table. Don't be credulous; you know how little a Highlander can be trusted. Macpherson is, so far as I know, very quiet. Is not that proof enough? Every thing is against him. No visible manuscript: no inscription in the language: no correspondence among friends: no transaction of business, of which a single scrap remains in the ancient families. Macpherson's pretence is that the character was Saxon. If he had not talked unskilfully of *manuscripts*, he might have fought with oral tradition much longer. As to Mr. Grant's information, I suppose he knows much less of the matter than ourselves.

"In the mean time, the bookseller says that the sale (1) is sufficiently quick. They printed four thousand. Correct your copy wherever it is wrong, and bring it up. Your friends will all be glad to see you. I think of going myself into the country about May. I am sorry that I have not managed to send the book sooner. I have left four for you, and do not restrict you absolutely to follow my directions in the distribution. You must use your own discretion.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I suppose she is now beginning to forgive me. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

(1) Of his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."

LETTER 208. TO MRS. THRALE.

"University College, Oxford, March 3. 1775.

"The fate of my proposal for our friend Mr. Carter [1] will be decided on Monday. Those whom I have spoken to are all friends. I have not abated any part of the entrance or payment, for it has not been thought too much, and I hope he will have scholars.

"I am very deaf; and yet cannot well help being much in company, though it is often very uncomfortable. But when I have done this thing, which I hope is a good thing, or find that I cannot do it, I wish to live a while under your care and protection."

(1) He visited Oxford, chiefly, it would seem, with the friendly design of having Mr. Carter established as riding-master there, under the Duchess of Queensberry's donation. See *post*, March 12. 1776. — C.

CHAPTER VIII.

1775.

Boswell revisits London. — Peter Garrick.—" Taxation no Tyranny." — Dr. Towers's " Answer." — Gerard Hamilton. — Sheridan's Gold Medal to Home. — Mrs. Abington. — Cibber's " Nonjuror." — Boswell's " Surveillance." — Garrick's Prologues. — The Adams. — Garrick's Imitations of Johnson. — Gray's Odes. — Lord Chesterfield's Letters. — Johnson's Diploma of LL.D. — Abyssinian Bruce. — Coleman's " Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion." — Mason's " Elfrida," and " Caractacus." — The Bath-Easton Vase. — Fleet Street and Charing Cross.

On Tuesday, 21st March, I arrived in London; and on repairing to Dr. Johnson's before dinner, found him in his study, sitting with Mr. Peter Garrick, the elder brother of David, strongly resembling him in countenance and voice, but of more sedate and placid manners.(1) Johnson informed me, that though Mr. Beauclerk was in great pain, it was hoped he was not in danger, and that he now wished to consult Dr. Heberden, to try the effect of a " *new understanding*." Both at this interview, and in the evening at Mr. Thrale's, where he and Mr. Peter Garrick and I met again, he was vehement on the subject of the Ossian controversy; observing,

(1) See *ante*, p. 194., and *post*, March 23. 1776. — C.

"We do not know that there are any ancient Erse manuscripts; and we have no other reason to disbelieve that there are men with three heads, but that we do not know that there are any such men." He also was outrageous upon his supposition that my countrymen "loved Scotland better than truth," saying, "All of them, — nay not all, — but *droves* of them, would come up, and attest any thing for the honour of Scotland." He also persevered in his wild allegation, that he questioned if there was a tree between Edinburgh and the English border older than himself. I assured him he was mistaken, and suggested that the proper punishment would be that he should receive a stripe at every tree above a hundred years old, that was found within that space. He laughed, and said, "I believe I might submit to it for a *baubee.*"

The doubts which, in my correspondence with him, I had ventured to state as to the justice and wisdom of the conduct of Great Britain towards the American colonies, while I at the same time requested that he would enable me to inform myself upon that momentous subject, he had altogether disregarded; and had recently published a pamphlet, entitled "Taxation no Tyranny; an Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress." * (1)

He had long before indulged most unfavourable sentiments of our fellow-subjects in America. For, as early as 1769, I was told by Dr. John Campbell, that he had said of them, "Sir, they are a race of

(1) [Published March 7. 1775, by T. Cadell in the Strand.]

convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging." (1)

Of this performance I avoided to talk with him; for I had now formed a clear and settled opinion, that the people of America were well warranted to resist a claim that their fellow-subjects in the mother country should have the entire command of their fortunes, by taxing them without their own consent; and the extreme violence which it breathed appeared to me so unsuitable to the mildness of a Christian philosopher, and so directly opposite to the principles of peace which he had so beautifully recommended in his pamphlet respecting Falkland's Islands, that I was sorry to see him appear in so unfavourable a light. Besides, I could not perceive in it that ability of argument, or that felicity of expression, for which he was, upon other occasions, so eminent. Positive assertion, sarcastical severity, and extravagant ridicule, which he himself reprobated as a test of truth, were united in this rhapsody.

That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those who were then in power, I have no doubt (2), and, indeed, he owned to me, that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them. He told me that they had struck out one passage, which was to this effect:

"That the colonists could with no solidity argue from

(1) I cannot believe that this coarse and foolish phrase was really uttered by Johnson. If it or any thing like it was said, it certainly referred to some *particular case* in discussion at the time. — C. 1835.

(2) Yet see *antè*, Vol. II. p. 141. and n. — C.

their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that they should not now be taxed. We do not put a calf into the plough; we wait till he is an ox."

He said, "They struck it out either critically as too ludicrous, or politically as too exasperating. I care not which. It was their business. If an architect says I will build five stories, and the man who employs him says I will have only three, the employer is to decide." "Yes, Sir," said I, "in ordinary cases: but should it be so when the architect gives his skill and labour *gratis*?"

Unfavourable as I am constrained to say my opinion of this pamphlet was, yet since it was congenial with the sentiments of numbers at that time, and as every thing relating to the writings of Dr. Johnson is of importance in literary history, I shall therefore insert some passages which were struck out, it does not appear why, either by himself or those who revised it. They appear printed in a few proof leaves of it in my possession, marked with corrections in his own handwriting. I shall distinguish them by *italics*.

In the paragraph where he says, the Americans were incited to resistance by European intelligence from

"men whom they thought their friends, but who were friends only to themselves,"

there followed —

"*and made by their selfishness, the enemies of their country.*"

And the next paragraph ran thus:

"On the original contrivers of mischief, *rather than on those whom they have deluded*, let an insulted nation pour out its vengeance."

The paragraph which came next was in these words:

"*Unhappy is that country in which men can hope for advancement by favouring its enemies. The tranquillity of stable government is not always easily preserved against the machinations of single innovators; but what can be the hope of quiet, when factions hostile to the legislature can be openly formed and openly avowed?*"

After the paragraph which now concludes the pamphlet, there follows this, in which he certainly means the great Earl of Chatham, and glances at a certain popular Lord Chancellor. (1)

"*If, by the fortune of war, they drive us utterly away, what they will do next can only be conjectured. If a new monarchy is erected, they will want a king. He who first takes into his hand the sceptre of America should have a name of good omen.* WILLIAM *has been known both a conqueror and deliverer; and perhaps England, however contemned, might yet supply them with another* WILLIAM. *Whigs, indeed, are not willing to be governed; and it is possible that King* WILLIAM *may be strongly inclined to guide their measures: but Whigs have been cheated like other mortals, and suffered their leader to become their tyrant, under the name of their protector. What more they will receive from England, no man can tell. In their rudiments of empire they may want a chancellor.*"

Then came this paragraph;

"*Their numbers are, at present, not quite sufficient*

(1) Lord Camden. — C.

for the greatness which, in some form of government or other, is to rival the ancient monarchies; but by Dr. Franklin's rule of progression, they will, in a century and a quarter, be more than equal to the inhabitants of Europe. When the Whigs of America are thus multiplied, let the princes of the earth tremble in their palaces. If they should continue to double and to double, their own hemisphere would not contain them. But let not our boldest oppugners of authority look forward with delight to this futurity of Whiggism."

How it ended I know not, as it is cut off abruptly at the foot of the last of these proof pages.

His pamphlets in support of the measures of administration were published on his own account, and he afterwards collected them into a volume, with the title of "Political Tracts, by the Author of the Rambler," with this motto:

> "Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
> Servitium; nunquam libertas gratior extat
> Quam sub rege pio." — *Claudianus.*

These pamphlets drew upon him numerous attacks. Against the common weapons of literary warfare he was hardened; but there were two instances of animadversion which I communicated to him, and from what I could judge, both from his silence and his looks, appeared to me to impress him much. (1)

One was, "A Letter to Dr. Samuel Johnson, occasioned by his late political Publications." It ap-

(1) Mr. Boswell, by a very natural prejudice, construes Johnson's *silence and looks* into something like a concurrence in *his* own sentiments; but it does not appear that Johnson ever abated one jot of the firmness and decision of his opinion on these questions. See his conversation *passim*, and his letter to John Wesley, *post*, Feb. 6. 1776. — C.

peared previous to his "Taxation no Tyranny," and was written by Dr. Joseph Towers. (1) In that performance, Dr. Johnson was treated with the respect due to so eminent a man, while his conduct as a political writer was boldly and pointedly arraigned, as inconsistent with the character of one, who, if he did employ his pen upon politics,

"it might reasonably be expected should distinguish himself, not by party violence and rancour, but by moderation and by wisdom."

It concluded thus:—

"I would, however, wish you to remember, should you again address the public under the character of a political writer, that luxuriance of imagination or energy of language will ill compensate for the want of candour, of justice, and of truth. And I shall only add, that should I hereafter be disposed to read, as I heretofore have done, the most excellent of all your performances, 'The Rambler,' the pleasure which I have been accustomed to find in it will be much diminished by the reflection that the writer of so moral, so elegant, and so valuable a work, was capable of prostituting his talents in such productions as 'The False Alarm,' the 'Thoughts on the Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands,' and 'The Patriot.'"

I am willing to do justice to the merit of Dr. Towers, of whom I will say, that although I abhor (2) his Whiggish democratical notions and

(1) [Dr. Joseph Towers, a miscellaneous writer, and a preacher among the Unitarians, was born in 1737, and died 1799.]

(2) Mr. Boswell is here very inconsistent; for, *abhorring* Dr. Towers's *Whiggish democratical* notions and *propensities*, how can he allow any weight to his opinions in a case which called these propensities into full effect; and above all, how

propensities (for I will not call them principles), I esteem as an ingenious, knowing, and very convivial man.

The other instance was a paragraph of a letter to me, from my old and most intimate friend the Rev. Mr. Temple, who wrote the character of Gray, which has had the honour to be adopted both by Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson in their accounts of that poet. The words were,

"How can your great, I will not say your *pious*, but your *moral* friend, support the barbarous measures of administration, which they have not the face to ask even their infidel pensioner Hume to defend?"

However confident of the rectitude of his own mind, Johnson may have felt sincere uneasiness that his conduct should be erroneously imputed to unworthy motives by good men; and that the influence of his valuable writings should on that account be in any degree obstructed or lessened.

He complained to a right honourable friend (1)

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could he suppose that Dr. Johnson, with his known feelings and opinions, could be influenced by a person professing such doctrines? — C.

(1) Mr. Gerard Hamilton. This anecdote is wholly at variance with Mr. Boswell's own assertion, *antè*, Vol. II. p. 140.; and — without going the whole length of that assertion, "that Johnson's pension had *no influence whatsoever* on his political publications" — Mr. Hamilton's anecdote may be doubted, not only from a consideration of Johnson's own character and principles, but from the evidence of all his other friends — persons who knew him more intimately than Mr. Hamilton — Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Murphy, Sir J. Hawkins, Mr. Tyers — who all declare that his political pamphlets expressed the opinions which in private conversation he always maintained. Mr. Boswell, we have seen, was of the same opinion as to Johnson's sincerity, till he took up the adverse side of the political ques-

of distinguished talents and very elegant manners, with whom he maintained a long intimacy, and whose generosity towards him will afterwards appear, that his pension having being given to him as a literary character, he had been applied to by administration to write political pamphlets; and he was even so much irritated, that he declared his resolution to resign his pension. His friend showed him the impropriety of such a measure, and he afterwards expressed his gratitude, and said he had received good advice. To that friend he once signified a wish to have his pension secured to him for his life; but he neither asked nor received from government any reward whatsoever for his political labours.

On Friday, March 24., I met him at the LITERARY CLUB, where were Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Colman, Dr. Percy, Mr. Vesey, Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. George Fordyce, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Charles Fox. Before he came in, we talked of his "Journey to the Western Islands," and of his coming away, "willing to believe the second sight[1]," which seemed to excite some ridicule. I was then so impressed with the truth of many of the stories of which I had been told, that I avowed my conviction, saying, "He is only *willing* to believe: I *do* believe. The evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will

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tion. *Then*, indeed, he admits, not only without contradiction, but with a species of confirmation, Mr. Hamilton's anecdote. — C.

(1) Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland." — Works, vol. viii. p. 347.

fill a pint bottle. I am filled with belief." "Are you?" said Colman; "then cork it up."

I found his "Journey" the common topic of conversation in London at this time, wherever I happened to be. At one of Lord Mansfield's formal Sunday evening conversations, strangely called *Levées*, his lordship addressed me, "We have all been reading your travels, Mr. Boswell." I answered, "I was but the humble attendant of Dr. Johnson." The Chief-Justice replied, with that air and manner which none, who ever saw and heard him, can forget, "He speaks ill of nobody but Ossian."

Johnson was in high spirits this evening at the club, and talked with great animation and success. He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. "The 'Tale of a Tub' is so much superior to his other writings, that one can hardly believe he was the author of it (1): there is in it such a vigour

(1) This doubt has been much agitated on both sides, I think without good reason. See Addison's "Freeholder," May 4th, 1714; "An Apology for the Tale of a Tub;" Dr. Hawkesworth's "Preface to Swift's Works," and Swift's "Letter to Tooke the Printer," and Tooke's "Answer" in that collection; Sheridan's "Life of Swift;" Mr. Courtenay's note on p. 3. of his "Political Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson;" and Mr. Cooksey's "Essay on the Life and Character of John, Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham." Dr Johnson here speaks only to the *internal evidence*. I take leave to differ from him, having a very high estimation of the powers of Dr. Swift. His "Sentiments of a Church-of-England-man;" his "Sermon on the Trinity," and other serious pieces, prove his learning as well as his acuteness in logic and metaphysics; and his various compositions of a different cast exhibit not only wit, humour, and ridicule, but a knowledge "of nature, and art, and life;" a combination, therefore, of those powers, when (as the "Apology" says) "the author was young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head," might surely produce "The Tale of a Tub." — B. — See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 239. — C.

of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, and art, and life." I wondered to hear him say of "Gulliver's Travels," "When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest." I endeavoured to make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who were much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventory of articles found in the pocket of "the Man Mountain," particularly the description of his watch, which it was conjectured was his God, as he consulted it upon all occasions. He observed, that Swift put his name to but two things (after he had a name to put), "The Plan for the Improvement of the English Language," and the last "Drapier's Letter."

From Swift, there was an easy transition to Mr. Thomas Sheridan. JOHNSON. "Sheridan is a wonderful admirer of the tragedy of Douglas, and presented its author with a gold medal. Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I called to him, 'Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a gold medal to Home, for writing that foolish play?' This, you see, was wanton and insolent; but I *meant* to be wanton and insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. And was Sheridan to assume to himself the right of giving that stamp? If Sheridan was magnificent enough to bestow a gold medal as an honorary reward of dramatic excellence, he should have requested one of the Universities to choose the person on whom it should be conferred. Sheridan

had no right to give a stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin." (1)

On Monday, March 27., I breakfasted with him at Mr. Strahan's. He told us, that he was engaged to go that evening to Mrs. Abington's benefit. "She was visiting some ladies whom I was visiting, and begged that I would come to her benefit. I told her I could not hear: but she insisted so much on my coming, that it would have been brutal to have refused her." This was a speech quite characteristical. He loved to bring forward his having been in the gay circles of life; and he was, perhaps, a little vain of the solicitations of this elegant and fashionable actress. He told us, the play was to be "The Hypocrite," altered from Cibber's "Nonjuror," so as to satirise the Methodists. "I do not think," said he, "the character of the Hypocrite justly applicable to the Methodists, but it is very applicable to the Nonjurors. I once said to Dr. Madan (2), a clergyman of Ireland, who was a

(1) The medal was presented in 1757, and as it does not appear that Johnson and Sheridan ever met after the affair of the pension (*antè*, 1762), this fact occurred probably in Johnson's visit to Oxford, in 1759. It seems, therefore, that Johnson had begun to be "*wanton* and *insolent*" towards Sheridan before the pension had caused the cup of gall to overflow. Mr. Whyte, the friend of Sheridan, gives the history of the *medal* thus: "When Sheridan undertook to play *Douglas* in Dublin, he had liberally written to Home, promising him the profits of the third night. It happened, however, that these profits fell very short, and Sheridan was rather perplexed what to do. At first, he thought of offering the author a piece of plate, but, on the suggestion of Mr. Whyte, the idea of a medal was adopted." When Johnson called *Douglas* "a foolish play," he was not only "*wanton* and *insolent*," as he admits, but showed very bad taste, and very violent prejudice. — C.

(2) No doubt a mistake for Dr. *Madden*. See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 73. — C.

great Whig, that perhaps a Nonjuror would have been less criminal in taking the oaths imposed by the ruling power, than refusing them; because refusing them necessarily laid him under almost an irresistible temptation to be more criminal; for a man *must* live, and if he precludes himself from the support furnished by the establishment will probably be reduced to very wicked shifts to maintain himself." (1) BOSWELL. "I should think, Sir, that a man who took the oaths contrary to his principles was a determined wicked man, because he was sure he was committing perjury: whereas a Nonjuror might be insensibly led to do what was wrong, without being so directly conscious of it." JOHN-

(1) This was not merely a cursory remark; for, in his Life of Fenton, he observes, "With many other wise and virtuous men, who, at that time of discord and debate (about the beginning of this century), consulted conscience, well or ill formed, more than interest, he doubted the legality of the government; and refusing to qualify himself for public employment, by taking the oaths required, left the University without a degree." This conduct Johnson calls "perverseness of integrity." The question concerning the morality of taking oaths, of whatever kind, imposed by the prevailing power at the time, rather than to be excluded from all consequence, or even any considerable usefulness in society, has been agitated with all the acuteness of casuistry. It is related, that he who devised the oath of abjuration profligately boasted, that he had framed a test which should "damn one half of the nation, and starve the other." Upon minds not exalted to inflexible rectitude, or minds in which zeal for a party is predominant to excess, taking that oath against conviction may have been palliated under the plea of necessity, or ventured upon in heat, as upon the whole producing more good than evil. At a county election in Scotland, many years ago, when there was a warm contest between the friends of the Hanoverian succession, and those against it, the oath of abjuration having been demanded, the freeholders upon one side rose to go away. Upon which a very sanguine gentleman, one of their number, ran to the door to stop them calling out with much earnestness, "Stay, stay, my friends, and let us swear the rogues out of it!"

son. "Why, Sir, a man who goes to bed to his patron's wife is pretty sure that he is committing wickedness." Boswell. "Did the nonjuring clergyman do so, Sir?" Johnson. "I am afraid many of them did." (1)

I was startled at this argument, and could by no means think it convincing. Had not his own father complied with the requisition of government (2), (as to which he once observed to me, when I pressed him upon it, "*That*, Sir, he was to settle with himself,") he would probably have thought more unfavourably of a Jacobite who took the oaths:

> "——— had he not resembled
> My father as he *swore* ——."

Mr. Strahan talked of launching into the great ocean of London, in order to have a chance for rising into eminence; and observing that many men were kept back from trying their fortunes there, because they were born to a competency, said, "Small certainties are the bane of men of talents;" which Johnson confirmed. Mr. Strahan put John-

(1) What evidence is there of this being the prevailing sin of the nonjuring clergy beyond Cibber's comedy, which, slight evidence as a comedy would be in any such case, is next to none at all on this occasion, for Cibber's play was a mere adaptation of Molière's *Tartuffe*? — C.

(2) Extract from the book containing the proceedings of the corporation of Lichfield: "19th July, 1712, Agreed that Mr. Michael Johnson be, and he is hereby elected a magistrate and brother of their incorporation; a day is given him to Thursday next to take the oath of fidelity and allegiance, and the oath of a magistrate. Signed, &c." — "25th July, 1712. Mr. Johnson took the oath of allegiance, and that he believed there was no transubstantiation in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, before, &c." — Harwood.

son in mind of a remark which he had made to him: "There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." "The more one thinks of this," said Strahan, "the juster it will appear."

Mr. Strahan had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson having inquired after him, said, "Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is sad work. Call him down."

I followed him into the court-yard (1), behind Mr. Strahan's house; and there I had a proof of what I had heard him profess, that he talked alike to all. "Some people tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak uniformly, in as intelligible a manner as I can."

"Well, my boy, how do you go on?" "Pretty well, Sir; but they are afraid I ar' n't strong enough for some parts of the business." JOHNSON. "Why I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporeal labour a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear — take

(1) This was "*surveillance*," as the French call it, with a vengeance! and this fact, which Mr. Boswell owns with such amusing simplicity, may be taken as a specimen of the "*espionnage*" which he exercised over Johnson. The reader will have observed, that two French phrases are here used, because, though Mr. Boswell's affectionate curiosity led *him* into such courses, English manners have no such practice, nor the English language a term to describe it. — C.

all the pains you can; and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life for you. There 's a guinea."

Here was one of the many, many instances of his active benevolence. At the same time, the slow and sonorous solemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed a little thick short-legged boy, contrasted with the boy's awkwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous emotions.

I met him at Drury Lane playhouse in the evening. Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Mrs. Abington's request, had promised to bring a body of wits to her benefit; and having secured forty places in the front boxes, had done me the honour to put me in the group. Johnson sat on the seat directly behind me; and as he could neither see nor hear at such a distance from the stage, he was wrapped up in grave abstraction, and seemed quite a cloud, amidst all the sunshine of glitter and gaiety. I wondered at his patience in sitting out a play of five acts, and a farce of two. He said very little; but after the prologue to "Bon Ton" had been spoken, which he could hear pretty well from the more slow and distinct utterance, he talked on prologue-writing, and observed, "Dryden has written prologues superior to any that David Garrick has written; but David Garrick has written more good prologues than Dryden has done. It is wonderful that he has been able to write such variety of them."

At Mr. Beauclerk's, where I supped, was Mr. Garrick, whom I made happy with Johnson's praise of

his prologues; and I suppose in gratitude to him, he took up one of his favourite topics, the nationality of the Scotch, which he maintained in a pleasant manner, with the aid of a little poetical fiction. "Come, come, don't deny it: they are really national. Why, now, the Adams are as liberal-minded men as any in the world: but, I don't know how it is, all their workmen are Scotch. You are, to be sure, wonderfully free from that nationality; but so it happens, that you employ the only Scotch shoeblack in London." (1) He imitated the manner of his old master with ludicrous exaggeration; repeating, with pauses and half-whistlings interjected,

> "Os homini sublime dedit, — cælumque tueri
> Jussit, — et erectos ad sidera — tollere vultus,"

looking *downwards* all the time (2), and, while pronouncing the four last words, absolutely touching the ground with a kind of contorted gesticulation. (3)

(1) See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 286. n. — C.

(2) This exhibition of Johnson's *downward* look and gesticulations while reciting *os sublime* and *tollere vultus*, resembles one which Lord Byron describes: — "Mr. Grattan's manners in private life were odd, but natural. Curran used to take him off, *bowing to the very ground*, and '*thanking God that he had no peculiarity of gesture or appearance*,' in a way irresistibly ridiculous." — Moore's Life of Byron, vol. i. p. 405. — C.

(3) Mr. Whyte has related an anecdote of Johnson's violence of gesticulation, which, but for this evidence of Garrick's, one could have hardly believed. "The house on the right at the bottom of Beaufort Buildings was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother (an eminent surgeon), by whom Johnson was often invited in the snug way with the family party. At one of those social meetings Johnson as usual sat next the lady of the house; the dessert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had

Garrick, however, when he pleased, could imitate Johnson very exactly; for that great actor, with his distinguished powers of expression which were so universally admired, possessed also an admirable talent of mimicry. He was always jealous (1) that Johnson spoke lightly of him. I recollect his exhibiting him to me one day, as if saying, "Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but 't is a futile fellow;" which he uttered perfectly with the tone and air of Johnson.

I cannot too frequently request of my readers, while they peruse my account of Johnson's conversation, to endeavour to keep in mind his deliberate and strong utterance. His mode of speaking was indeed very impressive (2); and I wish it could be

moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backwards and forwards as she sat, enjoying 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down, which the lady observing, she roguishly edged her foot within his reach, and, as might partly have been expected, Johnson clenched hold of it, and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, 'O, fie! Mr. Johnson!' The company at first knew not what to make of it: but one of them, perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologised. 'Nay, Madam, recollect yourself; I know not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the emotion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude.'" — Whyte' Miscel. Nova, p. 50. — C.

(1) On the contrary, the anecdote which follows rather proves that Garrick had learned to repel Johnson's contemptuous expressions with an easy gaiety. — C.

(2) My noble friend Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, "that Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his *bow-wow way*." The sayings themselves are generally of sterling merit; but, doubtless, his *manner* was an addition to their effect; and therefore should be attended to as much as may be. It is necessary however. to guard those who

preserved as music is written, according to the very ingenious method of Mr. Steele (1), who has shown how the recitation of Mr. Garrick, and other eminent speakers, might be transmitted to posterity *in score*. (2)

Next day I dined with Johnson at Mr. Thrale's. He attacked Gray, calling him "a dull fellow." BOSWELL. "I understand he was reserved, and might appear dull in company; but surely he was not dull in poetry." JOHNSON. "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull every where. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him GREAT. He was a mechanical poet." He then repeated some ludicrous lines, which have escaped my memory, and said, "Is not that GREAT, like his Odes?" Mrs. Thrale main-

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were not acquainted with him against overcharged imitations or caricatures of his manner, which are frequently attempted, and many of which are second-hand copies from the late Mr. Henderson, the actor, who, though a good mimic of some persons, did not represent Johnson correctly.

(1) See "Prosodia Rationalis; or, an Essay towards establishing the Melody and Measure of Speech, to be expressed and perpetuated by peculiar Symbols. London, 1779."

(2) I use the phrase *in score*, as Dr. Johnson has explained it in his Dictionary. "*A song in* SCORE, the words with the musical notes of a song annexed." But I understand that in scientific propriety it means all the parts of a musical composition noted down in the characters by which it is exhibited to the eye of the skilful. — B. — It was *declamation* that Steele pretended to reduce to notation by new characters. This he called the *melody* of speech, not the *harmony*, which the term *in score* implies. — BURNEY. — The true meaning of the term *score* is, that when music, in different parts for different voices or instruments, is written on the same page, the bars, instead of being drawn only across each stave, are, to lead the eyes of the several performers, *scored* from the top to the bottom of the pages. — C.

tained that his Odes were melodious; upon which he exclaimed,

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof;"—

I added, in a solemn tone,

"The winding-sheet of Edward's race."

There is a good line.—"Ay," said he, "and the next line is a good one (pronouncing it contemptuously),

'Give ample verge and room enough.'—

No, Sir, there are but two good stanzas in Gray's poetry, which are in his 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'" He then repeated the stanza,

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," &c.

mistaking one word; for instead of *precincts* he said *confines*. He added, "The other stanza I forget."

A young lady (1) who had married a man much her inferior in rank being mentioned, a question arose how a woman's relations should behave to her in such a situation; and, while I recapitulate the debate, and recollect what has since happened, I cannot but be struck in a manner that delicacy (2) forbids me to express. While I contended that she ought to be treated with an inflexible steadiness of

(1) No doubt Lady Susan Fox, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester, born in 1743, who, in 1773, married Mr. William O'Brien, an actor. She died in 1827.—C.

(2) Mr. Boswell's *delicacy* to Mrs. Piozzi is quite exemplary! but after all, there is nothing which he has insinuated or said too bad for such a lamentable and degrading weakness as she was guilty of in her marriage with Mr. Piozzi.—C.

displeasure, Mrs. Thrale was all for mildness and forgiveness, and, according to the vulgar phrase, "making the best of a bad bargain." JOHNSON. "Madam, we must distinguish. Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen; and would not put her on a level with my other daughters. You are to consider, Madam, that it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilised society; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation from rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from the same perversion."

After frequently considering this subject, I am more and more confirmed in what I then meant to express, and which was sanctioned by the authority, and illustrated by the wisdom of Johnson; and I think it of the utmost consequence to the happiness of society, to which subordination is absolutely necessary. It is weak and contemptible, and unworthy, in a parent to relax in such a case. It is sacrificing general advantage to private feelings. And let it be considered that the claim of a daughter who has acted thus, to be restored to her former situation, is either fantastical or unjust. If there be no value in the distinction of rank, what does she suffer by being kept in the situation to which she has descended? If there be a value in that distinction, it ought to be steadily maintained. If indulgence be shown to such conduct, and the offenders know that in a longer or

shorter time they shall be received as well as if they had not contaminated their blood by a base alliance, the great check upon that inordinate caprice which generally occasions low marriages will be removed, and the fair and comfortable order of improved life will be miserably disturbed.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters being mentioned, Johnson said, "It was not to be wondered at that they had so great a sale, considering that they were the letters of a statesman, a wit, one who had been so much in the mouths of mankind, one long accustomed *virûm volitare per ora.*"

On Friday, 31st March, I supped with him and some friends at a tavern. One of the company (1) attempted, with too much forwardness, to rally him on his late appearance at the theatre; but had reason to repent of his temerity. "Why, Sir, did you go to Mrs. Abington's benefit? Did you see?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir." "Did you hear?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir." "Why then, Sir, did you go?" JOHNSON. "Because, Sir, she is a favourite of the public; and when the public cares the thousandth part for you that it does for her, I will go to your benefit too."

Next morning I won a small bet from Lady Diana Beauclerk, by asking him as to one of his particularities, which her Ladyship laid I durst not do. It seems he had been frequently observed at the club to put into his pocket the Seville oranges, after he had squeezed the juice of them into the drink which he

(1) Supposed to have been Mr. Boswell himself. — C.



made for himself. Beauclerk and Garrick talked of it to me, and seemed to think that he had a strange unwillingness to be discovered. We could not divine what he did with them; and this was the bold question to be put. I saw on his table, the spoils of the preceding night, some fresh peels nicely scraped and cut into pieces. "O, Sir," said I, "I now partly see what you do with the squeezed oranges which you put into your pocket at the club." JOHNSON. "I have a great love for them." BOSWELL. "And pray, Sir, what do you do with them? You scrape them it seems, very neatly, and what next?" JOHNSON. "Let them dry, Sir." BOSWELL. "And what next?" JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, you shall know their fate no further." BOSWELL. "Then the world must be left in the dark. It must be said (assuming a mock solemnity) he scraped them and let them dry, but what he did with them next he never could be prevailed upon to tell." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, you should say it more emphatically: — he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell." (1)

(1) The following extract of one of what Miss Seward would call his *love-letters* to Miss Boothby, probably explains, in terms hardly suitable to the correspondence with a lady, the use to which he put these orange peels. — "Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy and, I think, very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange peel, finely powdered, divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner: the best way is, perhaps, to drink it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and if not found useful, easily left off.

He had this morning received his diploma as Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford. He did not vaunt of his new dignity, but I understood he was highly pleased with it. I shall here insert the progress and completion of that high academical honour, in the same manner as I have traced his obtaining that of Master of Arts.

"TO THE REV. DR. FOTHERGILL,

Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to be communicated to the heads of houses, and proposed in convocation.

"Downing Street, March 3. 1775.

"MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,—The honour of the degree of M. A. by diploma, formerly conferred upon Mr. Samuel Johnson, in consequence of his having eminently distinguished himself by the publication of a series of essays, excellently calculated to form the manners of the people, and in which the cause of religion and morality has been maintained and recommended by the strongest powers of argument and elegance of language, reflected an equal degree of lustre upon the University itself.

"The many learned labours which have since that time employed the attention and displayed the abilities of that great man, so much to the advancement of literature and the benefit of the community, render him worthy of more distinguished honours in the republic

I would not have you offer it to the doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm: do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a day, will be sufficient to begin, or less if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes."—Lett. Dec. 31 1755.—C.

of letters; and I persuade myself that I shall act agreeably to the sentiments of the whole University, in desiring that it may be proposed in convocation to confer on him the degree of Dóctor in Civil Law by diploma, to which I readily give my consent; and am, Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen, your affectionate friend and servant,
"NORTH." (1)

"DIPLOMA.

"*Cancellarius, magistri, et scholares Universitatis Oxoniensis omnibus ad quos presentes literæ pervenerint, salutem in Domino sempiternam.*

"*Sciatis, virum illustrem, Samuelem Johnson, in omni humaniorum literarum genere eruditum, omniumque scientiarum comprehensione felicissimum, scriptis suis, ad popularium mores formandos summâ verborum elegantiâ ac sententiarum gravitate compositis, ita olim incluruisse, ut dignus videretur cui ab academiâ suâ eximia quædam laudis præmia deferentur, quique venerabilem Magistrorum ordinem summâ cum dignitate cooptaretur:*

"*Cùm verò eundem clarissimum virum tot posteà tantique labores, in patriâ præsertim linguâ ornandâ et stabiliendâ feliciter impensi, ita insigniverint, ut in literarum republicâ princeps jam et primarius jure habeatur; nos, cancellarius, magistri, et scholares Universitatis Oxoniensis, quò talis viri merita pari honoris remuneratione exæquentur, et perpetuum suæ simul laudis, nostræque ergà literas propensissimæ voluntatis extet monumentum, in solenni convocatione doctorum et magistrorum regentium, et non regentium, prædictum Samuelem Johnson doctorum in jure civili renunciavimus et constituimus, eumque, virtute præsentis diplomatis, singulis juribus, privilegiis et honoribus, ad istum gradum quàquà pertimentibus, frui et gaudere jussimus.* In cujus rei testimonium commune Uni-*

(1) Extracted from the Convocation Register, Oxford.

versitatis Oxoniensis sigillum præsentibus apponi fecimus.

"*Datum in domo nostræ convocationis die tricesimo mensis Martii, anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo, septuagesimo quinto.*" (1)

"*Viro Reverendo* THOMÆ FOTHERGILL, *S. T. P. Universitatis Oxoniensis Vice-Cancellario.*

"*S. P. D.*

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"*Multis non est opus, ut testimonium quo, te præside, Oxonienses nomen meum posteris commendârunt, quali animo acceperim compertum faciam. Nemo sibi placens non lætatur; nemo sibi non placet, qui vobis, literarum arbitris, placere potuit. Hoc tamen habet incommodi tantum beneficium, quod mihi nunquam posthâc sine vestræ famæ detrimento vel labi liceat vel cessare; semperque sit timendum ne quod mihi tam eximiæ laudi est vobis aliquando fiat opprobrio. Vale.* 7. *Id. Apr.* 1775.

LETTER 209. TO MRS. THRALE.

"April 1. 1775.

"I HAD mistaken the day on which I was to dine with Mr. Bruce, and hear of Abyssinia, and therefore am to dine this day with Mr. Hamilton.

(1) The original is in my possession. He showed me the diploma, and allowed me to read it, but would not consent to my taking a copy of it, fearing perhaps that I should blaze it abroad in his lifetime. His objection to this appears from the letter to Mrs. Thrale, in which he scolds her for the grossness of her flattery of him. It is remarkable that he never, so far as I know, assumed his title of *Doctor*, but called himself *Mr.* Johnson, as appears from many of his cards or notes to myself, and I have seen many from him to other persons, in which he uniformly takes that designation. I once observed on his table a letter directed to him with the addition of *Esquire*, and objected to it as being a designation inferior to that of doctor; but he checked me, and seemed pleased with it, because, as I conjectured, he liked to be sometimes taken out of the class of literary men, and to be merely *genteel* — *un gentilhomme comme un autre.*

"The news from Oxford is that no tennis-court can be hired at any price (1); and that the Vice-Chancellor will not write to the Clarendon trustees without some previous intimation that his request will not be unacceptable. We must, therefore, find some way of applying to Lord Mansfield, who, with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Chester, holds the trust. Thus are we thrown to a vexatious distance. Poor [Carter]! do not tell him.

"The other Oxford news is that they have sent me a degree of Doctor of Laws, with such praises in the diploma as, perhaps, ought to make me ashamed; they are very like your praises. I wonder whether I shall ever show them to you.

"Boswell will be with you. Please to ask Murphy the way to Lord Mansfield. Dr Wetherell (2), who is now here, and will be here for some days, is very desirous of seeing the brewhouse; I hope Mr. Thrale will send him an invitation. He does what he can for Carter.

"To-day I dine with Hamilton; to-morrow with Hoole; on Monday with Paradise; on Tuesday with master and mistress; on Wednesday with Dilly; but come back to the *tower*." (3)

He revised some sheets of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland," and wrote a few notes on the margin with red ink, which he bade me tell his lordship did not sink into the paper, and might be wiped off

(1) For a riding-school for Mr. Carter. — C.

(2) [Dr. Nathan Wetherell, Master of University College, and father of the present Sir Charles Wetherell.]

(3) The *tower* was a separate room at Streatham, where Dr. Johnson slept — PIOZZI. — So called probably because it was *bowed*. I slept in that room many years after, and was pleased to find that Dr. Johnson's writing-table was carefully preserved, and that even the blots of his ink were not cleaned away. — C.

with a wet sponge, so that it did not spoil his manuscript. I observed to him that there were very few of his friends so accurate as that I could venture to put down in writing what they told me as his sayings. JOHNSON. "Why should you write down *my* sayings?" BOSWELL. "I write them when they are good." JOHNSON. "Nay, you may as well write down the sayings of any one else that are good." But *where*, I might with great propriety have added, can I find such?

I visited him by appointment in the evening, and we drank tea with Mrs. Williams. He told me that he had been in the company of a gentleman (1) whose extraordinary travels had been much the subject of conversation. But I found he had not listened to him with that full confidence, without which there is little satisfaction in the society of travellers. I was curious to hear what opinion so able a judge as Johnson had formed of his abilities, and I asked if he was not a man of sense. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, he is not a distinct relater; and I should say, he is neither abounding nor deficient in sense. I did not perceive any superiority of understanding." BOSWELL. "But will you not allow him a nobleness of resolution, in penetrating into distant regions?" JOHNSON. "That, Sir, is not to the present purpose: we are talking of sense. A fighting cock has a nobleness of resolution."

Next day, Sunday, 2d April, I dined with him at Mr. Hoole's. We talked of Pope. JOHNSON.

(1) Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, with whom he had dined this day at Mr. Gerard Hamilton's. — C.

"He wrote his 'Dunciad' for fame. That was his primary motive. Had it not been for that, the dunces might have railed against him till they were weary, without his troubling himself about them. He delighted to vex them, no doubt; but he had more delight in seeing how well he could vex them."

The "Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion," in ridicule of "cool Mason and warm Gray," being mentioned, Johnson said, "They are Colman's best things." Upon its being observed that it was believed these Odes were made by Colman and Lloyd jointly; — JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, how can two people make an ode? Perhaps one made one of them, and one the other." I observed that two people had made a play, and quoted the anecdote of Beaumont and Fletcher, who were brought under suspicion of treason, because while concerting the plan of a tragedy when sitting together at a tavern, one of them was overheard saying to the other, "I'll kill the king." JOHNSON. "The first of these Odes is the best; but they are both good. They exposed a very bad kind of writing." (1) BOSWELL. "Surely, Sir, Mr. Mason's 'Elfrida' is a fine poem: at least you will allow there are some good passages in it." JOHNSON. "There are now and then some good imitations of Milton's bad manner." (2)

(1) Gray's Odes are still on every table and in every mouth, and there are not, I believe, a dozen libraries in England which could produce these "*best things*," written by *two professed* wits in ridicule of them. — C.

(2) I have heard him relate how he used to sit in some coffee-house, and turn Mason's "Caractacus" into ridicule for the diver-

I often wondered at his low estimation of the writings of Gray and Mason. Of Gray's poetry I have, in a former part of this work, expressed my high opinion; and for that of Mr. Mason I have ever entertained a warm admiration. His "Elfrida" is exquisite, both in poetical description and moral sentiment; and his "Caractacus" is a noble drama. Nor can I omit paying my tribute of praise to some of his smaller poems, which I have read with pleasure, and which no criticism shall persuade me not to like. If I wondered at Johnson's not tasting the works of Mason and Gray, still more have I wondered at their not tasting of his works: that they should be insensible to his energy of diction, to his splendour of images, and comprehension of thought. Tastes may differ as to the violin, the flute, the hautboy; in short all the lesser instruments: but who can be insensible to the powerful impressions of the majestic organ?

His "Taxation no Tyranny" being mentioned, he said, "I think I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is the re-action; I never think I have hit hard, unless it re-bounds." BOSWELL. "I don't know, Sir, what you would be at. Five or six shots of small arms in every newspaper, and

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sion of himself and of chance comers-in. "The Elfrida," says he, "was too exquisitely pretty; I could make no fun out of that." When upon some occasions he would express his astonishment that he should have an enemy in the world, while he had been doing nothing but good to his neighbours, I used to make him recollect these circumstances: — "Why, child," said he, "what harm could that do the fellow? I always thought very well of Mason for a *Cambridge* man; he is, I believe, a mighty blameless character." — PIOZZI.

repeated cannonading in pamphlets, might, I think, satisfy you. But, Sir, you 'll never make out this match, of which we have talked, with a certain political lady (1), since you are so severe against her principles." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I have the better chance for that. She is like the Amazons of old; she must be courted by the sword. But I have not been severe upon her." BOSWELL. "Yes, Sir, you have made her ridiculous." JOHNSON. "That was already done, Sir. To endeavour to make *her* ridiculous, is like blacking the chimney."

I put him in mind that the landlord at Ellon in Scotland said, that he heard he was the greatest man in England, next to Lord Mansfield. "Ay, Sir," said he, "the exception defined the idea. A Scotchman could go no farther:

'The force of Nature could no farther go.'"

Lady Miller's collection of verses by fashionable people, which were put into her Vase at Bath-easton villa (2), near Bath, in competition for honorary

(1) Mrs. Macaulay: see *antè*, Vol. I. p. 289. Dr. Macaulay had been dead some years, and the lady did not re-marry till 1778. — C.

(2) The following extract, from one of Horace Walpole's letters, will explain the proceedings of this farce: — "You must know, that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been now christened Helicon. They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribands and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival: six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope [Miller], kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with — I don't know what. You may think

prizes, being mentioned, he held them very cheap: "*Bouts-rimés*," said he, "is a mere conceit, and an *old* conceit *now*; I wonder how people were persuaded to write in that manner for this lady." I named a gentleman of his acquaintance who wrote for the Vase. JOHNSON. "He was a blockhead for his pains." BOSWELL. "The Duchess of Northumberland wrote." (1) JOHNSON. "Sir, the Duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases: nobody will say any thing to a lady of her high rank. But I should be apt to throw ******'s verses in his face."

I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

He made the common remark on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they generally languish for want of their habitual occupation, and wish to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of this as can well be imagined. "An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a consider-

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this a fiction, or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published, — yes, on my faith! there are bouts-rimés on a buttered muffin, by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland," &c. — Works, vol. v. p. 185. — C.

(1) Lady Elizabeth Seymour married, in 1740, Sir Hugh Smithson, created, in 1766, Duke of Northumberland; from whom she was divorced in 1776. — C.

able fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here, Sir, was a man to whom the most disgusting circumstances in the business to which he had been used was a relief from idleness."

CHAPTER IX.

1775.

Public Speaking. — Statutes against Bribery. — Cibber's Comedies. — Gentility and Morality. — Charles II. — George I. — Trading Judges. — Christopher Smart. — Twiss's Travels. — Addison's Italy. — "Lilliburlero." — Gibbon. — Patriotism. — Mrs. Pritchard. — Happiness. — General Oglethorpe. — Middle-rate Poets. — Patronage. — Lord Bute. — Good Friday. — London. — Commerce. — Value of Knowledge. — Literary Fame. — Infidelity. — "Nil admirari." — Advantages of Reading.

On Wednesday, 5th April, I dined with him at Messieurs Dillys, with Mr. John Scott of Amwell, the Quaker, Mr. Langton, Mr. Miller (now Sir John), and Dr. Thomas Campbell(1), an Irish clergyman, whom I took the liberty of inviting to Mr. Dilly's table, having seen him at Mr. Thrale's, and been told that he had come to England chiefly with a view to see Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained the highest veneration. He has since published "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," a very entertaining book, which has, however, one fault — that it assumes the fictitious character of an Englishman.

(1) See *post*, p. 285. — C.

We talked of public speaking. JOHNSON. "We must not estimate a man's powers by his being able or not able to deliver his sentiments in public. Isaac Hawkins Browne, one of the first wits of this country, got into parliament, and never opened his mouth. For my own part, I think it is more disgraceful never to try to speak, than to try it and fail; as it is more disgraceful not to fight, than to fight and be beaten." This argument appeared to me fallacious; for if a man has not spoken, it may be said that he would have done very well if he had tried; whereas, if he has tried and failed, there is nothing to be said for him. "Why, then," I asked, "is it thought disgraceful for a man not to fight, and not disgraceful not to speak in public?" JOHNSON. "Because there may be other reasons for a man's not speaking in public than want of resolution: he may have nothing to say (laughing). Whereas, Sir, you know courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other."

He observed, that "the statutes against bribery were intended to prevent upstarts with money from getting into parliament:" adding, that "if he were a gentleman of landed property, he would turn out all his tenants who did not vote for the candidate whom he supported." LANGTON. "Would not that, Sir, be checking the freedom of election?" JOHNSON. "Sir, the law does not mean that the privilege of voting should be independent of old

family interest, of the permanent property of the country."

On Thursday, 6th April, I dined with him at Mr. Thomas Davies's, with Mr. Hicky, the painter, and my old acquaintance Mr. Moody, the player.

Dr. Johnson, as usual, spoke contemptuously of Colley Cibber. "It is wonderful that a man, who for forty years had lived with the great and the witty, should have acquired so ill the talents of conversation: and he had but half to furnish; for one half of what he said was oaths." He, however, allowed considerable merit to some of his comedies, and said there was no reason to believe that the "Careless Husband" was not written by himself. Davies said, he was the first dramatic writer who introduced genteel ladies upon the stage. Johnson refuted his observation by instancing several such characters in comedies before his time. DAVIES (trying to defend himself from a charge of ignorance). "I mean genteel moral characters." "I think," said Hicky, "gentility and morality are inseparable." BOSWELL. "By no means, Sir. The genteelest characters are often the most immoral. Does not Lord Chesterfield give precepts for uniting wickedness and the graces? A man, indeed, is not genteel when he gets drunk; but most vices may be committed very genteelly: a man may debauch his friend's wife genteelly: he may cheat at cards genteelly." HICKY. "I do not think *that* is genteel." BOSWELL. "Sir, it may not be like a gentleman, but it may be genteel." JOHNSON. "You are meaning two different things.

One means exterior grace; the other honour It is certain that a man may be very immoral with exterior grace. Lovelace, in 'Clarissa,' is a very genteel and a very wicked character. Tom Hervey (1), who died t'other day, though a vicious man, was one of the genteelest men that ever lived." Tom Davies instanced Charles the Second. JOHNSON (taking fire at an attack upon that Prince, for whom he had an extraordinary partiality). "Charles the Second was licentious in his practice; but he always had a reverence for what was good. Charles the Second knew his people, and rewarded merit. The church was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best king we have had from his time till the reign of our present Majesty, except James the Second, who was a very good king (2), but unhappily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholics. *He* had the merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the salvation of the souls of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. *We*, who thought that we should *not* be saved if we were Roman Catholics, had the merit of maintaining our religion, at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William, (for it could not be done otherwise,) — to the government of one of the most worthless

(1) See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 17. — C.

(2) All this seems so contrary to historical truth and common sense, that no explanation can be given of it; but it excites a lively curiosity to know more of Dr. Johnson's personal history during the years 1745 and 1746, during which Boswell could find no trace of him. See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 204. — C.

scoundrels that ever existed. (1) No, Charles the Second was not such a man as ———— (2), (naming another king). He did not destroy his father's will. He took money, indeed, from France: but he did not betray those over whom he ruled: he did not let the French fleet pass ours. George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor." He roared with prodigious violence against George the Second. When he ceased, Moody interjected, in an Irish tone, and with a comic look, "Ah! poor George the Second."

(1) A gentleman who dined at a nobleman's table in his company and that of Mr. Thrale, to whom I was obliged for the anecdote, was willing to enter the lists in defence of King William's character, and, having opposed and contradicted Johnson two or three times petulantly enough, the master of the house began to feel uneasy, and expect disagreeable consequences: to avoid which he said, loud enough for the Doctor to hear, "Our friend here has no meaning now in all this, except just to relate at club to-morrow how he teased Johnson at dinner to-day — this is all to do himself *honour*." "No, upon my word," replied the other, "I see no *honour* in it, whatever you may do." "Well, Sir," returned Dr. Johnson sternly, "if you do not *see* the *honour*, I am sure I *feel* the *disgrace*." — Piozzi.

(2) George the Second. — The story of the will is told by Horace Walpole, in his very amusing (but often *inaccurate*) *Reminiscences*: — "At the first council held by the new sovereign, Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his Majesty put it into his pocket and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. As the king never mentioned the will more, whispers, only by degrees, informed the public that the will was burnt, at least that its injunctions were never fulfilled." — C.

I mentioned that Dr. Thomas Campbell had come from Ireland to London, principally to see Dr. Johnson. He seemed angry at this observation. DAVIES. "Why, you know, Sir, there came a man from Spain to see Livy (1); and Corelli came to England to see Purcell (2), and when he heard he was dead, went directly back again to Italy." JOHNSON. "I should not have wished to be dead to disappoint Campbell, had he been so foolish as you represent him; but I should have wished to have been a hundred miles off." This was apparently perverse; and I do believe it was not his real way of thinking: he could not but like a man who came so far to see him. He laughed with some complacency, when I told him Campbell's odd expression to me concerning him: "That having seen such a man, was a thing to talk of a century hence," — as if he could live so long. (3)

We got into an argument whether the judges who went to India might with propriety engage in trade.

(1) Plin. Epist. Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

(2) Mr. Davies was here mistaken. Corelli never was in England. — BURNEY.

(3) Mrs. Thrale gives, in her lively style, a sketch of this gentleman: "We have a flashy friend here (at Bath) already, who is much your adorer. I wonder how you will like *him*? An Irishman he is; very handsome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and sure to be a favourite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man of ever so odd a temper. *My master* laughs, but likes him, and it diverts me to think what you will do when he professes that he would clean shoes for you; that he would shed his blood for you; with twenty more extravagant flights; and you say I flatter! *Upon my honour, Sir*, and *indeed now*, is Dr. Campbell's phrase is, I am but a twitter to him." — Letters, May 16. 1776. — C.

Johnson warmly maintained that they might; "For why," he urged, "should not judges get riches, as well as those who deserve them less?" I said, they should have sufficient salaries, and have nothing to take off their attention from the affairs of the public. JOHNSON. "No judge, Sir, can give his whole attention to his office; and it is very proper that he should employ what time he has to himself to his own advantage, in the most profitable manner." "Then, Sir," said Davies, who enlivened the dispute by making it somewhat dramatic, "he may become an insurer; and when he is going to the bench, he may be stopped, — 'Your Lordship cannot go yet; here is a bunch of invoices; several ships are about to sail.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, you may as well say a judge should not have a house; for they may come and tell him, 'Your Lordship's house is on fire;' and so, instead of minding the business of his court, he is to be occupied in getting the engine with the greatest speed. There is no end of this. Every judge who has land trades to a certain extent in corn or in cattle, and in the land itself; undoubtedly his steward acts for him, and so do clerks for a great merchant. A judge may be a farmer, but he is not to geld his own pigs. A judge may play a little at cards for his amusement; but he is not to play at marbles, or chuck farthing in the Piazza. No, Sir, there is no profession to which a man gives a very great proportion of his time. It is wonderful, when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession. No man would be a judge, upon the condition of being

totally a judge. The best employed lawyer has his mind at work but for a small proportion of his time; a great deal of his occupation is merely mechanical. I once wrote for a magazine: I made a calculation, that if I should write but a page a day, at the same rate, I should, in ten years, write nine volumes in folio, of an ordinary size and print." BOSWELL. "Such as 'Carte's History?'" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; when a man writes from his own mind, he writes very rapidly.(1) The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading, in order to write; a man will turn over half a library, to make one book."

I argued warmly against the judges trading, and mentioned Hale as an instance of a perfect judge, who devoted himself entirely to his office. JOHNSON. "Hale, Sir, attended to other things besides law; he left a great estate." BOSWELL. "That was because what he got accumulated without any exertion and anxiety on his part."

While the dispute went on, Moody once tried to say something on our side. Tom Davies clapped him on the back, to encourage him. Beauclerk, to whom I mentioned this circumstance, said, "that he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies."

We spoke of Rolt, to whose 'Dictionary of Commerce' Dr. Johnson wrote the preface. JOHNSON. "Old Gardener the bookseller, employed Rolt and

(1) Johnson certainly did, who had a mind stored with knowledge, and teeming with imagery; but the observation is not applicable to writers in general.

Smart to write a monthly miscellany, called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract, which Allen the printer saw. Gardener thought as you do of the judge. They were bound to write nothing else; they were to have, I think, a third of the profits of his sixpenny pamphlet; and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wish I had thought of giving this to Thurlow, in the cause about literary property. What an excellent instance would it have been of the oppression of booksellers towards poor authors!" smiling.(1) Davies, zealous for the honour of *the trade*, said Gardener was not properly a bookseller. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir; he certainly was a bookseller. He had served his time regularly, was a member of the Stationers' Company, kept a shop in the face of mankind, purchased copyright, and was a *bibliopole*, Sir, in every sense. I wrote for some months in 'The Universal Visitor' for poor Smart, while he was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in 'The Universal Visitor' no longer."

Friday, 7th April, I dined with him at a tavern, with a numerous company.(2) JOHNSON. "I have

(1) There has probably been some mistake as to the terms of this supposed extraordinary contract, the recital of which from hearsay afforded Johnson so much play for his sportive acuteness. Or if it was worded as he supposed, it is so strange that I should conclude it was a joke. Mr. Gardener, I am assured, was a worthy and liberal man.

(2) At *the Club*, where there were present Mr. Charles Fox (president), Sir J. Reynolds, Drs. Johnson and Percy, Messrs. Beauclerk, Boswell, Chamier, Gibbon, Langton, and Steevens;

been reading 'Twiss's Travels in Spain (1), which are just come out. They are as good as the first book of travels that you will take up. They are as good as those of Keysler or Blainville; nay, as Addison's, if you except the learning. They are not so good as Brydone's, but they are better than Pococke's. I have not, indeed, cut the leaves yet; but I have read in them where the pages are open, and I do not suppose that what is in the pages which are closed is worse than what is in the open pages. It would seem," he added, "that Addison had not acquired much Italian learning, for we do not find it introduced into his writings. The only instance that I recollect is his quoting '*Stavo bene; per star meglio, sto qui.*'" (2)

I mentioned Addison's having borrowed many of his classical remarks from Leandro Alberti. (3) Mr.

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why Mr. Boswell sometimes *sinks the club* is not quite clear. He might very naturally have felt some reluctance to betray the private conversation of a convivial meeting, but that feeling would have operated on *all* occasions. It may, however, be observed that he generally endeavours to confine his report to what was said either by *Johnson* or *himself*. — C.

(1) [Richard Twiss, Esq. also published a Treatise of Chess, and a Tour through Ireland. He died in 1821.]

(2) Addison, however, does not mention where this celebrated epitaph, which has eluded a very diligent inquiry, is found. — MALONE. — It is mentioned by old Howell. "The Italian saying may be well applied to poor England: — 'I was well — would be better — took physic — and died.'"—Lett. Jan. 20. 1647.— C.

(3) This observation is, as Mr. Markland observes to me, to be found in Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son: — "I have been lately informed of an Italian book, written by one Alberti, about fourscore or a hundred years ago, a thick quarto. It is a classical description of Italy; from whence I am assured that

Beauclerk said, "It was alleged that he had borrowed also from another Italian author." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, all who go to look for what the classics have said of Italy must find the same passages (1); and I should think it would be one of the first things the Italians would do on the revival of learning, to collect all that the Roman authors have said of their country."

Ossian being mentioned;—JOHNSON. "Supposing the Irish and Erse languages to be the same, which I do not believe (2), yet as there is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the Highlands and Hebrides ever wrote their native language, it is not to be credited that a long poem was preserved among them. If we had no evidence of the art of writing being practised in one of the counties of England, we should not believe that a long poem was preserved *there*, though in the neighbouring counties, where the same language was spoken, the inhabitants could write." BEAUCLERK. "The ballad of 'Lilliburlero' was once in the mouths of all the people of this country, and is said to have had a great effect in

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Mr. Addison, to save himself trouble, has taken most of his remarks and classical references. I am told that it is an excellent book for a traveller in Italy."—Vol. ii. p. 351. If credit is to be given to Addison himself, (and who can doubt his veracity?) this supposition must be groundless. He expressly says, "I have taken care to consider particularly the several passages of the ancient poets, which have any relation to the places or curiosities I met with; for, before I entered on my voyage, I took care to refresh my memory among the classic authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for, &c."—Preface to Remarks.—C.

(1) [See *antè*, p. 42.]

(2) He was in error. See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 184.—C.

bringing about the revolution. Yet I question whether any body can repeat it now(1); which shows how improbable it is that much poetry should be preserved by tradition."

One of the company suggested an internal objection to the antiquity of the poetry said to be Ossian's, that we do not find the *wolf* in it, which must have been the case had it been of that age.

The mention of the wolf had led Johnson to think of other wild beasts; and while Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton were carrying on a dialogue about something which engaged them earnestly, he, in the midst of it, broke out, "Pennant tells of bears." What he added I have forgotten. They went on, which he, being dull of hearing, did not perceive, or, if he did, was not willing to break off his talk; so he continued to vociferate his remarks, and *bear* ("like a word in a catch," as Beauclerk said) was repeatedly heard at intervals; which coming from him who, by those who did not know him, had been so often assimilated to that ferocious animal, while we who were sitting round could hardly stifle laughter, produced a very ludicrous effect. Silence having ensued, he proceeded: "We are told, that the black bear is innocent; but I should not like to trust myself with him." Mr. Gibbon muttered in a low tone of voice, "I should not like to trust

(1) [Of this celebrated song, Burnet says, "Perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." According to Lord Dartmouth, "there was a particular expression in it which the king remembered he had made use of to the Earl of Dorset, from whence it was concluded that he was the author." The song will be found in Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 376., where it is attributed to Lord Wharton. — MARKLAND.]

myself with *you*." This piece of sarcastic pleasantry was a prudent resolution, if applied to a competition of abilities.(1)

Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: — "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." (2) But let it be considered, that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism, which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest. I maintained, that certainly all patriots were not scoundrels. Being urged (not by Johnson) to name one exception, I mentioned an eminent person (3), whom we all greatly admired. JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not say that he is *not* honest; but we have no reason to conclude from his political conduct that he *is* honest. Were he to accept a place from this ministry, he would lose that character of firmness which he has, and might be turned out of his place in a year. This ministry is neither stable, nor grateful to their friends,

(1) Mr. Green, the anonymous author of the "Diary of a Lover of Literature" (printed at Ipswich), states, under the date of 13th June, 1796, that a friend whom he designates by the initial M (and whom I believe to be my able and obliging friend Sir James Mackintosh), talking to him of the relative ability of Burke and Gibbon, said, "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it." I fancy, now that enthusiasm has cooled, Sir James would be inclined to allow Gibbon a larger share of mind, though his intellectual powers can never be compared with Burke's.—C.

(2) This remarkable *sortie*, which has very much amused the world, will hereafter be still more amusing, when it is known, that it appears, by the books of the Club, that at the moment it was uttered, *Mr. Fox was in the chair* — C.

(3) No doubt Mr. Burke. — C.

as Sir Robert Walpole was; so that he may think it more for his interest to take his chance of his party coming in"

Mrs. Pritchard being mentioned, he said, "Her playing was quite mechanical. It is wonderful how little mind she had. Sir, she had never read the tragedy of Macbeth all through. She no more thought of the play out of which her part was taken, than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut."

On Saturday, April 8., I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, where we met the Irish Dr. Campbell. Johnson had supped the night before at Mrs. Abington's with some fashionable people whom he named; and he seemed much pleased with having made one in so elegant a circle. Nor did he omit to pique his *mistress* a little with jealousy of her housewifery; for he said, with a smile, "Mrs. Abington's jelly, my dear lady, was better than yours."

Mrs. Thrale, who frequently practised a coarse mode of flattery, by repeating his *bon mots* in his hearing, told us that he had said, a certain celebrated actor (1) was just fit to stand at the door of an auction-room with a long pole, and cry, "Pray, gentlemen, walk in;" and that a certain author, upon hearing this, had said, that another still more celebrated actor (2) was fit for nothing better than that, and would pick your pocket after you came out.

(1) Probably Sheridan. — C.

(2) Certainly Garrick; the *author* was, perhaps, Murphy; a great friend of the Thrales, and who had occasional differences with Garrick. — C.

JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear lady, there is no wit in what our friend added; there is only abuse. You may as well say of any man that he will pick a pocket. Besides, the man who is stationed at the door does not pick people's pockets; that is done within by the auctioneer."

Mrs. Thrale told us that Tom Davies repeated, in a very bald manner, the story of Dr. Johnson's first repartee to me, which I have related exactly. (1) He made me say, "I *was born* in Scotland," instead of "I *come from* Scotland;" so that Johnson's saying, "That, Sir, is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help," had no point, or even meaning; and that upon this being mentioned to Mr. Fitzherbert, he observed, "It is not every man that can *carry a bon mot.*"

On Monday, April 10., I dined with him at General Oglethorpe's (2), with Mr. Langton and the Irish

(1) Vol. II. p. 164.

(2) Let me here be allowed to pay my tribute of most sincere gratitude to the memory of that excellent person, my intimacy with whom was the more valuable to me, because my first acquaintance with him was unexpected and unsolicited. Soon after the publication of my "Account of Corsica," he did me the honour to call on me, and approaching me with a frank courteous air, said, "My name, Sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be acquainted with you." I was not a little flattered to be thus addressed by an eminent man, of whom I had read in Pope, from my early years,

> "Or, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Will fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole."

I was fortunate enough to be found worthy of his good opinion, insomuch, that I not only was invited to make one in the many respectable companies whom he entertained at his table, but had a cover at his hospitable board every day when I happened to be disengaged; and in his society I never failed to enjoy learned and animated conversation, seasoned with genuine sentiments of virtue and religion.

Dr. Campbell, whom the General had obligingly given me leave to bring with me. This learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very high intellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. Johnson, but with General Oglethorpe, who had been so long a celebrated name both at home and abroad.

I must, again and again, entreat of my readers not to suppose that my imperfect record of conversation contains the whole of what was said by Johnson, or other eminent persons who lived with him. What I have preserved, however, has the value of the most perfect authenticity.

He this day enlarged upon Pope's melancholy remark,

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."

He asserted, that *the present* was never a happy state to any human being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are conscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion, that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, "Never, but when he is drunk." (1)

(1) It was a gloomy axiom of his, that the pains and miseries of human life outweighed its happiness and good; but on a lady's asking him, whether he would not permit the ease and quiet of common life to be put into the scale of happiness and good, he seemed embarrassed (very unusual with him), and, answering in the affirmative, rose from his seat, as if to avoid the inference and reply, which his answer authorised the lady to make. — MISS REYNOLDS.

Dr. Johnson did not like any one who said they were happy.

He urged General Oglethorpe to give the world his Life. He said, "I know no man whose Life would be more interesting. If I were furnished with materials, I should be very glad to write it." (1)

Mr. Scott of Amwell's Elegies were lying in the room. Dr. Johnson observed, "They are very well; but such as twenty people might write." Upon this I took occasion to controvert Horace's maxim,

> "——— mediocribus esse poetis
> Non Dî, non homines, non concessère columnæ:"

for here (I observed) was a very middle-rate poet, who pleased many readers, and therefore poetry of a middle sort was entitled to some esteem; nor could

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or who said any one else was so. "It was all *cant*," he would cry; "the dog knows he is miserable all the time." A friend whom he loved exceedingly, told him on some occasion notwithstanding, that his wife's sister was *really* happy, and called upon the lady to confirm his assertion, which she did somewhat roundly as we say, and with an accent and manner capable of offending Dr. Johnson, if her position had not been sufficient, without any thing more, to put him in a very ill humour. "If your sister-in-law is really the contented being she professes herself, Sir," said he, "her life gives the lie to every research of humanity; for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding." This story he told me himself; and when I expressed something of the horror I felt, "The same stupidity," said he, "which prompted her to extol felicity she never felt, hindered her from feeling what shocks you on repetition. I tell you, the woman is ugly, and sickly, and foolish, and poor; and would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature say it was happy?" — Piozzi.

(1) The General seemed unwilling to enter upon it at this time; but upon a subsequent occasion he communicated to me a number of particulars, which I have committed to writing; but I was not sufficiently diligent in obtaining more from him, not apprehending that his friends were so soon to lose him; for notwithstanding his great age, he was very healthy and vigorous, and was at last carried off by a violent fever, which is often fatal at any period of life.

I see why poetry should not, like every thing else, have different gradations of excellence, and consequently of value. Johnson repeated the common remark, that "as there is no necessity for our having poetry at all, it being merely a luxury, an instrument of pleasure, it can have no value, unless when exquisite in its kind." I declared myself not satisfied. "Why, then, Sir," said he, "Horace and you must settle it." He was not much in the humour of talking.

No more of his conversation for some days appears in my journal, except that when a gentleman told him he had bought a suit of lace for his lady, he said, "Well, Sir, you have done a good thing and a wise thing." "I have done a good thing," said the gentleman, "but I do not know that I have done a wise thing." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people; and a wife is pleased that she is dressed."

On Friday, April 14., being Good Friday, I repaired to him in the morning, according to my usual custom on that day, and breakfasted with him. I observed that he fasted so very strictly, that he did not even taste bread, and took no milk with his tea; I suppose because it is a kind of animal food.

He entered upon the state of the nation, and thus discoursed: "Sir, the great misfortune now is, that government has too little power. All that it has to bestow must of necessity be given to support itself; so that it cannot reward merit. No man, for

instance, can now be made a bishop for his learning and piety (1); his only chance for promotion is his being connected with somebody who has parliamentary interest. Our several ministers in this reign have outbid each other in concessions to the people. Lord Bute, though a very honourable man, — a man who meant well, — a man who had his blood full of prerogative, — was a theoretical statesman, a book-minister, and thought this country could be governed by the influence of the crown alone. Then, Sir, he gave up a great deal. He advised the king to agree that the judges should hold their places for life, instead of losing them at the accession of a new king. Lord Bute, I suppose, thought to make the king popular by this concession; but the people never minded it; and it was a most impolitic measure. There is no reason why a judge should hold his office for life, more than any other person in public trust. A judge may be partial otherwise than to the crown; we have seen judges partial to the populace. A judge may become corrupt, and yet there may not be legal

(1) From this too just observation there are some eminent exceptions. — B. — That a general assertion should be pronounced *too just* by the very person who admits that it is not universally just is a little odd; but, moreover, the "eminent exceptions" destroy the whole force of the assertion. In a constitution of government and society like ours, influence, interest, and connections must have *some* weight in the distribution even of church patronage. Johnson's assertion was that they had *all* the weight, to the *utter exclusion* of piety and learning. Boswell, by denying the entire exclusion, defeats the force of Johnson's observation, which certainly was too broadly and, of course, incorrectly expressed. The truth is, that in no profession have there been so many instances of the elevation of men of humble origin, as in the church. — C.

evidence against him. A judge may become froward from age. A judge may grow unfit for his office in many ways. It was desirable that there should be a possibility of being delivered from him by a new king. That is now gone by an act of parliament *ex gratiâ* of the crown. Lord Bute advised the king to give up a very large sum of money (1), for which nobody thanked him. It was of consequence to the king, but nothing to the public, among whom it was divided. When I say Lord Bute advised, I mean, that such acts were done when he was minister, and we are to suppose that he advised them. Lord Bute showed an undue partiality to Scotchmen. He turned out Dr. Nichols (2), a very eminent man, from being physician to the king, to make room for one of his countrymen, a man very low in his profession. (3) He had *********** (4) and **** to go on errands for

(1) The money arising from the property of the prizes taken before the declaration of war, which were given to his Majesty by the peace of Paris, and amounted to upwards of 700,000*l.*, and from the lands in the ceded islands, which were estimated at 200,000*l.* more. Surely, there was a noble munificence in this gift from a monarch to his people. And let it be remembered, that during the Earl of Bute's administration, the king was graciously pleased to give up the hereditary revenues of the crown, and to accept, instead of them, of the limited sum of 800,000*l.* a year; upon which Blackstone observes, that "The hereditary revenues, being put under the same management as the other branches of the public patrimony, will produce more, and be better collected than heretofore; and the public is a gainer of upwards of 100,000*l.* *per annum*, by this disinterested bounty of his Majesty." — Com. book i. chap. viii. p. 330.

(2) Frank Nichols, M. D. He was of Exeter College. Died 1778. — HALL.

(3) Probably Dr. Duncan, appointed physician to the king in 1760. — C.

(4) Wedderburn. — C.

him. He had occasion for people to go on errands for him; but he should not have had Scotchmen; and, certainly, he should not have suffered them to have access to him before the first people in England."

I told him, that the admission of one of them before the first people in England, which had given the greatest offence, was no more than what happens at every minister's levee, where those who attend are admitted in the order that they have come, which is better than admitting them according to their rank: for if that were to be the rule, a man who has waited all the morning might have the mortification to see a peer, newly come, go in before him, and keep him waiting still. JOHNSON. "True, Sir; but * * * *(1) should not have come to the levee, to be in the way of people of consequence. He saw Lord Bute at all times; and could have said what he had to say at any time, as well as at the levee. There is now no prime minister: there is only an agent for government in the House of Commons. We are governed by the cabinet; but there is no one head there since Sir Robert Walpole's time." BOSWELL. "What then, Sir, is the use of parliament?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, parliament is a large council to the king; and the advantage of such a council is, having a great number of men of property concerned in the legislature, who, for their own interest, will not consent to bad laws. And you must have observed, Sir, the ad-

(1) Home.—C.

ministration is feeble and timid, and cannot act with that authority and resolution which is necessary. Were I in power, I would turn out every man who dared to oppose me. Government has the distribution of offices, that it may be enabled to maintain its authority."

"Lord Bute," he added, "took down too fast, without building up something new." BOSWELL. "Because, Sir, he found a rotten building. The political coach was drawn by a set of bad horses; it was necessary to change them." JOHNSON. "But he should have changed them one by one."

I told him I had been informed by Mr. Orme, that many parts of the East Indies were better mapped than the Highlands of Scotland. JOHNSON. "That a country may be mapped, it must be travelled over." "Nay," said I, meaning to laugh with him at one of his prejudices, "can't you say, it is not *worth* mapping?"

As we walked to St. Clement's church, and saw several shops open upon this most solemn fast-day of the Christian world, I remarked, that one disadvantage arising from the immensity of London was, that nobody was heeded by his neighbour; there was no fear of censure for not observing Good Friday, as it ought to be kept, and as it is kept in country towns. He said, it was, upon the whole, very well observed even in London. He however owned that London was too large (1); but added, "It is

(1) Yet how enormously the metropolis has increased in population and extent since the year 1775. — C.

nonsense to say the head is too big for the body. It would be as much too big, though the body were ever so large; that is to say, though the country was ever so extensive. It has no similarity to a head connected with a body."

Dr. Wetherell, master of the University College, Oxford, accompanied us home from church; and after he was gone, there came two other gentlemen, one of whom uttered the common-place complaints, that by the increase of taxes, labour would be dear, other nations would undersell us, and our commerce would be ruined. JOHNSON (smiling). "Never fear, Sir; our commerce is in a very good state; and suppose we had no commerce at all, we could live very well on the produce of our own country."(1) I cannot omit to mention, that I never knew any man who was less disposed to be querulous than Johnson. Whether the subject was his own situation, or the state of the public, or the state of human nature in general, though he saw the evils, his mind was turned to resolution, and never to whining or complaint.

We went again to St. Clement's in the afternoon. He had found fault with the preacher in the morning for not choosing a text adapted to the day. The preacher in the afternoon had chosen one extremely proper: "It is finished."

After the evening service, he said, "Come, you shall go home with me, and sit just an hour." But

(1) [See, on this point, a pamphlet entitled, "Britain independent of Commerce," by William Spence, Esq., 1807.]

he was better than his word; for after we had drunk tea with Mrs. Williams, he asked me to go up to his study with him, where we sat a long while together in a serene undisturbed frame of mind, sometimes in silence, and sometimes conversing, as we felt ourselves inclined, or more properly speaking, as *he* was inclined; for during all the course of my long intimacy with him, my respectful attention never abated, and my wish to hear him was such, that I constantly watched every dawning of communication from that great and illuminated mind.

He observed, "All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid: but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle." (1)

He again advised me to keep a journal fully and minutely, but not to mention such trifles as that meat was too much or too little done, or that the weather was fair or rainy. He had till very near his death a contempt for the notion that the weather affects the human frame.

I told him that our friend Goldsmith had said to me that he had come too late into the world, for that Pope and other poets had taken up the places in the Temple of Fame; so that as but a few at any period

(1) Johnson said, that he had once attempted to learn knitting from Dempster's sister: *post*, 7th April, 1778. — C.

can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it. JOHNSON. "That is one of the most sensible things I have ever heard of Goldsmith. It is difficult to get literary fame, and it is every day growing more difficult. Ah, Sir, that should make a man think of securing happiness in another world, which all who try sincerely for it may attain. In comparison of that, how little are all other things! The belief of immortality is impressed upon all men, and all men act under an impression of it, however they may talk, and though, perhaps, they may be scarcely sensible of it." I said, it appeared to me that some people had not the least notion of immortality; and I mentioned a distinguished gentleman of our acquaintance. JOHNSON. "Sir, if it were not for the notion of immortality, he would cut a throat to fill his pockets." When I quoted this to Beauclerk, who knew much more of the gentleman than we did, he said in his acid manner, "He would cut a throat to fill his pockets, if it were not for fear of being hanged."

Dr. Johnson proceeded: "Sir, there is a great cry about infidelity: but there are, in reality, very few infidels. I have heard a person, originally a Quaker, but now, I am afraid, a Deist, say, that he did not believe there were, in all England, above two hundred infidels."

He was pleased to say, "If you come to settle here, we will have one day in the week on which we will meet by ourselves. That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of senti-

ments." In his private register this evening is thus marked,

"Boswell sat with me till night; we had some serious talk." (1)

It also appears from the same record, that after I left him he was occupied in religious duties, in

"giving Francis, his servant, some directions for preparation to communicate; in reviewing his life, and resolving on better conduct."

"Easter Eve, April 15. 1775. — I rose more early than is common, after a night disturbed by flatulencies, though I had taken so little. I prayed, but my mind was unsettled, and I did not fix upon the book. After the bread and tea, I trifled, and about three ordered coffee and buns for my dinner. I find more faintness and uneasiness in fasting than I did formerly. — While coffee was preparing, Collier came in, a man whom I had not seen for more than twenty years, but whom I consulted about Macky's books. We talked of old friends and past occurrences, and eat and drank together. I then read a little in the Testament, and tried Fiddes's Body of Divinity, but did not settle. I then went to evening prayer, and was tolerably composed." (2)

The humility and piety which he discovers on such occasions is truly edifying. No saint, however, in the course of his religious warfare, was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Johnson. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, "Sir, hell is paved with good intentions." (3)

(1) Prayers and Meditations, p. 128.

(2) Ibid. p. 139.

(3) This is a proverbial sentence. "Hell," says Herbert, "is full of good meanings and wishings." — Jacula Prudentum, p. 11. edit. 1651. — MALONE.

On Sunday, 16th April, being Easter-day, after having attended the solemn service at St. Paul's, I dined with Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams. I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in *Nil admirari*, for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings; and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to admire, which people generally do as they advance in life. JOHNSON. "Sir, as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than *admiration*,—*judgment*, to estimate things at their true value." I still insisted that admiration was more pleasing than judgment, as love is more pleasing than friendship. The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgment and friendship like being enlivened. Waller has hit upon the same thought with you(1): but I don't believe you have borrowed from Waller. I wish you would enable yourself to borrow more."

He then took occasion to enlarge on the advantages of reading, and combated the idle superficial notion, that knowledge enough may be acquired in conversation. "The foundation," said he, "must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you

(1) "Amoret's as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

"Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness does incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain."

never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth, which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view."

LETTER 210. TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"April 17. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I have inquired more minutely about the medicine for the rheumatism, which I am sorry to hear that you still want. The receipt is this:—

"Take equal quantities of flour of sulphur, and flour of mustard-seed, make them an electuary with honey or treacle; and take a bolus as big as a nutmeg several times a day, as you can bear it; drinking after it a quarter of a pint of the infusion of the root of lovage.

"Lovage, in Ray's 'Nomenclature,' is levisticum: perhaps the botanists may know the Latin name. Of this medicine I pretend not to judge. There is all the appearance of its efficacy, which a single instance can afford: the patient was very old, the pain very violent, and the relief, I think, speedy and lasting.

"My opinion of alterative medicine is not high, but *quid tentasse nocebit?* if it does harm, or does no good, it may be omitted; but that it may do good, you have, I hope, reason to think is desired by, Sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

CHAPTER X.

1775.

Dinner at Owen Cambridge's. — Female Portrait Painters. — "Good-humoured Fellows." — Isaac Walton's "Lives." — Flattery. — History. — Early Habits. — "The Beggar's Opera." — Richard Brinsley Sheridan. — Modern Politics. — Sir Roger de Coverley. — Visit to Bedlam. — Sunday Consultations. — Gray's Letters. — Alchymy. — Johnson's Laugh. — Letters to Langton, Mrs. Thrale, &c. — Ramble into the Middle Counties. — Tour to France.

On Tuesday, April 18., he and I were engaged to go with Sir Joshua Reynolds to dine with Mr. Cambridge, at his beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham. Dr. Johnson's tardiness was such, that Sir Joshua, who had an appointment at Richmond early in the day, was obliged to go by himself on horseback, leaving his coach to Johnson and me. Johnson was in such good spirits, that every thing seemed to please him as we drove along.

Our conversation turned on a variety of subjects. He thought portrait-painting an improper employment for a woman. (1) "Public practice of any

(1) This topic was probably suggested to them by Miss Reynolds, who practised that art; and we shall see that one of the last occupations of Johnson's life was to sit for his picture to that lady. — C.



Rd Owen Cambridge

art," he observed, "and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female." I happened to start a question, whether when a man knows that some of his intimate friends are invited to the house of another friend, with whom they are all equally intimate, he may join them without an invitation. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he is not to go when he is not invited. They may be invited on purpose to abuse him," smiling.

As a curious instance how little a man knows, or wishes to know, his own character in the world, or rather as a convincing proof that Johnson's roughness was only external, and did not proceed from his heart, I insert the following dialogue. JOHNSON. "It is wonderful, Sir, how rare a quality good humour is in life. We meet with very few good-humoured men." I mentioned four of our friends, none of whom he would allow to be good-humoured. One was *acid*, another was *muddy*, and to others he had objections which have escaped me. Then shaking his head and stretching himself at ease in the coach, and smiling with much complacency, he turned to me and said, "I look upon *myself* as a good-humoured fellow." The epithet *fellow*, applied to the great lexicographer, the stately moralist, the masterly critic, as if it had been *Sam* Johnson, a mere pleasant companion, was highly diverting; and this light notion of himself struck me with wonder. I answered, also smiling, "No, no, Sir; that will *not* do. You are good-natured, but not good-humoured; you are irascible. You have not patience with folly and absurdity. I believe you

would pardon them, if there were time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishment follows so quick after sentence, that they cannot escape."

I had brought with me a great bundle of Scotch magazines and newspapers, in which his "Journey to the Western Islands" was attacked in every mode; and I read a great part of them to him, knowing they would afford him entertainment. I wish the writers of them had been present; they would have been sufficiently vexed. One ludicrous imitation of his style, by Mr. Maclaurin, now one of the Scotch judges, with the title of Lord Dreghorn, was distinguished by him from the rude mass. "This," said he, "is the best. But I could caricature my own style much better myself." He defended his remark upon the general insufficiency of education in Scotland; and confirmed to me the authenticity of his witty saying on the learning of the Scotch—"Their learning is like bread in a besieged town: every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal."(1) "There is," said he, "in Scotland, a diffusion of learning, a certain portion of it widely and thinly spread. A merchant has as much learning as one of their clergy."

He talked of "Isaac Walton's Lives," which was one of his most favourite books. Dr. Donne's life, he said, was the most perfect of them. He observed, that "it was wonderful that Walton, who

(1) Mrs. Piozzi repeats this story (p. 203.), probably more truly and more forcibly, though with rather less delicacy of expression—"Every man gets a *mouthful*, but no man a *belly-ful*."—C.

was in a very low situation of life, should have been familiarly received by so many great men, and that at a time when the ranks of society were kept more separate than they are now." He supposed that Walton had then given up his business as a linendraper and sempster, and was only an author(1); and added, "that he was a great panegyrist." BOSWELL. "No quality will get a man more friends than a disposition to admire the qualities of others. I do not mean flattery, but a sincere admiration." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, flattery pleases very generally. In the first place, the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but, in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered."

No sooner had we made our bow to Mr. Cambridge, in his library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of the books.(2) Sir Joshua observed (aside), "He runs to the books as I do to the pictures; but

(1) Johnson's conjecture was erroneous. Walton did not retire from business till 1643. But in 1664, Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, in a letter prefixed to his "Lives," mentions his having been familiarly acquainted with him for forty years; and in 1631 he was so intimate with Dr. Donne, that he was one of the friends who attended him on his deathbed. — J. BOSWELL, jun.

(2) The first time he dined with me, he was shown into my book room, and instantly pored over the lettering of each volume within his reach. My collection of books is very miscellaneous, and I feared there might be some among them that he would not like. But seeing the number of volumes very considerable, he said, "You are an honest man to have formed so great an accumulation of knowledge." — BURNEY.

I have the advantage. I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books." Mr. Cambridge, upon this, politely said, "Dr. Johnson, I am going, with your pardon, to accuse myself, for I have the same custom which I perceive you have. But it seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books." Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheeled about and answered, "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries." Sir Joshua observed to me the extraordinary promptitude with which Johnson flew upon an argument. "Yes," said I, "he has no formal preparation, no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant."(1)

Johnson was here solaced with an elegant entertainment, a very accomplished family, and much good company; among whom was Mr. Harris of Salisbury, who paid him many compliments on his "Journey to the Western Islands."

The common remark as to the utility of reading history being made; — JOHNSON. "We must consider how very little history there is; I mean real

(1) Mrs. PIOZZI describes Johnson's promptitude of thought and expression on such occasions by a very happy classical allusion. "His notions rose up like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, all ready clothed, and in bright armour fit for battle." — C.

authentic history.[1] That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture." BOSWELL. "Then, Sir, you would reduce all history to no better than an almanac, a mere chronological series of remarkable events." Mr. Gibbon, who must at that time have been employed upon his history, of which he published the first volume in the following year, was present; but did not step forth in defence of that species of writing. He probably did not like to *trust* himself with Johnson.[2]

Johnson observed, that the force of our early habits was so great, that though reason approved, nay, though our senses relished a different course, almost every man returned to them. I do not believe there is any observation upon human nature better founded than this; and in many cases, it is a very painful truth; for where early habits have been mean and wretched, the joy and elevation resulting from better modes of life must be damped by the gloomy consciousness of being under an almost inevitable doom to sink back into a situation which we recollect with disgust. It surely may be prevented, by constant attention and unremitting exertion to establish contrary habits of superior efficacy.

"The Beggar's Opera," and the common question, whether it was pernicious in its effects, having been

(1) See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 80. n. — C.

(2) See *antè*, p. 292.

introduced; — JOHNSON. "As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion, that more influence has been ascribed to 'The Beggar's Opera' than it in reality ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation. At the same time I do not deny that it may have some influence, by making the character of a rogue familiar, and in some degree pleasing." (1) Then collecting himself, as it were, to give a heavy stroke: "There is in it such a *labefactation* of all principles as may be injurious to morality."

While he pronounced this response, we sat in a comical sort of restraint, smothering a laugh, which we were afraid might burst out. In his Life of Gay, he has been still more decisive as to the inefficiency of "The Beggar's Opera" in corrupting society. But I have ever thought somewhat differently; for, indeed, not only are the gaiety and heroism of a highwayman very captivating to a youthful imagination, but the arguments for adventurous depredation are so plausible, the allusions so

(1) A very eminent physician, whose discernment is as acute and penetrating in judging of the human character as it is in his own profession, remarked once at a club where I was, that a lively young man, fond of pleasure, and without money, would hardly resist a solicitation from his mistress to go upon the highway, immediately after being present at the representation of "The Beggar's Opera." I have been told of an ingenious observation by Mr. Gibbon, that "The Beggar's Opera may, perhaps, have sometimes increased the number of highwaymen; but that it has had a beneficial effect in refining that class of men, making them less ferocious, more polite, in short, more like gentlemen." Upon which Mr. Courtenay said, that "Gay was the Orpheus of highwaymen."

lively, and the contrasts with the ordinary and more painful modes of acquiring property are so artfully displayed, that it requires a cool and strong judgment to resist so imposing an aggregate: yet, I own, I should be very sorry to have "The Beggar's Opera" suppressed; for there is in it so much of real London life, so much brilliant wit, and such a variety of airs, which, from early association of ideas, engage, soothe, and enliven the mind, that no performance which the theatre exhibits delights me more.

The late "*worthy*" Duke of Queensbury(1), as Thomson, in his "Seasons," justly characterises him, told me, that when Gay showed him "The Beggar's Opera," his Grace's observation was, "This is a very odd thing, Gay; I am satisfied that it is either a very good thing, or a very bad thing." It proved the former, beyond the warmest expectations of the author, or his friends. Mr. Cambridge, however, showed us to-day, that there was good reason enough to doubt concerning its success. He was told by Quin, that during the first night of its appearance it was long in a very dubious state; that there was a disposition to damn it, and that it was saved by the song,

"Oh ponder well! be not severe!"

the audience being much affected by the innocent looks of Polly, when she came to those two lines,

(1) The third Duke of Queensbury, and second Duke of Dover; the patron of Gay and Thomson. He died in 1778, in the 80th year of his age. — C.

which exhibit at once a painful and ridiculous image,

> "For on the rope that hangs my dear,
> Depends poor Polly's life."

Quin himself had so bad an opinion of it, that he refused the part of Captain Macheath, and gave it to Walker, who acquired great celebrity by his grave yet animated performance of it.

We talked of a young gentleman's marriage [1] with an eminent singer, and his determination that she should no longer sing in public, though his father was very earnest she should, because her talents would be liberally rewarded, so as to make her a good fortune. It was questioned whether the young gentleman, who had not a shilling in the world, but was blest with very uncommon talents, was not foolishly delicate, or foolishly proud, and his father truly rational without being mean. Johnson, with all the high spirit of a Roman senator, exclaimed, "He resolved wisely and nobly to be sure. He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publicly for hire? No, Sir, there can be no doubt here. I know not if I should not prepare myself for a public singer as readily as let my wife be one."

Johnson arraigned the modern politics of this

(1) This, no doubt, alludes to Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's refusal to allow his wife to sing in public. Her singing at Oxford, at the installation of Lord North, as chancellor, in 1773, was put on the footing of obliging his Lordship and the University; and when, on that occasion, several degrees were conferred, in the academic form of "*honoris causâ*," Lord North slyly observed, that Sheridan's degree should be "*uxoris causâ*." — HALL.

country, as entirely devoid of all principle of whatever kind. "Politics," said he, "are now nothing more than means of rising in the world. With this sole view do men engage in politics, and their whole conduct proceeds upon it. How different in that respect is the state of the nation now from what it was in the time of Charles the First, during the Usurpation and after the Restoration, in the time of Charles the Second. Hudibras affords a strong proof how much hold political principles had then upon the minds of men. There is in Hudibras a great deal of bullion which will always last. But to be sure the brightest strokes of his wit owed their force to the impression of the characters, which was upon men's minds at the time; to their knowing them, at table and in the street; in short, being familiar with them; and above all, to his satire being directed against those whom a little while before they had hated and feared. The nation in general has ever been loyal, has been at all times attached to the monarch, though a few daring rebels have been wonderfully powerful for a time. The murder of Charles the First was undoubtedly not committed with the approbation or consent of the people. Had that been the case, parliament would not have ventured to consign the regicides to their deserved punishment. And we know what exuberance of joy there was when Charles the Second was restored. If Charles the Second had bent all his mind to it, had made it his sole object, he might have been as absolute as Louis the Fourteenth."(1) A

(1) Did Dr. Johnson forget the power of the public purse.

gentleman observed he would have done no harm if he had. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, absolute princes seldom do any harm. But they who are governed by them are governed by chance. There is no security for good government." CAMBRIDGE. "There have been many sad victims to absolute government." JOHNSON. "So, Sir, have there been to popular factions." BOSWELL. "The question is, which is worst, one wild beast or many?"

Johnson praised "The Spectator," particularly the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. He said, "Sir Roger did not die a violent death, as has been generally fancied. He was not killed; he died only because others were to die, and because his death afforded an opportunity to Addison for some very fine writing. We have the example of Cervantes making Don Quixote die. I never could see why Sir Roger is represented as a little cracked. It appears to me that the story of the widow was intended to have something superinduced upon it; but the superstructure did not come."

Somebody found fault with writing verses in a dead language, maintaining that they were merely arrangements of so many words, and laughed at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for sending forth collections of them not only in Greek and Latin, but even in Syriac, Arabic, and other more

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placed in the hands of the House of Commons, and all the arts, intrigues, and violence which Charles and his ministers tried, and tried in vain, to evade or resist that control? Did he also forget that there were *juries* in that reign? a jury might occasionally be packed or intimidated, but there still were *juries*!—C.

unknown tongues. JOHNSON. "I would have as many of these as possible; I would have verses in every language that there are the means of acquiring. Nobody imagines that an university is to have at once two-hundred poets: but it should be able to show two hundred scholars. Peiresc's (1) death was lamented, I think, in forty languages. And I would have had at every coronation, and every death of a king, every *Gaudium*, and every *Luctus*, university-verses, in as many languages as can be acquired. I would have the world be thus told, 'Here is a school where every thing may be learnt.'"

Having set out next day on a visit to the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, and to my friend Mr. Temple, at Mamhead, in Devonshire, and not having returned to town till the 2d of May, I did not see Dr. Johnson for a considerable time, and during the remaining part of my stay in London kept very imperfect notes of his conversation, which had I according to my usual custom written out at large soon after the time, much might have been preserved, which is now irretrievably lost. I can now only record some particular scenes, and a few fragments of his *memorabilia*. But to make some amends for my relaxation of diligence in one respect, I can present my readers with arguments upon two law cases, with which he favoured me.

(1) [This very learned Frenchman was born in 1580, and died 1637. His Life, written in Latin by Gassendi, was translated into English by Dr. Rand, and dedicated to John Evelyn.]

On Saturday, the 6th of May, we dined by ourselves at the Mitre, and he dictated to me what follows, to obviate the complaint already mentioned [p. 223.], which had been made in the form of an action in the Court of Session by Dr. Memis, of Aberdeen, that in the same translation of a charter in which *physicians* were mentioned, he was called *doctor of medicine.*

"There are but two reasons for which a physician can decline the title of *doctor of medicine* — because he supposes himself disgraced by the doctorship, or supposes the doctorship disgraced by himself. To be disgraced by a title which he shares in common with every illustrious name of his profession, with Boerhaave, with Arbuthnot, and with Cullen, can surely diminish no man's reputation. It is, I suppose, to the doctorate, from which he shrinks, that he owes his right of practising physic. A doctor of medicine is a physician under the protection of the laws, and by the stamp of authority. The physician who is not a doctor usurps a profession, and is authorised only by himself to decide upon health and sickness, and life and death. That this gentleman is a doctor, his diploma makes evident; a diploma not obtruded upon him, but obtained by solicitation, and for which fees were paid. With what countenance any man can refuse the title which he has either begged or bought, is not easily discovered.

"All verbal injury must comprise in it either some false position, or some unnecessary declaration of defamatory truth. That in calling him doctor, a false appellation was given him, he himself will not pretend, who at the same time that he complains of the title would be offended if we supposed him to be not a doctor. If the title of doctor be a defamatory truth, it is time to dissolve our colleges; for why should the public give

salaries to men whose approbation is reproach? It may likewise deserve the notice of the public to consider what help can be given to the professors of physic, who all share with this unhappy gentleman the ignominious appellation, and of whom the very boys in the street are not afraid to say, *There goes the doctor.*'

"What is implied by the term doctor is well known. It distinguishes him to whom it is granted, as a man who has attained such knowledge of his profession as qualifies him to instruct others. A doctor of law is a man who can form lawyers by his precepts. A doctor of medicine is a man who can teach the art of curing diseases. This is an old axiom which no man has yet thought fit to deny. *Nil dat quod non habet.* Upon this principle to be doctor implies skill, for *nemo docet quod non didicit.* In England, whoever practises physic, not being a doctor, must practise by a licence; but the doctorate conveys a licence in itself.

"By what accident it happened that he and the other physicians were mentioned in different terms, where the terms themselves were equivalent, or where in effect that which was applied to him was the most honourable, perhaps they who wrote the paper cannot now remember. Had they expected a lawsuit to have been the consequence of such petty variation, I hope they would have avoided it.(1) But, probably, as they meant no ill, they suspected no danger, and, therefore, consulted only what appeared to them propriety or convenience."

A few days afterwards, I consulted him upon a cause, *Paterson and others* against *Alexander and others,* which had been decided by a casting vote in the Court of Session, determining that the corporation of Stirling was corrupt, and setting aside the

(1) In justice to Dr. Memis, though I was against him as an advocate, I must mention, that he objected to the variation very earnestly, before the translation was printed off.

election of some of their officers, because it was proved that three of the leading men who influenced the majority had entered into an unjustifiable compact, of which, however, the majority were ignorant. He dictated to me, after a little consideration, the following sentences upon the subject.

"There is a difference between majority and superiority; majority is applied to number, and superiority to power; and power, like many other things, is to be estimated *non numero sed pondere*. Now though the greater *number* is not corrupt, the greater *weight* is corrupt, so that corruption predominates in the borough, taken *collectively*, though, perhaps, taken *numerically*, the greater part may be uncorrupt. That borough, which is so constituted as to act corruptly, is in the eye of reason corrupt, whether it be by the uncontrollable power of a few, or by an accidental pravity of the multitude. The objection, in which is urged the injustice of making the innocent suffer with the guilty, is an objection not only against society, but against the possibility of society. All societies, great and small, subsist upon this condition; that as the individuals derive advantages from union, they may likewise suffer inconveniences; that as those who do nothing, and sometimes those who do ill, will have the honours and emoluments of general virtue and general prosperity, so those likewise who do nothing, or perhaps do well, must be involved in the consequences of predominant corruption."

This, in my opinion, was a very nice case; but the decision was affirmed in the House of Lords.

On Monday, May 8., we went together and visited the mansions of Bedlam. I had been informed that he had once been there before with Mr. Wedderburne (now Lord Loughborough), Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Foote; and I had heard Foote give a very

entertaining account of Johnson's happening to have his attention arrested by a man who was very furious, and who, while beating his straw, supposed it was William, Duke of Cumberland, whom he was punishing for his cruelties in Scotland, in 1746.(1) There was nothing peculiarly remarkable this day; but the general contemplation of insanity was very affecting. I accompanied him home, and dined and drank tea with him.

Talking of an acquaintance of ours(2), distinguished for knowing an uncommon variety of miscellaneous articles both in antiquities and polite literature, he observed, "You know, Sir, he runs about with little weight upon his mind." And talking of another very ingenious gentleman (3), who from the warmth of his temper was at variance with many of his acquaintance, and wished to avoid them, he said, "Sir, he lives the life of an outlaw."

On Friday, May 12., as he had been so good as to assign me a room in his house, where I might sleep occasionally, when I happened to sit with him to a late hour, I took possession of it this night, found every thing in excellent order, and was attended by

(1) My very honourable friend, General Sir George Howard, who served in the Duke of Cumberland's army, has assured me that the cruelties were not imputable to his Royal Highness. — B. — On the morning of the battle of Culloden, Lord George Murray, the chief of the Pretender's staff, issued an order to give *no quarter* to the royal forces. The Jacobites affected to say that this was the act of the individual, and not of the Prince or his party; but it is undeniable, that such a general order was given, and that it became the *excuse*, though certainly not a justification, of the severities which followed the battle on the part of the conquerors. — C.

(2) Probably Dr. Percy. — C.

(3) No doubt Mr. George Steevens. — C.

honest Francis with a most civil assiduity. I asked Johnson whether I might go to a consultation with another lawyer upon Sunday, as that appeared to me to be doing work as much in my way, as if an artisan should work on the day appropriated for religious rest. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, when you are of consequence enough to oppose the practice of consulting upon Sunday, you should do it: but you may go now. It is not criminal, though it is not what one should do, who is anxious for the preservation and increase of piety, to which a peculiar observance of Sunday is a great help. The distinction is clear between what is of moral and what is of ritual obligation."

LETTER 211. TO MRS. THRALE.

"May 12. 1775.

"I wish I could say or send any thing to divert you; but I have done nothing, and seen nothing. Mr. Twiss, hearing that you talked of despoiling his book of the fine print, has sent you a copy to frame. He is going to Ireland, and I have given him letters to Dr. Leland and Mr. Falkner. (1) Mr. M[ontagu] is so ill that the lady is not visible; but yesterday I had I know not how much kiss of Mrs. Abington, and very good looks from Miss * * * * * (2), the maid of honour.

"Boswell has made me promise not to go to Oxford till he leaves London; I had no great reason for haste, and therefore might as well gratify a friend. I am always proud and pleased to have my company desired. Boswell would have thought my absence a loss, and I know not who else would have considered my presence as a profit. He has entered himself at the Temple, and I joined in his bond. He is to plead before the Lords,

(1) George Faulkener, the celebrated printer. — C.
(2) Probably Miss Beauclerk. — C.

and hopes very nearly to gain the cost of his journey. He lives much with his friend Paoli, who says, a man must see Wales to enjoy England.

"The book which is now most read, but which, as far as I have gone, is but dull, is Gray's Letters, prefixed by Mr. Mason to his poems. I have borrowed mine, and therefore cannot lend it, and I can hardly recommend the purchase. (1)

"I have offended; and, what is stranger, have justly offended the nation of Rasay. If they could come hither, they would be as fierce as the Americans. *Rasay* has written to Boswell an account of the injury done him, by representing his home as subordinate to that of Dunvegan. Boswell has his letter, and I believe copied my answer. I have appeased him, if a degraded chief can possibly be appeased: but it will be thirteen days — days of resentment and discontent — before my recantation can reach him. Many a dirk will imagination, during that interval, fix in my heart. I really question if at this time my life would not be in danger, if distance did not secure it. Boswell will find his way to Streatham before he goes, and will detail this great affair."

On Saturday, May 13., I breakfasted with him by invitation, accompanied by Mr. Andrew Crosbie, a Scotch advocate, whom he had seen at Edinburgh, and the Hon. Colonel (now General) Edward Stopford, brother to Lord Courtown, who was desirous of being introduced to him. His tea and rolls and butter, and whole breakfast apparatus, were all in

(1) Nothing but a strong prejudice could have made Johnson thus speak of those very entertaining letters. — C. — [Are we to attribute Johnson's disparagement of Gray's Letters to the frigid commendation bestowed upon the "Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane," and the somewhat contemptuous allusion to their author, — "the *same man's* verses are far from bad"? — MARKLAND.]

such decorum, and his behaviour was so courteous, that Colonel Stopford was quite surprised, and wondered at his having heard so much said of Johnson's slovenliness and roughness. I have preserved nothing of what passed, except that Crosbie pleased him much by talking learnedly of alchymy, as to which Johnson was not a positive unbeliever, but rather delighted in considering what progress had actually been made in the transmutation of metals, what near approaches there had been to the making of gold; and told us that it was affirmed that a person in the Russian dominions had discovered the secret, but died without revealing it, as imagining it would be prejudicial to society. He added, that it was not impossible but it might in time be generally known.

It being asked whether it was reasonable for a man to be angry at another whom a woman had preferred to him? JOHNSON. "I do not see, Sir, that it is reasonable for a man to be angry at another, whom a woman has preferred to him: but angry he is, no doubt; and he is loth to be angry at himself."

Before setting out for Scotland on the 23d, I was frequently in his company at different places, but during this period have recorded only two remarks; one concerning Garrick: "He has not Latin enough. He finds out the Latin by the meaning rather than the meaning by the Latin." And another concerning writers of travels, who, he observed, "were more defective than any other writers."

I passed many hours with him on the 17th, of which I find all my memorial is, "much laughing." It should seem he had that day been in a humour for

jocularity and merriment, and upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartily. We may suppose that the high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom produced more than ordinary exertions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good-humoured growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."

LETTER 212. TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"May 21. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — I have an old amanuensis in great distress. I have given what I think I can give, and begged till I cannot tell where to beg again. I put into his hands this morning four guineas. If you could collect three guineas more, it would clear him from his present difficulty. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON." (1)

LETTER 213. TO MRS. THRALE.

"May 22. 1775.

"One thing or other still hinders me, besides, perhaps, what is the great hindrance, that I have no great mind to go. Boswell went away at two this morning. L[angton] I suppose goes this week. B[oswell] got two and forty guineas in fees while he was here. He has, by his wife's persuasion and mine, taken down a present for his mother-in-law. . . . I am not sorry that you read Boswell's journal. Is it not a merry piece? There is much in it about poor me.

(1) He had written to Mrs. Thrale the day before. "Peyton and Macbean are both starving, and I cannot keep them." — Lett. vol. i. p. 218. — C.

"Do not buy C——'s (1) travels, they are duller than T[wiss]'s. W—— (2) is too fond of words, but you may read him. I shall take care that Adair's account of America may be sent you, for I shall have it of my own. Beattie has called once to see me. He lives grand at the Archbishop's."

LETTER 214. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"May 27. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — I make no doubt but you are now safely lodged in your own habitation, and have told all your adventures to Mrs. Boswell and Miss Veronica. Pray teach Veronica to love me. Bid her not mind mamma.

"Mrs. Thrale has taken cold, and been very much disordered, but I hope is grown well. Mr. Langton went yesterday to Lincolnshire, and has invited Nicolaida (3) to follow him. Beauclerk talks of going to Bath. I am to set out on Monday; so there is nothing but dispersion.

"I have returned Lord Hailes's entertaining sheets, but must stay till I come back for more, because it will be inconvenient to send them after me in my vagrant state.

"I promised Mrs. Macaulay (4) that I would try to serve her son at Oxford. I have not forgotten it, nor am unwilling to perform it. If they desire to give him an English education, it should be considered whether they cannot send him for a year or two to an English school. If he comes immediately from Scotland, he can

(1) Probably Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor. — C.

(2) Probably "Tour through some of the Northern Parts of Europe, by Nathaniel Wraxall, jun." — C.

(3) A learned Greek. — B. — Mr. Langton was an enthusiast about Greek. — C.

(4) Wife of the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, author of "The History of St. Kilda."

make no figure in our Universities. The schools in the north, I believe, are cheap; and when I was a young man, were eminently good.

"There are two little books published by the Foulis, Telemachus and Collins's Poems, each a shilling; I would be glad to have them.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not love me. You see what perverse things ladies are, and how little fit to be trusted with feudal estates. When she mends and loves me, there may be more hope of her daughters.

"I will not send compliments to my friends by name, because I would be loth to leave any out in the enumeration. Tell them, as you see them, how well I speak of Scotch politeness, and Scotch hospitality, and Scotch beauty, and of every thing Scotch, but Scotch oat-cakes and Scotch prejudices.

"Let me know the answer of *Rasay*, and the decision relating to Sir Allan. (1) I am, my dearest Sir, with great affection, &c. SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 215. TO MRS. THRALE. (2)

"Oxford, June 1. 1775. — I did not make the epitaph (3) before last night, and this morning I have found it too long; I sent it to you as it is to pacify you, and will make it shorter. Don't suppose that I live here as we live at Streatham. I went this morning to the chapel at six, and if I were to stay would try to conform to all wholesome rules. Mr. Coulson (4) is well,

(1) A lawsuit carried on by Sir Allan Maclean, chief of his clan, to recover certain parts of his family estates from the Duke of Argyle.

(2) In the latter end of May he set out on what he called "his annual ramble to the middle counties." — C.

(3) On Mrs. Salusbury. — C.

(4) Mr. Coulson, of University College. See *ante*, p. 112. — C.

and still willing to keep me, but I delight not in being long here. Mr. Smollett, of Loch-Lomond, and his lady have been here — we were glad to meet."

"June 6. 1775. — Such is the uncertainty of all human things, that Mr. C[oulson] has quarrelled with me. He says I raise the laugh upon him, and he is an independent man, and all he has is his own, and he is not used to such things. And so I shall have no more good of C[oulson], of whom I never had any good but flattery, which my dear mistress knows I can have at home. . . . Here I am, and how to get away I do not see, for the power of departure, otherwise than in a post-chaise, depends upon accidental vacancies in passing coaches, of which all but one in a week pass through this place at three in the morning. After that one I have sent, but with little hope; yet I shall be very unwilling to stay here another week."

"June 7. 1775. — C[oulson] and I are pretty well again. I grudge the cost of going to Lichfield — Frank and I — in a post-chaise — yet I think of thundering away to-morrow. So you will write your next dear letter to Lichfield."

"Lichfield, June 11. 1775. — Lady Smith is settled here at last, and sees company in her new house. I went on Saturday. Poor Lucy Porter has her hand in a bag, so unabled by the gout that she cannot dress herself. I go every day to Stowehill: both the sisters (1) are now at home. I sent Mrs. Aston a 'Taxation,' and sent it to nobody else, and Lucy borrowed it. Mrs. Aston, since that, inquired by a messenger when I was expected. 'I can tell nothing about it,' said Lucy: 'when he is to be here, I suppose *she*'ll know.' Every body remembers you all. You left a good impression behind you. I hope you will do the same at [Lewes]. Do not make them speeches. Unusual compliments, to which there

(1) Mrs. Gastrell and Miss Aston. — C.

is no stated and prescriptive answer, embarrass the feeble who do not know what to say, and disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical. . . . You never told me, and I omitted to inquire, how you were entertained by Boswell's 'Journal.' One would think the man had been hired to be a spy upon me; he was very diligent, and caught opportunities of writing from time to time. You may now conceive yourself tolerably well acquainted with the expedition. Folks want me to go to Italy, but I say you are not for it."

"Lichfield, June 13. 1775. — I now write from Mrs. Cobb's, where I have had custard. Nothing considerable has happened since I wrote, only I am sorry to see Miss Porter so bad, and I am not pleased to find that, after a very comfortable intermission, the old flatulence distressed me again last night. The world is full of ups and downs, as, I think, I told you once before. — Lichfield is full of *box-clubs*. The ladies have one for their own sex. They have incorporated themselves under the appellation of the Amicable Society; and pay each twopence a week to the box. Any woman who can produce the weekly twopence is admitted to the society; and when any of the poor subscribers is in want, she has six shillings a week; and, I think, when she dies, five pounds are given to her children. Lucy is not one, nor Mrs. Cobb. The subscribers are always quarrelling; and every now and then, a lady, in a fume withdraws her name; but they are an hundred pounds beforehand. Mr. Green has got a cast of Shakspeare, which he holds to be a very exact resemblance. There is great lamentation here for the death of *Col.* Lucy is of opinion that he was wonderfully handsome. Boswell is a favourite, but he has lost ground since I told them that he is married, and all hope is over."

"Ashbourne, July 15. 1775. — Poor Baretti! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be

sufficient. He means only to be frank, and manly, and independent, and perhaps, as you say, a little wise. To be frank, he thinks, is to be cynical, and to be independent to be rude. Forgive him, dearest lady, the rather because of his misbehaviour; I am afraid he has learned part of me. I hope to set him hereafter a better example."

"Ashbourne, July 21. 1775.—You and [Baretti] are friends again. My dear mistress has the quality of being easily reconciled, and not easily offended. Kindness is a good thing in itself; and there are few things that are worthy of anger, and still fewer that can justify malignity. I am glad you read Boswell's Journal. You are now sufficiently informed of the whole transaction, and need not regret that you did not make the tour of the Hebrides."

"Lichfield, [July 27.] 1775.—I have passed one day at Birmingham with my old friend Hector—there's a name! and his sister, an old love. My mistress is grown much older than my friend.

> 'O quid habes illius, illius
> Quæ spirabat amores
> Quæ me surpuerat mihi.'

Time will impair the body, and uses us well if it spares the mind." (1)

After my return to Scotland, I wrote three letters to him, from which I extract the following passages:—

"I have seen Lord Hailes since I came down. He thinks it wonderful that you are pleased to take so much pains in revising his 'Annals.' I told him that you said you were well rewarded by the entertainment which you had in reading them."

(1) He returned to town about the end of August.—C.

"There has been a numerous flight of Hebrideans in Edinburgh this summer, whom I have been happy to entertain at my house. Mr. Donald Macqueen ([1]) and Lord Monboddo supped with me one evening. They joined in controverting your proposition, that the Gaelic of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland was not written till of late."

"My mind has been somewhat dark this summer. I have need of your warming and vivifying rays; and I hope I shall have them frequently. I am going to pass some time with my father at Auchinleck."

LETTER 216. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Aug. 27. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I am returned from the annual ramble into the middle counties. Having seen nothing I had not seen before, I have nothing to relate. Time has left that part of the island few antiquities; and commerce has left the people no singularities. I was glad to go abroad, and, perhaps, glad to come home; which is in other words, I was, I am afraid, weary of being at home, and weary of being abroad. Is not this the state of life? But, if we confess this weariness, let us not lament it; for all the wise and all the good say, that we may cure it.

"For the black fumes which rise in your mind, I can prescribe nothing but that you disperse them by honest business or innocent pleasure, and by reading, sometimes easy and sometimes serious. Change of place is useful; and I hope that your residence at Auchinleck will have many good effects. . . . That I should have given pain to Rasay, I am sincerely sorry; and am therefore very much pleased that he is no longer

(1) The very learned minister in the Isle of Sky, whom both Dr. Johnson and I have mentioned with regard.

uneasy. He still thinks that I have represented him as personally giving up the chieftainship. I meant only that it was no longer contested between the two houses, and supposed it settled, perhaps, by the cession of some remote generation, in the house of Dunvegan. I am sorry the advertisement was not continued for three or four times in the paper.

"That Lord Monboddo and Mr. Macqueen should controvert a position contrary to the imaginary interest of literary or national prejudice, might be easily imagined; but of a standing fact there ought to be no controversy; if there are men with tails, catch a *homo caudatus;* if there was writing of old in the Highlands or Hebrides, in the Erse language, produce the manuscripts. Where men write they will write to one another, and some of their letters, in families studious of their ancestry, will be kept. In Wales there are many manuscripts.

"I have now three parcels of Lord Hailes's history, which I purpose to return all the next week: that his respect for my little observations should keep his work in suspense, makes one of the evils of my journey. It is in our language, I think, a new mode of history which tells all that is wanted, and, I suppose, all that is known, without laboured splendour of language, or affected subtilty of conjecture. The exactness of his dates raises my wonder. He seems to have the closeness of Henault without his constraint.

"Mrs. Thrale was so entertained with your 'Journal(1),' that she almost read herself blind. She has a great regard for you.

"Of Mrs. Boswell, though she knows in her heart that she does not love me, I am always glad to hear any good; and hope that she and the little dear ladies will have neither sickness nor any other affliction. But she

(1) My *"Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," which that lady read in the original manuscript.*

knows that she does not care what becomes of me, and for that she may be sure that I think her very much to blame.

"Never, my dear Sir, do you take it into your head to think that I do not love you; you may settle yourself in full confidence both of my love and esteem: I love you as a kind man, I value you as a worthy man, and hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary piety. I hold you, as Hamlet has it, 'in my heart of hearts,' and therefore, it is little to say, that I am, Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 217. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Aug. 30. 1775.

"SIR,—If in these papers (1) there is little alteration attempted, do not suppose me negligent. I have read them perhaps more closely than the rest; but I find nothing worthy of an objection. Write to me soon, and write often, and tell me all your honest heart. I am, Sir, yours affectionately, SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 218. TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"London, Sept. 9. 1775.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have sent your books by the carrier, and in Sandys's Travels you will find your glasses. I have written this post to the ladies at Stowe-hill, and you may the day after you have this, or at any other time, send Mrs. Gastrel's books.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to all my good friends. I hope the poor dear hand is recovered, and you are now able to write, which, however, you need not do, for I am going to Brighthelmstone, and when I come back will take care to tell you. In the

(1) Another parcel of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland."

mean time take great care of your health, and drink as much as you can. I am, dearest love, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 219. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Sept. 14. 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I now write to you, lest in some of your freaks and humours you should fancy yourself neglected. Such fancies I must entreat you never to admit, at least never to indulge; for my regard for you is so radicated and fixed, that it is become part of my mind, and cannot be effaced but by some cause uncommonly violent; therefore, whether I write or not, set your thoughts at rest. I now write to tell you that I shall not very soon write again, for I am to set out to-morrow on another journey.—Your friends are all well at Streatham, and in Leicester Fields. (1) Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, if she is in good humour with me. I am, Sir, &c. SAM. JOHNSON."

What he mentions in such light terms as, "I am to set out to-morrow on another journey," I soon afterwards discovered was no less than a tour to France with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. This was the only time in his life that he went upon the continent.

LETTER 220. TO MR. ROBERT LEVET.

"Calais, Sept. 18. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—We are here in France, after a very pleasing passage of no more than six hours. I know not when I shall write again, and therefore I write now, though you cannot suppose that I have much to say. You have seen France yourself. From this place we are going to Rouen, and from Rouen to Paris, where

(1) Where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived.

Mr. Thrale designs to stay about five or six weeks. We have a regular recommendation to the English resident, so we shall not be taken for vagabonds. We think to go one way and return another, and see as much as we can. I will try to speak a little French; I tried hitherto but little, but I spoke sometimes. If I heard better, I suppose I should learn faster. I am, Sir, your humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 221. TO THE SAME.

"Paris, Oct. 22. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — We are still here, commonly very busy in looking about us. We have been to-day at Versailles. You have seen it, and I shall not describe it. We came yesterday from Fontainbleau, where the court is now. We went to see the king and queen at dinner, and the queen was so impressed by Miss (1), that she sent one of the gentlemen to inquire who she was. I find all true that you have ever told me at Paris. Mr. Thrale is very liberal, and keeps us two coaches, and a very fine table; but I think our cookery very bad. Mrs. Thrale got into a convent of English nuns, and I talked with her through the grate, and I am very kind used by the English Benedictine friars. But upon the whole I cannot make much acquaintance here; and though the churches, palaces, and some private houses are very magnificent, there is no very great pleasure after having seen many, in seeing more; at least the pleasure, whatever it be, must some time have an end, and we are beginning to think when we shall come home. Mr. Thrale calculates that as we left Streatham on the 15th of September, we shall see it again about the 15th of November.

"I think I had not been on this side of the sea five days before I found a sensible improvement in my

(1) Miss Thrale.

health. I ran a race in the rain this day, and beat Baretti. Baretti is a fine fellow, and speaks French, I think, quite as well as English.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Williams; and give my love to Francis; and tell my friends that I am not lost. I am, dear Sir, your affectionate humble, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 222. TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 24. 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR, — If I had not been informed that you were at Paris, you should have had a letter from me by the earliest opportunity, announcing the birth of my son, on the 9th instant; I have named him Alexander (1), after my father. I now write, as I suppose your fellow-traveller, Mr. Thrale, will return to London this week, to attend his duty in parliament, and that you will not stay behind him.

"I send another parcel of Lord Hailes's 'Annals.' I have undertaken to solicit you for a favour to him, which he thus requests in a letter to me: 'I intend soon to give you "The Life of Robert Bruce," which you will be pleased to transmit to Dr. Johnson. I wish that you could assist me in a fancy which I have taken, of getting Dr. Johnson to draw a character of Robert Bruce, from the account that I give of that prince. If he finds materials for it in my work, it will be a proof that I have been fortunate in selecting the most striking incidents.'

"I suppose by 'The Life of Robert Bruce,' his

(1) I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a high-spirited, clever, and amiable gentleman; and, like his father, of a frank and social disposition; but it is said that he did not relish the recollections of our author's devotion to Dr. Johnson: like old Lord Auchinleck, he seemed to think it a kind of derogation. He was created a Baronet in 1821. See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 217. — C.

Lordship means that part of his 'Annals' which relates the history of that prince, and not a separate work.

"Shall we have, 'A Journey to Paris,' from you in the winter? You will, I hope, at any rate, be kind enough to give me some account of your French travels very soon, for I am very impatient. What a different scene have you viewed this autumn, from that which you viewed in autumn 1773! I ever am, my dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

LETTER 223. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Nov. 16. 1775.

"DEAR SIR, — I am glad that the young laird is born, and an end, as I hope, put to the only difference that you can ever have with Mrs. Boswell. (1) I know that she does not love me; but I intend to persist in wishing her well till I get the better of her.

"Paris is, indeed, a place very different from the Hebrides, but it is to a hasty traveller not so fertile of novelty, nor affords so many opportunities of remark. I cannot pretend to tell the public any thing of a place better known to many of my readers than to myself. We can talk of it when we meet.

"I shall go next week to Streatham, from whence I purpose to send a parcel of the 'History' every post. Concerning the character of Bruce, I can only say, that, I do not see any great reason for writing it; but I shall not easily deny what Lord Hailes and you concur in desiring.

"I have been remarkably healthy all the journey, and hope you and your family have known only that trouble and danger which has so happily terminated. Among all the congratulations that you may receive, I

(1) This alludes to my old feudal principle of preferring male to female succession.

hope you believe none more warm or sincere than those of, dear Sir, your most affectionate,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 224. TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"Nov. 16. 1775.

"DEAR MADAM, — This week I came home from Paris. I have brought you a little box, which I thought pretty; but I know not whether it is properly a snuff-box, or a box for some other use. I will send it, when I can find an opportunity. I have been through the whole journey remarkably well. My fellow-travellers were the same whom you saw at Lichfield, only we took Baretti with us. Paris is not so fine a place as you would expect. The palaces and churches, however, are very splendid and magnificent; and what would please you, there are many very fine pictures; but I do not think their way of life commodious or pleasant.

"Let me know how your health has been all this while. I hope the fine summer has given you strength sufficient to encounter the winter.

"Make my compliments to all my friends; and, if your fingers will let you, write to me, or let your maid write, if it be troublesome to you. I am, dear Madam, your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

LETTER 225. TO THE SAME.

"December, 1775.

"DEAR MADAM, — Some weeks ago I wrote to you, to tell you that I was just come home from a ramble, and hoped that I should have heard from you. I am afraid winter has laid hold on your fingers, and hinders you from writing. However, let somebody write, if you cannot, and tell me how you do, and a little of what has

happened at Lichfield among our friends. I hope you are all well.

"When I was in France, I thought myself growing young, but am afraid that cold weather will take part of my new vigour from me. Let us, however, take care of ourselves, and lose no part of our health by negligence.

"I never knew whether you received the Commentary on the New Testament, and the Travels, and the glasses. Do, my dear love, write to me; and do not let us forget each other. This is the season of good wishes, and I wish you all good. I have not lately seen Mr. Porter, nor heard of him. Is he with you?

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mrs. Adey, and Mrs. Cobb, and all my friends; and when I can do any good, let me know. I am, dear Madam, yours most affectionately, SAM. JOHNSON."

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.